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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY

OF

DUBLIN,

ESTABLISHED

FOR THE INVESTIGATION AND REVIVAL

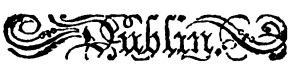
OF

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE,

CONTAINING AN ADVERTISEMENT, EXHIBITING THE VIEWS OF THE ASSOCIATION; THE LAWS FOR THE REGULATION OF THE SOCIETY; INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS ON THE GAELIC LANGUAGE; WITH SEVERAL IMPORTANT TRACTS IN THE ORIGINAL GAELIC OR IRISH, LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH; ACCOMPANIED WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS; SOME OF THE POETRY ASCRIBED TO OISIN;

&c. &c. &c.

VOL. I.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Friends of Literature, and of Ireland, are invited to join an Institution, whose purpose is to preserve and cultivate a Language the most ancient, copious, and elegant of Europe; by far the best preserved from the changes and corruptions incident to other Languages.—"Where the Language of any ancient Nation is attainable, a Criterion is discovered for distinguishing accurately the more remarkable features in the National Character. Should the Dialect be found destitute of the general Rules of grammatical Construction

tion

tion and Concordance, barren of scientific Terms, and grating in its Cadence, we may, without hesitation, pronounce that the Speakers were a rude and barbarous Nation. The case will be altered much, where we find a Language masculine and nervous; harmonious in its articulation, copious in its phraseology, and replete with those abstract and technical terms which no civilized people can want. We not only grant that the Speakers were once a thinking and cultivated People; but we must confess, that the Language itself is a species of Historic Inscription, more ancient and more authentic also, as far as it goes, than any precarious hearsay of old foreign Writers; strangers, in general, to the natural as well as to the civil History of the remote Countries they describe." "An acquaintance with the Gaëlic, being the Mother Tongue of all the

the Languages in the West, seems necessary to every Antiquary who would study the affinity of Languages, or trace the migrations of the ancient races of Mankind." And yet, it is the only Language left untaught or unstudied, which can be of use to the Classic Scholar, the Historian, and the Antiquarian, of all Europe in general, and of these Northren Nations in particular. Of late, it has attracted the attention of the Learned in different parts of Europe; and shall its beauties be neglected by those who have opportunities, from their infancy, of understanding it?

But is not alone to the preservation of our Language that the labors of the Society will be confined, it embraces in its views, Objects of National Importance, which will prove interesting to the Literary World. The History, civil and ecclesiastical

tical of this Island, long celebrated for the Piety and Learning of its hospitable Inhabitants. The former will present a picture of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of Europe, previously to the Roman Conquest; the latter will fill a chasm in the History of Religion, during a period of darkness to Europe, save the light that shone in this Nursery of Learning. The translations of our ancient Laws, Annals, and other important Documents preserved from the ravages of time, and the more destructive waste of desolating revolutions. The affinities and connections of the ancient and modern Languages, elucidated from the Mother Tongue, formed by Fenius from the radical terms of the Languages that sprung from the confusion of Babel; the truth of which tradition is proved by the fact, since the Gaëlic will be found to contain most of the radicals and primitives

tives of the various Dialects spoken from Aurora and the Ganges, to the Atlantic, the South Sea Islands, and America. The Gaëlic, says Shaw,* is the Language of Japhet, spoken before the Deluge, and probably the Language of Paradise.—— Several Essays are promised on Botanical and Mineralogical Subjects: In fine, nothing shall be left unhandled which can, in any wise, tend to illustrate the History, *natural, civil, and ecclesiastical*, of this Kingdom, and its Sister Scotland.

The Society intend, as soon as may be, to publish every Fragment existing in the Gaëlic Language. The History of Ireland, by Dr. Keting, in the original Gaëlic, with a new Translation, will shortly be put to press. There are still, in

* Gaëlic Dictionary. Lond. 1780. Preface.

in existence, a variety of Tracts in History, Genealogy, Law, Physic, Poetry, and Romance. The Books of Ballymote and Lecan, in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, contain much valuable Historic matter, a large Work on Irish Topography, several curious Poems, and a vast quantity of Genealogy. In the Library of Trinity College, (to which, indeed, Ireland is much indebted for preserving her valuable Records,) are many Fragments of Laws, well worth public attention, and several Volumes of Annals. We have still, in several private hands, copies of the Annals of Innisfallen, of the four Masters of Donegal, in five large Volumes; Annals of Tigernach, Boyle, Conacht, and Ulster; the Book of Conquests; numbers of fine Poems, many Volumes of History, Biography, Romance, &c. &c. which may soon be laid before the Public.

The

The Society recommends itself to every liberal, patriotic, and enlightened Mind; an opportunity is now, at length, offered to the Learned of Ireland, to retrieve their Character among the Nations of Europe, and shew that their History and Antiquities are not fitted to be consigned to eternal oblivion; the Plan, if pursued with spirit and perseverance, will redound much to the Honor of Ireland.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

WHICH WERE AGREED TO AT THE

FIRST GENERAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY.

19th January, 1807.

I.

THE Society shall consist of an unlimitted number of Members, governed by a President, and eight Vice-Presidents.

II.

The business of the Society shall be conducted by a Committee of twenty-one, including the Vice-Presidents, five of whom shall form a Quorum; which Committee shall be annually chosen from the whole Body

exclude the Person applying for Admission: and the Chairman shall not put any Question to the Vote until duly seconded and delivered to him in Writing; and when disposed of, he shall subscribe his Name thereto, and the Secretary shall have it entered in the Book of Proceedings, with its attending Circumstances.

XII.

Whereas it is for the Honor of all Members who may be chosen to fill the several Offices of the Society, that such Election be by the most unbiassed and voluntary Suffrages. *Resolved*, that any Member who shall solicit Votes, or use undue Influence to procure such Election, shall, on Conviction, be rendered incapable of ever filling any Office in the Society.

When

XIII.

When any Member speaks, he shall address himself to the Chairman, and if two or more attempt to speak at once, the Chairman shall call them to order, and determine who ought to speak first.

XIV.

The Society shall proceed to take into consideration the Order of the Day, before any new Matter be proposed or discussed: And no religious or political Debates whatever shall be permitted, such being foreign to the Object and Principles of the Society.

XV.

When the Society shall have purchased a Library, to which all Members shall have free access; the Librarian shall take care

 that

that the Books be properly and scientifically arranged, and a proper Catalogue thereof be made out, in which all Books shall be entered immediately on being received into the Library, of which said Catalogue, a complete Duplicate shall be lodged with the Treasurer; and every three Months, one of the Vice-Presidents shall visit the Library, examine the Books and Manuscripts, and report to the Society their state of preservation; and no Books or MSS shall be lent out of the Library.

XVI.

One Clerk or more, as may be necessary, shall be employed to copy Manuscripts and transact other Business of the Society.

XVII.

All Letters and Communications from country and foreign Members shall be directed

rected to JOHN M'NAMARA, Esq. No. 9, Anderson's Court, Greek-street, Dublin, who shall take care to lay them before the Committee forthwith.

XVIII.

And when the Funds of the Society will allow it, Premiums shall be offered for the best Irish Compositions in Prose and Verse, and the best Translations of our ancient Laws, and other Tracts which the Society may deem worthy of Publication.

ADDRESS

TO THE

GAELIC SOCIETY

BY THE

Rev. PAUL O'BRIEN,

Gaelic Professor in the Royal College of Saint Patrick, at Maynooth.

Aiṙoṡaiġeaṙ meanamaiṙ Bhaṁha ḃuaḋaiġ ċṙēṁ,
Aiġ ṡáiṙceaḋ oṙṙle na ṡṡleaḋ mo muaiṙ a ccēṁ!
Aiṙṙe ṙeṙcoṙ, ael-aġal na nḋṙuaḋṙoiṡc ṡael
Aiṙṙe ṁnáṫ Chomḋṁóṙ na muaḋṙeaṙ Ġaeḋal.

Baṙc jaṙ ctṙlleaḋ ó ċonnḃ na ḃóċna ṫam,
Bṙáiġ aṙṙ ċomaiṙc a ċaṙa ó ċṙan-ḃṙuiḋ ṡam
Buan-ḃlaḋ ḃṙle gan ḋuṙṙle gan aṙṙ gan ṡmuaḋ,
Bán-ṡcaiṙ ṫṁe aṙḋġeṁneaḋ aṙ nġaeḋeiṙge ṫuaḋ.

Cuaiṙtiġ

Cuaſtaig an ċruinne go huile 'ſa ndealraiġ
grian,
Cruaġaiḋ ġeċ-min gaċ leaḃar ꝛ ſáim-ġuċ
mian,
Cuaine cumain gaċ ſlia ḋíḃ gaeḋilge tráḋ,
Cruaiḋ-ġein aiſce gaċ aiċme, ní uail a ráḋ.

Duain da ccomalag macraiḋ ba ſéim-ġlan
cáil
Duaiſ da ſſreagtal níſ b'anaḋ a ccriċiḃ
fáil,
Daenḋaċt ſinne tre inneaċ ag riar gaċ
ſluaḋ
Daerſcriſ Danair a ndabaiḋ na n-ēgċeaċ
buaḋ.

Eine, nallóḃ, buḋ dealabaċ tuarġaċ néim
Eigle ealaḋa caiṫmiliḋ-buan a ccēim
Eṫaċt eagna ag ſneagra na ndaimliġċt
ċúin.
Eilge maiſeaċ ba ſeaſṁaċ a ndiaġraiſ núin.

Foḋla folaiḋeaċ faſgaiḋeaċ faebaċ meaſ
Fialmar fobarać cobarać tren gan ċeaſ
fáilteaċ

Fáilteaċ feapṗanta fatuiġeaċ faeḃṗaċ taiṫ
Feóṁan famuineaċ catṙéimaċ buaḋaċ bṗeiṫ.

Glégfaiḋ cṗuiteoṗaiḋ coiṁċéiḋ a nóáil na ttṗiaġ
Gṗiṫfaiṗ feapta bup maiṫ-ṫeaf a nóún
Aiṫċiaḋ
Gaiṁṫaḋ buiṁe gaċ oil-ṁuil, tṗe ail-ġuċ béil
Gaeḋilge fṗafaiḋ ne aiṫṁiof aiṗ aiṫeaf bup
fceil.

Iaṗ-ġein Mhuiṁan beiḋ luiṫġaiṗeaċ féiṁiḋ
fonn
Iaṗ-ġaeṫ Chonnaċt ḋa n-ṗiṫal o ṫaeḃ na
ttonn.
Inḃeṗ Laiġen aġ fṗuiṫ-boṗṗaḋ feoiṗ 'f foiṁn,
Iob-élann Ulaḋ aġ foiṁiṁaḋ eaċta Choiṁn.

Lóéṗan foluiṫ na n-Oilaṁ na mBaṗḋ 'f na
n-Dṗuiḋ,
Lón-lia tuilteaċ maṗ abaiṗ na n-ḋuaṗ-ḃan
fíḋ
Liaġ a ḋṗeaċtaḋ gan aḋéloḋ aġ muaḋ na
ṗiaṁ,
Labṗa laiflann a m-bṗaiſcéiṁla aiṗ na fṙiaṁ.

Glóṗḋa

Mōrda mur-canmaċ mil-moltaċ min-cruċ fnaf
Man-cnō maiṙeaċ d'an ngein-ċraeb ḟmionla blaf
Mōr-ṙeanc ċent-ṙhear ḟa ċanċar na mbēimionn ḟnaf
Neargaḋ fri ṙeaċ ḟ mine na laeċraiḋ laf.

Nuaḋ-bliċt ġile linn-lile ge caeim a ngné,
Nuaḋ-ṙēlt maiḋne ge loinneaċ re dealraḋ lae,
Nuaḋ-aef leimḃ ag duine laġ arfaiḋ truaġ,
Nuail ḟ binne briċt linne ar ngaeḋilge luaḋ.

Oirmian urġnēiṙeaċ aen-ṙhnēimaċ ṙrēḟ'-muil í,
Omra imirfaċ oirdeirceaċ ḟuaim-ċaf í,
Oird-roḟ oirṙeimnaċ ḟocalōir ḟūim gaċ fliġ.
Ong buḋ ḟoṙġul d'a ġean-treiḃ dar ḃeo da diġ.

Paṫ'lan agaṫaċ finḟcoṫ a gnēiṫe ċleaċt,
Pēirla ḟōir ċuir Neimiḋ a ngeiḟ na neaċt
Pairt ḟa ċolg ṙhirbolg m ar baeġalaċ ṙeaċt
Prim-leaċ Errain ċuġ tearġná do ġlēir, a dreaċt.

Rēim

Réim gac nae nín éladh a nglaodh no a ccreac,
Rígh-chroba glan gleasc cémneadh duain fa sheach,
Rabarta daer-guc gaedhilgeb aeldhruchtdreach,
Rós-meala seilteach a néul-gleó cruas na m-beach.

Suaracas sochoisdeach sochuisleach séimidh seisc
Suaimneas sonasach seasmach gan gruaim gan eisc
Sír-grá seanóir 's meabair na n-óg gach seis
Sairbeas sollus a ccomdáil ar ccoimdhe leis.

Tae-sgaidh caidhn go tairtmar clé cuadh gus deas,
Tuilsian lasaidh d'fhaisg inis na gaedhilge treas,
Tearmaidh teanga bun trealuis tre ruaig nach tladh
Tairneul dealaidh 's cuir mol-choill' na ppreim a mbladh.

Uaɹɹle aḋġlana agajḃ go ḃuan ɣa ċlár
Uaćtɾáɹn ɣoɹɹṁóluġ naċ eagal go luan aɹɹ
lár
Uɹɹ-ċéḋ beannaćt 'ɣ bɹeɣnɹon na nḋáɹl o
Dhɹa,
Uaɹmɣe ccumann go Comḋɹṁól ɣáɹm Aɹṫċéluiḋ.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

GAELIC LANGUAGE,

COMMUNICATED BY

P. M'ELLIGOTT,

OF LIMERICK,

Honorary Member of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

GAËLIC LANGUAGE.

THE Gaëlic Society having for one of their foremost objects, the revival of the language and literature of the Gaëls; the following observations are offered to the attention of those gentlemen, who are intended to form, very shortly, a Committee for the purpose of compiling a Dictionary and Grammar* of our language, without which all attempts to restore that ancient parent tongue, and

* "It has been, if I mistake not, says Stewart, the misfortune of Gaëlic grammar, that its ablest friends have done nothing directly in its support, because they were apprehensive that they could not do every thing;" this we have now every reason to expect will soon cease to be complained of.

all hopes of cherishing the present ardour for studying it, must fall to the ground; "while," says Ledwich, (a writer who, without the *slightest* knowledge of our *language*, has yet dared to obscure and ridicule our antiquities) "the Irish preserved their ancient LANGUAGE and dress, there was no hope of civilizing them, or bringing them to an acquiescence in English dominion or English laws."*

The short-sighted policy of endeavouring totally to eradicate the native dialect of any conquered country, (so contrary to the practice of the most enlightened nations of antiquity, who, far from the vain attempt of utterly abolishing, wisely adopted the very language, laws, customs, and superstitions of the vanquished, and endeavoured, as far as posssible, to incorporate with and assimilate them to their own,) has long been considered unnecessary and ineffectual, all arguments then on this head we shall pass over as nugatory; the sentiments, however, of Stewart, a very learned Scot, in the introduction to his excellent and judicious grammar of the Gaëlic language† must not be here omitted.

* Antiq. Ireland, Dub. 1790. p. 346.

† Edinburgh. 12mo. 1801.

omitted. "The utility, says he, of a grammar "of the Scottish Gaëlic will be variously appretiated. Some will be disposed to deride the vain endeavour to restore vigour to a decaying superannuated language. They who reckon on the extirpation of the Gaëlic a necessary step toward that general extention of the English, which they deem essential to the political interest of the Highlands, will condemn every project which seems likely to retard its education. Those who consider that there are many parts of the Highlands where the inhabitants can, at present, receive no useful knowledge whatever, except through the channel of their native tongue, will probably be of opinion that the Gaëlic ought at least to be tolerated. Yet these too may condemn as useless, if not ultimately detrimental, any attempt to cultivate its powers, or to prolong its existence. Others will entertain a different opinion. They will judge from experience as well as from the nature of the case, that no measures, merely of a literary kind, will prevail to hinder the progress of the English language over the Highlands; while general convenience and emolument, not to mention private emulation and vanity, conspire to facilitate its introduction, and prompt the natives to its acquisition. They will perceive,

at

at the same time, that while the Gaëlic continues to be the common speech of multitudes; while the knowledge of many important facts, of many necessary arts, of morals, of religion, and of the laws of the land, can be conveyed to them only by means of this language; it must be of material service to preserve it in such a state of cultivation and purity as that it may be fully adequate to these valuable ends; in a word, that while it is a living language, it may answer the purpose of a living language."

The daily decrease of piety, the narrow limits of true religion, and the little dissemination of it from the difficulty of intercourse with the lower classes of the people, the uncertainty and danger attending decisions on the lives and properties of millions of our fellow-subjects, and the mutual distrust of the different orders of society; these, I say, are more than sufficient to rouse the energy, and awake the attention of the legislature, the Clergy, and every man who wishes well to his country. The present state of Gaëlic literature is nearly what that of the Persian was when the great Sir William Jones wrote his grammar of that beautiful language. "Since the literature of Asia,"

Asia," says that admirable scholar,* "was so much neglected, and the causes of that neglect were so various, we could not have expected that any slight power would rouse the nations of Europe from their inattention to it; and they would, perhaps, have persisted in despising it, if they had not been animated by the most powerful incentive that can influence the mind of man: interest was the magic wand which brought them all within one circle; interest was the charm which gave the languages of the East a real and solid importance. By one of those revolutions, which no human prudence could have foreseen, the Persian language found its way into India; that rich and celebrated empire, which, by the flourishing state of our commerce, has been the source of incredible wealth to the merchants of Europe. A variety of causes, which need not be mentioned here, gave the English nation a most extensive power in that kingdom: our India company began to take under their protection the princes of the country, by whose protection they gained their first settlement; a number of important affairs were to be transacted in

* Page ix, pref. grammar of the Persian language, Lond. 4to, 1804.

in peace and war, between nations equally jealous of one another, who had not the common instrument of conveying their sentiments; the servants of the company received letters which they could not read, and were ambitious of gaining titles of which they could not comprehend the meaning; it was found highly dangerous to employ the natives as interpreters, upon whose fidelity they could not depend; and it was at last discovered, that they must apply themselves to the study of the Persian language, in which all the letters from the Indian princes were written."

The old objections, of want of encouragement, scarcity of books, &c.* will now soon be removed; our fine poems and other literary productions will no longer rot in the dust of libraries neglected and unknown;

* One of the greatest difficulties a student in the Gaëlic has to contend with, is, the great difficulty of procuring books, our MSS are dispersed through the different libraries of Europe, and are rarely ever looked at, except as curisous exotics. The few printed books we have are mostly catechisms, or other religious compositions, little calculated to interest a learner. Were it not for the very laudable intentions of the Gaëlic Society to publish all the venerable remains of our literature,

unknown; and amidst the present general taste for learning, the ardour of studying the Gaëlic, now happily excited, will, I trust, not be suffered to abate. The beauties and excellence of our language must soon be seen and admired; a language copious, elegant, and harmonious, ancient above all the languages of the world, yielding to none, not even to the Greek, in the beauty and elegance of its compounds, its flexibility, the sweetness of its cadences, and peculiar aptness for music and poetry; a language, in fine, highly cultivated and admired by the most polite and learned princes of the world, at a time when the Gaëls alone, of all the nations in Europe, were free from barbarism and ignorance, and stood unrivaled in the cultivation of letters.* If this were not confessedly the character of the Gaëlic

literature, we might soon say with the Patriarch of Antioch, Stephanus Petrus, "I nostri libri sono andati tutti sotto l'acqua e fuochi, e, mancando chi scriva di nuovo, li libri antichi sono andati sempre scemando; e non si son conservati per lo più, se non i libri ch'erano necessarii per il culto della santissima religione."

* Ireland, for some centuries, was deemed the greatest school for learning in Europe. Its happy situation, however, did not perpetuate these blessings. Ireland was

Gaëlic, the impartial testimonies of the best scholars of Europe, of Leibnitz, Usher, Vallancey, Lhuyd, Boulet, Davies, and others,* would be more than sufficient

was invaded by the Danes, and in a subsequent age, made subject to the kings of England. Though there were English Colonies in Ireland, the Gaël of that country enjoyed their own laws and customs till the reign of Elizabeth and James I. when the English laws were universally established. Then, for the first time, the Gaëlic ceased to be spoken by the chiefs of families, and at court; and English schools were erected, with strict injunctions, that the vernacular language should no longer be spoken in these seminaries. Shaw's Gaëlic Grammar, Edinb. 1778.

* The Irish language is free from the anomalies, sterility, and heteroclite redundances, which mark the dialects of barbarous nations; it is rich and melodious; it is precise and copious, and affords those elegant conversions which no other than a thinking and lettered people can use or require. Vallancey's essay on the Gaëlic language, p. 3.

" Est quidem lingua Hibernica, et elegans cum primis, et opulenta: sed ad rem isto modo excolendam, (sicuti reliquas ferè Europæ Linguas vernaculas intra hoc sæculum excultas videmus) nondum extitit hactenus, qui animum adjiceret." Epist. I. Usserii Ardmach. Archiep. 486.

Postremo, ad perficiendam, vel certe valde promovendam literaturam Celticam, *diligentius linguæ Hibernicæ studium.*

sufficient to establish it, and excite, at least, a curiosity among the learned, and enquiries into its merits.

CHAPTER II.

It is not here my intention to lay down any regular system of grammar, nor to enter into a minute discussion of all the niceties of the language, but merely to point out a few subjects which have not hitherto been attended to. And first, we shall speak of the dialects, which certainly are worthy of particular notice. Of these our grammarians reckoned five, viz. the Berla Feine, Berla Brethun, Berla Dan, Berla Staire, Berla Tebidhe or Gnath-bherla. "A man of erudition," says Vallancey, "tolerably skilled in Greek and Latin, will soon acquire every dialect, the first excepted, with more

 ease

studium adjungendum censeo, ut Lwydius egregie facere cœpit.——Ex Hibernicis, vetustiorum adhuc Celtarum, Germanorumque, et, ut generaliter dicam, accolarum oceani Britannici cismarinorum *antiquitates illustrantur*. Leibnitz. Collect. Etymolog. Vol. I. p. 153.

ease than he did the rudiments of Greek or Latin. He will discover the fallacy of those Irish writers, and perceive that there are but two dialects, the *Feini* and *Gnath*, i. e. the Fenian and the common, the first was, like the Mandarin language of the Chinese, known only to the learned, and the science of jurisprudence was committed to this dialect." This was not asserted hastily, inasmuch as the Berla Feine differs from the Gnath-bherla or common dialect, as it was spoken in the time of Oisin, not in words alone, but a great deal too in Syntax, as may be seen by consulting the Brehon laws, and other documents preserved in the libraries of Trinity College and of this Society.

Our old poets, indeed, borrowed frequently from the Berla Feine, and incorporated it so with the common dialect, that the Idiom and Syntax of the latter underwent some little alteration, whereby it is impossible even for natives to read the poems of Mælmuire-Othna, Fintan, Cinfoela, O'Hartigan, O'Flin, and others, without a knowledge of the Berla Feine, which is now as nearly connected with the common dialect, as the Arabic with the Persian, or the Chaldee with the Hebrew. There is another dialect spoken in the county of Cork, and a little

in

in Limerick, Clare, and Kerry, called Berlagar na Sær, (bɛrlagaɲ na ʃaɛr*) or Masons' Jargon, which seems to me to be a remnant of some of the languages or dialects above mentioned, and from the following specimen it will appear to be ancient and worth preserving:

ɛiʃ or aɛʃ a man, Heb. איש (aish or ish.) We say in the common dialect aɛʃ dána, poets, i. e. men of poetry; aɛʃ cjúil, musicians or men of music, &c.

bɛ or buaḋ, a woman.

boćna, the sea.

Dɛrc, an eye, Gr. Δερκω (derco) I see.

Longaɲ or longʃuaɲ, a bed.

Laiʃ, a hand, vid. O'Brien.

Dɛʃ,

* This word, bɛ̄rlagaɲ, is not to be found in any dictionary, nor do I recollect ever to have seen it used, except by Donlevy in the following passage: "Nʃ̇ḋ, buḋ ro ḋɛcaɲ a ḋɛ̄naḋ, dá ccuɲʃ̇ḋɛ an t-Alʃ̇rɲoɲn ann gać uile bɛ̄rlagaɲ ɛ̄ccoʃ-muil malartać, da labartaɲ ní h-ɛ̄ḋ áṁ̄aɲ ann gać tʃɲ, act ʃóʃ a mōɲán do ṁɲ-ćɲʃ̇caḃ aɛaʃ d' jarccúlaḃ gaća ɲʃ̇gačta, bɛg-nać aɲ ʃɛaḋ na h-ɛ̄óɲɲa. Christian Doctrine, p. 430. Paris, 1742. 8vo.

Dᵉſ, land, des. Hindostanicé.
Coſdᵉ, be off, run away; coſdᵉ ōm ċaj, get out of my way.
Tᵑaċ, God, the Lord.
Scaeċnuſd, the Sun.
Scajd, night.
Sᶜaeċnuſd ſcajdᵉ, Moon, nocturnal luminary.
Sᵉᵑc, water.
Tnuċ or tnuċaċ, fire.
Dobaᵑ, a river.
ſᵑuċ, a tree.
Cᵢᵑ, a house.
Cabaᵑll, a horse,
Cuſᶜᵑᵉ, a dog.
Caj, a way, passage.

But leaving those for a separate treatise, we shall here only notice what may be more strictly termed dialects, or formæ loquendi, of which we may reckon two in the Gaëlic, viz. the Scotch or Erse,* and Manx, which proceed from, and are varieties of the

* I believe that by this word *Erse*, was formerly meant *Irish*, and that it was corrupted from it by a too quick pronunciation.

the Irish.* "The Scots and Irish Gaëlic," says Shaw, "though not radically different, are two "separate dialects of the same language. The "words are almost always the *same*, but *differently* "*orthographied.* The Irish, in their grammars, "have a more uncertain and various inflection in "the termination, which the Scots Gaëlic has not; "and *this* inclines me to think that the Scots is the "original, and that this inflection of termination "in Irish grammars is the mark of an *attempt by* "*the monks to polish it*, after the manner of the Greek "and Latin."† But not to speak of *orthography*, in

* I shall not here remark the various provincial dialects of Scotland and Ireland, with the differences of pronunciation, being too numerous for the limits of this paper. Not only the several provinces of Ireland, says Donlevy, have a different way of pronouncing, but also the very counties, and even some baronies in one and the same county, differ in the pronunciation: Nay, some cantons pronounce so odly, that the natural sound of both the vowels and consonants, whereof (even according to themselves) the words consist, is utterly lost in their mouths.

† It is almost unnecessary here to point out Mr. Shaw's error, it being universally admitted that the mode of declension, by varying the termination, was more ancient than that of adding particles, and the Goths, Vandals, Moors,

in which it must be apparent to every scholar, that the Irish have paid the most attention to the philosophy

Moors, and other barbarians, finding it too troublesome to recollect the various terminations of the Greek and Latin nouns, had recourse to a vast number of detached particles; so where the Latins wrote musæ, musam, musâ, the Italians will now have della musa, alla musa, &c. "The various terminations of the same word, "whether verb or noun," says Dr. Campbell, "are "always conceived to be more intimately connected "with the term which they serve to lengthen, than the "additional, detached, and in themselves insignificant "particles, which we are obliged to employ as connectives "to our significant words. Our method gives almost "as much exposure to the one as to the other, mak- "ing the significant parts and the insignificant equally "conspicuous; theirs much oftner sinks, as it were, "the former into the latter, at once preserving their "use and hiding their weakness. Our modern lan- "guages may, in this respect, be compared to the art "of the carpenter in its rudest state; when the union of "the materials, employed by the artisan, could be effect- "ed only by the help of those external and coarse "implements, pins, nails, and cramps. The ancient "languages resemble that art in its most improved state, "after the invention of dovetail joints, grooves, and "mortices; when thus all the principal junctions are "effected, by forming properly the extremities or ter- "minations of the pieces to be joined. For, by means "of these, the union of the parts is rendered closer, "while that by which that union is produced is scarcely "perceivable." Philosophy of Rhetoric, Vol. II. p. 412.

philosophy of the language; the principal peculiarities of the Highland dialects of the Gaelic are these, viz.

The nominative plural ends mostly in an, as maiṫean, chiefs; lamhan, hands; mìosan, months; this is a corruption borrowed from the Saxon, and ought to be exploded; so in old English writers, we find, eyen, shoen, for eyes, shoes, &c.

The genitives plural do not suffer suppression of the first consonant, as nan cos, nan ceann, nam bard, nan craann, &c. for na ccos or gcos; &c.

They write ar dhe-anna, our Lord; ar buachaill, our boy; ar dia, bur gaisgeach, bur cos, &c. for ar ndhe-anna, or ar ndhe-anna, ar mbuachaill, ar n-dia, bur n-gaisgeach, bur ccos.

Am for an, before the letters b, f, p, as am fear the man, for an fear, (but properly write an in the genitive, as an fhir,) am ball, am pronsa.

Air and ag, for oir, aire, og, as feilgair, a hunter.

Aithe

Aithe for athair, as scélaighe for scélaidhe, a story-teller.

Aidh for úgh, as gradhaidheadh, loving, for gradhúghadh.

Mi for me, I, me.

Chaidh, he went, for chuaidh.

Smith, who published some exquisitely beautiful fragments of Gaëlic Poetry,* corruptly writes ghlas for dh'fhlas or dh'fhliuch, as

Rinn e miolaran, 's thug leum gabhaidh
Le mar aoibhneas *ghios* na tragha.

Page 9.

Le cirbibh an trusgain dathta,
Tha iad a leum *ghios* na doimhne,
Muca mara ri sgreadail,
Is tonna gam freagairt o'n ailbheinn.

Page 170.

Critheach, deurach, *ghios* an doruis,
Bu chosmhuil è re Laoch ag iomchar,

Mic

* Sean dana le Oisian, Orran, Ullan, &c. Edin. 1787.

Mic a mhic gu leabuidh thosdaich,
Thuit é san starnaich air Crígeal.

Page 291.

Participles end in ꝺa and ꝺe, as lúbꝺa, *bent*, ȷmpoȷġꝺe *turned*; which the modern Irish, probably, corruptly soften into ꝺha and ꝺhe, and write and pronounce lúbꝺa, ȷmpoȷġꝺe. Their verbs are also inflected, in many respects, differently from the Irish, and with a greater use of the auxiliary verb ꝺáȷm, I *am*. See Shaw's and Stewart's Gaëlic grammars.

Seann, old, is corruptly written with two n's. It is correctly written in Ireland ſean or ſen, whence senex,* in Latin, Gen. senis, i. e. ſen eiſ or ſen aeſ, an old man, Hebr. ישׁ, (ish or eish) a man. See specimen of the bélaġaiṁ na ſaeṁ. p. 11.

Cho or ća for ní, as ća 'n 'eil for ní ſhil, or probably for noća or noćo, which the Irish

 sometimes

* Where the Latins write X, the Gaëls write S, as in, Dexter, G. ꝺeiſ, Fax, *a torch*, G. aſaꝺ or ſaſaꝺ, i. e. laſaꝺ, burning. Sextus, ſeiſaꝺ. Ex, aſ. The Latins say mixtus or mistus, mixtura or mistura.

sometimes write, as noćo n-ghuil. Chuirt for dubairt, he said.

The MANX, though easily understood by a Gaëlic scholar, is still a little more distant from the language of Ireland; its most apparent dialectic differences, not to mention some peculiar idioms, are these, viz.

The nominative plural, like the Scotch, ends in n, as raed, a thing, pl. raedan; gćan, words; breitheamhnasan, judgments; loćtan, faults; anmannan, souls.

A final vowel is lost, as in tigearn, damh, duirt, amh, innadh, for tigearna, damha, duirte, amha, innadha, &c.

T is added to participles, as cuirt, faicsint, for cur, putting; faicsin, seeing; but this corruption obtains also in the spoken language of Ireland; and also to nouns, adverbs, &c. as rist for ris, tosaćt for tosać.

They

They write cʃone for cnoc, a hill; ᴅo for ɡo or co; as ᴅo maȷċ, well, for ɡo maȷċ, and sometimes for aɡ; as ᴅo molaᴅ for aɡ molaᴅ, praising; aġam, aġaᴅ, aġajm, &c. for aɡam, aɡaᴅ, aɡajm, with me, thee, us.

Aɡ is often omitted before participles, as ᴛa ʃjm ɡuȷᴅe for aɡ ɡuȷᴅe.

N'an or njn for aṇ, as ajṇ nan ʃon for ajṇ aṇ ʃon, for our sake.

Soȷllʃȷc, ʃoluȷc, for ʃoȷllʃȷġċe, ʃoluȷġċe, &c.

Change c and ɡ into ᴛ, as ṇoʃᴛ, ᴛuȷʃᴛe, for ṇoʃc, understanding; ᴛuȷɡʃe, knowledge; ʃeaʃᴛoṇ for ʃeaʃcoṇ, evening.

The following specimens may tend to point out to the Manx the proper orthography of their dialect, and induce them to restore it.

THE

THE LORD's PRAYER,

FROM THE MANX BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

London, 1767.

AYR ain t' ayns niau; Casherick dy row dt' Ennym. Dy jig dty reeriaght. Dt' aigney dy row jeant er y thalloo, myr te ayns niau. Cur dooin nyn arran jiu as gaghlaa. As leih dooin nyn loghtyn, myr te shin leih dauesyn ta jannoo loghtyn nyn oi. As ny leeid shin ayns miolagh; Agh livrey shin veih olk.

THUS PROPERLY ORTHOGRAPHIED:

Aṙaiṅ jin t' ann' neim, coṁṁec' do' naṁ d' ainm, do tig' do ṙíoṁaċt.† D' aigne do naṁ deint' ain a talaṁ, maṙ ta ann' neim. Cuiṁ dúiṅn n'inn aṁáin d' iúm 'ag gaċ lá. 'Ag leiġ dúiṅn n'inn loċtan, maṙ ta

* Do for go.

† For ṙigaċt.

ta ſhin leſt dooi-ſon ta 'dhanim loctan 'n
shin agaſd. 'Sy ny lesh ſhin anns' mylac.
Sloh lhiaſ ſhin be* olc.

Psalm 86.	PROPER
VULGAR MANX.	ORTHOGRAPHY.
1. Crom dty chleaysh, O Hiarn, as clasht rhym, son ta mee boght, as ayns treihys.	Cſom do ċluaſ, O thiġeann' 'aſ cloſt ſom, ſon ta mi† boċt 'aſ anns' treiċeſ.‡
2. Freill uss m' annym, son ta mee ynric, my Yee, saue dty harvaant ta coyrt e hresteil aynyds.	ſreill§ ċuſa m' anam, ſon tā mi ſhniaſc, mo dhia, ſaba do ſeirbānt ta cuit a ċreiſteil‖ ſnnadſ'

3. Bee

* i. e. ó. This particle is lost in the Gaëlic, though in the old MSS we frequently meet buaim *from me*, buaſt *from thee*, buaſnn *from us*; in which be *from*, is preserved.

† Scot. and Manx. for me.

‡ From treiſt.

§ i. e. coimēd, keep, guard, preserve.

‖ i. e. doiġ, doċċus, hope, trust.

3. Bee trocoil dooys, O Hiarn; son nee'm geamagh orts gaghlaa.

Bí tṙocuiſl* dam-ſ' o tigeaṁ'; ſon gnim gemaċ orṫ-ſ' gaċ lā.

4. Gerjee annym dty harvant: son hoods, O Hiarn, ta mee troggal seose m' annym.

Gaṁdig anam do ſeṙbaiṁ, ſon tuigidh, o tigeaṁ', tá mi tṙogbaiſl† ſuaſa m' anam.

5. Son tow uss, Hiarn, mie as graysoil, as jeh myghin vooar davesan ooilley ta geamagh ort.

Son ta tu-ſ', tigeaṁ', maiṫ 'aſ graſaiſl‡ 'aſ de MYGHIN§ mor doibṙan uile tá gemaċ orṫ.

FROM

* i. e. tṙocaiṁeaċ, mereiful.

† i. e. ag togbail, lifting up.

‡ i. e. graſamail, no, maiṫeaċ, no, maiṫneaċ.

§ I know not the root of this word, nor shall I venture to point out the proper spelling, it means KINDNESS, MERCY.

FROM THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Ramsay, 1769.

EAISHT rish my ghuee, Hiarn, as gys m'eam
Cur cleyash as bee foayroil;
As lurg dty gialdyn firrinagh,
Cur dou ansoor graysoil.
Ec stoyl dty chiarys dy ve try't,
Ny briwnys mee dy-gyere;
Son ayns dty hilley dooinney bio
Cha vel veih peccah seyr.

PROPER SPELLING,

According to the Manx dialect.

Eisht rish mo ghuee, Hiarn, 's as gys m'eam
Cur cluas 'as by fabonyl;
'Sy lonk do ghaldan shinnaghey,
Cur dam ansoor (shegna) graasyl.
Sloo (ash) stoll do choyrt do be' thyst,
Ny breeshemmas my dy-gerr*

Son

* i. e. Do not judge me with severity.

Son ammy' do yllied dujne beo
*Cha bree bee peccad saer.

Dhyts ver-ym booise, my Hiarn, as ree
Dty volley hoilsh-ym magh;
Shoh currym ghoym myr keesh dy eek.
As bannee-'m oy dy bragh.
T'ow chiarn er-skyn yn rooshtyn ain,
Dy choyrt dhyt molley cair.
D'ard-ooashley ta er-skyn nyn maght,
Ta 'n tushtey ain ro ghiare, &c.

Dusty' beynym buddeeasa, mo thiggeayn, 's nig,
Do molad yollylgim 'mach;
So cuyam gabbam muy cly do jc.
'Sly bennjgim du do brad†
Ta tiggeayn ayn-'s-cinn jn noytan ajnj‡

Do

* i. e. Ny fysl o'n pecad saer.

† i. e. Go brat or go bratag, for ever.

‡ i. e. The Lord is above our comprehensions; noyt is used for noyc, understanding.

Do ċuiṙt* duiṫ molaḋ coiṁ;
D'aṁḋ-uaiṙle ṫa aiṁ-'ṙ-cinn ninn macht†
Ṫa 'n tuiṙṫeṫ‡ aiṁ no ġeiṁ.

CHAPTER III.

The Society having come to a Resolution of improving the Language, by restoring the ancient and proper orthography in works published by them, and of rejecting, except where it may be necessary for the Poet, the modern rule of "caol "ṁe caol, acaṙ leaṫan ṁe leaṫan;"§ it may be necessary

E

* ı. Do ċuiṁ.

† i. e. Above our power; Macht, *might*. Teutonicé. hence cumacht.

‡ For tuiġṙe.

§ The vowels in Gaëlic are divided into broad a, o, u, and slender e, ı; this rule, then, I know not why, requires the first vowel in every syllable to be of the same class with the last vowel in the preceding one—See M'Curtin, Vallancey, Stewart. Grammarians have so often found the inconvenience arising from this, that it should be entirely exploded.

necessary to remark, first, that the ancients never wrote ao, but ae or aj, and sometimes oe; and this is the true orthography, and agrees with the modern pronunciation. The modern Irish and Scots write cáol, dáol, aos, gaodal, but pronounce *khale, dhale, ace, ghay-al,* as the ancients did, who wrote cael, dael, aes or ajs,* gaedal. Secondly, the ancients rarely wrote, ea, (ea) where it is now used; and though the character, like our English ſ, which frequently occurs in the MSS, be generally supposed to be a contraction of ea, yet it may be easily proved, that ANCIENTLY it always stood for e BROAD.† The

* ae and aj are often written indifferently in the oldest MSS, as in the Leabar Lecain or *book of Lecan,* p. 31, c. 1, "in cet aes in domuin," "the first age of the world." So the Latins write æ where the Greeks write αι, as Cæsar, Dæmon, Greek Καισαρ, Δαίμων, *Kaisar, Daimon,* which the ancient Gaëls pronounced as the Latins did, vide aes. in the specimen of the Berlagair na Saer; but in general aj was used in inflections of words where aoj is now used. The Greeks probably pronounced αι like the English *ay,* in *lay, day, way*; or *ai* in *flail, wail.*

† In the book of Lecan, in the library of the Royal Irish

The e in ſen,* old, ſer, a man, ceđ, leave, is pronounced nearly as if it were an a, and so the French pronounced it in the termination, *ment*, as in *firmament*, *doucement*, *particuliérement*; also in the words *entendre*, *en*, *entre*, *prendre*, &c. but in the words ſén, prosperity; ſér, grass; céd, first; or according to the more modern mode of spelling, ſéan, ſéar or ſéur, céad or céud, it is pronounced as *a* in the English words, *fare*, *mare*, *cane*. Thirdly, every one will see the propriety of rejecting the letter o, as recommended by Stewart, in words in which it is not radical, as in ſionn, white, ſion, wine, ſíor, true, and such like; which should be written ſinn, ſin, ſír.

The

Irish Academy, p. 2, c. 1, the following passage occurs, which will clearly prove this assertion, viz.

Batar trenu ſina trefſ tſinn,
Sect mec ardmora Eclenn.

Now if "ſ" be the same as ea, the Poet would have erred in making tſinn or teann correspond with Eclenn; moreover the word ſear, is often written in MSS of late date ſaſar, and so of others.

* This agrees with the Latin *sen-ex*, and yet the moderns will have ſean, ſear, cead, &c, so Cerdo, a Tinker, Hib. ceirđ; certus, ceirt; fert, beirt.

The following hints are offered for the further consideration of grammarians:

The aspirated letters are always distinguished by *dots* placed over them; but on inspecting the old vellum MSS, a variety of marks or aspirations will appear, which cannot fail to impress the reader with a belief of their having different significations; the ignorance, however, or neglect of early copists, with respect to their original meaning, putting over the same letters, in the same page, marks or aspirations of different powers, has hitherto deterred our grammarians from making observations on them, or endeavouring to remove this obscurity and confusion; but it is not alone in MSS we find a variety of these marks, those who first cut Irish type seem to have been not entirely ignorant of the use of these aspirations; for, in almost all our printed books we find our letter c in its aspirated form, marked with a comma thus, ċ, (ch) which the Greeks used for our letter *h*. But in the Paṙaᵹ an anma, or Paradise of the Soul, a small book printed at Lovain, we see three kinds of aspirations used, though without system;* and, in

* See the word ċuiṁdaiᵹ, page 3, wherein the letter c is aspirated with a comma, the ṁ with a mark somewhat like a *v*, and the ᵹ with a dot.

in closely inspecting the Irish grammar, published by Hugh M'Crutin in 1728, six or seven kinds of aspirations may be discovered; this, therefore, induces me to think that the following arrangement, which has seemed plausible to several learned members of the Society, will tend much to facilitate the study of the language.

The letters *b* and *m*, being usually pronounced as *v*, when aspirated, should be written in their aspirate form, with a mark like the letter *v* over them, as they frequently occur in the oldest MSS.* C and p, which when aspirated, take the sound of

* Our grammarians are grossly mistaken when they assert that our oldest MSS were without points or aspirations; I challenge a single manuscript to be produced, in which these aspirations are omitted; they should have said that "it was probable the ancient pronunciation differed from the modern by retaining the sounds of many consonants, which we now aspirate, or that the ancients thought it superfluous to mark these letters where they were *always* pronounced as aspirate;" so the French consider it useless to mark the *d* in *bled*, 'corn,' &c. the pronunciation of the word being universally known to be *ble*. There is no language on earth has more quiescent letters than the French, and yet that is not thought a disadvantage, nor is the English very free

of ch and ph,* as in moch, *early*, mo phenn, *my pen*, should be marked with a comma; f and t loose their own sound entirely, and take that of h, and in old MSS are marked in their aspirate form with a kind of old *h*, which we find in the Irish alphabet in O'Conor's dissertations; and d, f, g, which, when aspirated, loose their sound almost entirely, are written in their aspirate form with a dot (.) over them,† as they occur in the MSS thus, ḋ, ḟ, ġ.‡ So much for improvement in

free from them; the *gh* is not pronounced in *thought, fought, bought, sought*; nor the *b* in *limb, comb, plumb*; the *ch*, in *yacht*; the *g* in *gnat, gnaw, gnash*; the *k* in *knot, kneel, knight, knowledge, &c. &c.* beside the uncertainty of pronunciation, as in the words *gin, gibe*, the letters *gi*, are not pronounced the same as in *gig, girt, &c.*

* So in Greek, *κ, c, π, p*, are commutable with *χ, ch*, and *φ, ph*.

† A dot *under* a letter in the MSS signifies that that letter is to be omitted.

‡ In our old MSS the letters n aud p frequently occur aspirated or marked with a dot or point *over* them; p and l are frequently doubled in the beginning of a word,

in the letters, which will be adopted in a new and elegant type now cutting for this Society.

When a letter is cut off, its place should be supplied by a comma, as m' aṫaiṛ, *my father*; where the pronoun mó, *mine*, loses the ó; but if the comma be omitted, and the words written maṫaiṛ, according to the slovenly practice of modern writers, a *Scholar* would be at a loss whether to translate it *my father* or *a mother*: after any adventitious letter we should use an hyphen, as a h-anam, *her soul*; an t-aṛṡtol, *the apostle*, as the French write *y a t-il*, where the *t* is inserted for euphony sake. If it be omitted in "an n-aṫaiṛ, our father, and written an naṫaiṛ, a learner will translate it *our serpent*." So an n-oi, our sheep, an noi, our ship; an n-aiṡc, our disgrace, an naiṡc, our chains; a n-ait, *in the* place, or *their* place; an ait, *the* place, &c. &c.

word, as i nṛiġe n' Eiṙeann, *in the kingdom of Ireland*; do luadar, *they went*. It would be of great service, and would facilitate much the reading of the language, if some system were adopted by which the pronunciation of these letters could be rendered more certain.

It is recommended by Donlevy to place the letter h *before* s and t in the beginning of a word, where in their aspirate form they are entirely silent, as do hthoil, *thy will*; do hsuil, *thine eye*, which are pronounced hoil and huil; this, though not now practised, would be very useful in writing, and frequently occurs in old MSS.*

Where the Irish write amail, as in righamail, kingly; fearamail, manly; the Scots and Manx cut off the first syllable, and write righail, fearail, or righuil, fearuil; this, I think, improves the WRITTEN language, and though we find no authority for it in Irish MSS, I would advise the abstract term, ail or úil to be adopted in PROSE; amail, or amuil, being commonly pronounced as *one* syllable. It is the root of the Latin terminations, *alis* and *abilis*,† which last, I am pretty certain, was

* In the book of Lecan, fol. 10, col. 1, we find ó sonn anac, *thenceforward*, written ó hsonn anac.

† *B* and *m* are commutable in many words in various languages, then *abilis* is the same as *amilis*; the Latins have retained the letter *m* in *similis*, which is derived from samail, (samail,) *like*; quasi, so amail.

was anciently pronounced *avilis* or *avil*, as the Irish sometimes pronounce their aṁajl. In this opinion I am the more firm, as the Italians often write avole, or evole, as in amichevole, friendly.

Nouns ending in ać, generally form their genitives in ajġ, but the Scotch more simply write ajć, retaining the radical c, by which, I believe, the pronunciation is not altered. This is, I think, the best mode of orthography, for which we have the authority of several MSS, particularly the book of Lecan, as may be seen by the following extracts:

Clann bethach. p. 10, c. 2.

Batar tri rig for Muman in tan sin, idon, Lugaid allać aca Dairi dorn-man, senać Lugdeach allać. Fol. 167, c. 1.

Fa mab Crimćan mac Fidach. Fol. 167. c. 3.

In Gilla Kevin's poem. Fol. 261, c. 1.

Gaedeal glas ó tad Gaedil
Mac sden Nuil nertmanach

Ro bo thrén slan h sosp
Nél mac Fenjusa Fansach.*

Again, ch is used in the plural, and in verbs, for gh. Ex. gr.

Románach. Romans, Fol. 150, c. 4.

Gaedel glas ainm in chin
fa glas a ainm 'f a eisech.†

Fol. 271, c. 1.

Tosach na longi dan le
Di tancatar mic Miled.

Fol. 12, c. 2.

Ro

* Fenius Farsy, i. e. Fenius the Persian; so Selmân Farsi, i. e. the Persian, vide Ebn Haukul's Oriental Geography, translated by Sir Wm. Ouseley. Lond. 4to. 1800. p. 117.

† Keting and others assert that the Gaedhal, or Gadelus, obtained the epithet of *Glas*, or *Green*, from the green spot on his neck, occasioned by the bite of a serpent, which Moses cured; but Gilla Kevin in the passage here cited, with more probability, says, that he took that epithet from his green dress and armour.

No chuiroch Eogan a ingen for treith in aidéi sin. Fol. 167, c. 2.

In fact, such examples occur in every page of the book; the following examples from a very ancient copy of the Feilire Aengus, or Festilogy of Aengus, will, I trust, cause this mode of inflection to be generally made use of:*

Martra mar Muscente
Cona chleir cain clandaich
Crist as runu rinnsid
Lasocenn mac baid bannaich.

12th January.

So srith cend fóil Apstol
Ind aimchingid Sredlaich
hi fesil ind shin chuimrich
Teoli trirùn trednaich.

24th February.

The

* The only objection that I can find against adopting it, and which is no trifling one, is, that in several parts of Munster the g is pronounced full in many words, as sleasag, bodag, agus, &c. which in other parts of

tractions; and, indeed, Bede, who from the early age in which he flourished, must be good authority for the assertion, says, that the *Saxons* took their alphabet *from the Irish.* Let any one look into Astle, on the Origin and Progress of Alphabetic writing, the Spectacle de le Nature, and the early printed Classics, and he will be convinced that the small alphabet used in early ages all through Europe, was borrowed from the Irish:

Nać, is sometimes written for cać.
Can, cen, cin, for gan.
Occuſ, ocuſ, accuſ, occaſ, for acaſ or aguſ.
Dono, dno, din, dan, dna, for don, *then.*
Doeine, for daine, *men.*
Aiṫċe, for oiṫċe, *night.*
bhuaim, buaiṫ, buainn, &c. for uaim, uaiṫ, uainn.
Occo, for aca,
Uoi, uai, boi, bui, bai, for bi.
Oe, for ae, as coel, doel, ſoer.
beoſ, for ſóſ.
In, *the*, and ind, which is now written an, but pronounced in.
Chc, for g, as uccdaṙ, gnadúccad, for ugdaṙ, gnadúgad.

Doſ,

In the description of Conall Carnach:

Glicir sneċta ceċtar a da gruad in dara ċeċt, in ċeċt aile breċ-deirgiċir sian sleibe, ir glasligiċir buga in dara suil do, ir duibiċir druimni dual in tsuil eile, &c.—Blacker than the thick'ning clouds was the other eye.

Describing the Drui or Magus, of Conaire Mór:

fimiċir canaċ sleibe caċ ginna saras tria na ċend.

So, reimiċir, siċiċir, truimiċir, leiċiċir, cailiċir, &c.

I shall conclude with a few remarks on our Manuscripts, the obscurity of which is an obstacle to the research of almost every Irish Scholar. But the chief difficulty of reading them, in my opinion, arises from a want of skill in the language; for a MSS, however crowded with contractions, will easily be read by a good Scholar. The oldest MSS have the least of these contractions, containing such only as are common in the first *printed* books. The Saxon MSS have all the Irish contractions;

Tables of these contractions, however, will, in a few years, be no longer necessary; many learned men will soon give to the public the latent treasures of our MSS, and clear the path to the attainment of our language.

FINIS.

ADVICE

TO A

PRINCE,

BY

THADDY MAC BRODY, OR MAC BRODIN,

SON OF DARY;

BEING

THE INAUGURATION ODE

OF

DONACH O'BRIEN,

FOURTH EARL OF THOMOND,

WHEN ELECTED PRINCE OF HIS NATION, ACCORDING TO ANCIENT IRISH USAGE;

WITH AN

ENGLISH TRANSLATION IN VERSE,

DEDICATED TO THE

RT. HON. THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON AND OF MOIRA.

AND A LATIN PROSE ONE, STRICTLY RENDERED WORD FOR WORD FROM THE ORIGINAL IRISH,

WITH

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS;

THE LATTER INSCRIBED, BY PERMISSION,

TO THE

LEARNED PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

By THEOPHILUS O'FLANAGAN, *A. B.*

SECRETARY TO THE

Gaelic Society of Dublin.

Dublin.

PRINTED BY JOHN BARLOW, 29, BOLTON-STREET.

(PRINTER TO THE SOCIETY.)

1808.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRANCIS RAWDON HASTINGS,

EARL OF HUNTINGDON AND OF MOIRA,

&c. &c. &c.

My Lord,

It is with deference, the most profound, I take the Liberty of dedicating the English Version of this Irish Poem to your Lordship. Your benign Mother, of dignified Memory, enabled me to give this curious Production to the World; and I could not resist the Wish of making this Acknowledgment of Gratitude to her great departed Spirit, as I have been fatally precluded from addressing it to herself. I am urged by another Motive too, of no small consideration. I have humbly presumed to think it of great Moment and Importance,

Importance, to endeavour to attract the Attention of one of the most erudite, able, and accomplished hereditary Counsellors of the Crown;—of the attached and firm Friend of the August Heir-apparent to the Throne of the British Empire;—and of one whose own Veins teem with the high Blood of French and British Royalty,—to the Contemplation of ancient Irish Wisdom, exhibited in this interesting and instructive Poem. Should this be deemed precipitate or presumptuous, I entreat your Lordship's Forgiveness; and pray your Greatness of Soul to stand as my Advocate.

I have the Honour to be,
With all Respect and Esteem,
My Lord,
Your Lorship's very humble,
Obedient and devoted Servant,
THEOPHILUS O'FLANAGAN.

PROËME.

THE subject of the following poem involves, within a small compass, a most comprehensive system of government. Its maxims, obviously simple, and derived from the pure unadulterated source of natural right, will still be found the condensed and approved experience of many successive ages. Its precepts have been sanctioned in the unaltered code of our ancient national laws, expounded and held forth, for many centuries, as the unerring rule of guidance, by our poetic, philosophic, and judicial seers and sages, to their several princes; and systematically arranged and digested by one of our greatest and wisest Monarchs, about the period of the dawning of the Gospel light in Ireland, as the directing star for the conduct of his beloved son, who aspired to be his successor, and who did succeed and wisely govern after him. I know not of any equal production in any other language, except

those

those admirable writings, the institution of Cyrus, from the masterly pen of Xenephon, and the Telemachus of the unrivaled Fenelon. These are, however, elaborate and diffusive works in prose, of incomparable stile and matter; but this fine effort of the venerable Mac Brodin, is (except in the language in which he writes) a singular instance of an extensive plan of rule, condensed within the limits of a short Essay, assuming the embellished harmony of poetic numbers, and professedly including within its narrow limits, the body and substance of all that had been delivered from the remotest time by his native predecessors, lawgivers, and antiquaries, on this most interesting and momentuous topic. It is not at all impossible that some similar tract may be found in the Shanscrit; for many of the Gentoo laws, (as appears from Mr. Halhead's translation) particularly those respecting timber trees, are very like our Brehon laws of the same description; and the profound and indefatigable researches of the learned General Vallancy, prove beyond all question, an intimate connexion to have subsisted, at a remote period, between our ancestors of the Milesian or Gadelian colony, and the eastern nations. Sir William Jones, in his Asiatic Researches, has given a Latin translation of "Instructions for a

"Prince,"

" Prince," from the Persic; which, upon collation, will be found far short in style, matter, manner, and maxim of this fine Irish composition.

It is a fact, universally acknowledged, that the most ancient historical accounts, and legal institutions of the earliest associations of men, were committed to the sacred and enchanting custody of versification. And what more likely to give permanent stability to human institutions, so perishable and prone to change? The fascinating charms of poetic harmony, expanding the mind with a holy enthusiasm, transfuse into the human breast, as it were, a kind of divine inspiration; and by kindly indulging imagination and gratifying fancy, they arrest the memory with gently soothing wile, and engage in their willing service every generous sympathy. They convey a deathless perpetuity to the approved maxims of wisdom and experience, and consecrate high deeds of worth to everlasting fame.

If, then, amongst the most ancient literary monuments of a nation, there be found historical and legal tracts detailed in verse, it is a proof, incontrovertable, of legitimate claim to early and remote civilization; so far from being an argument of

savagery

savagery or barbarism, than which nothing can be more foreign or contradictory to the refinements of poetry, which is chiefly conversant with the finest feelings and affections of human sentiment.

In this respect, Ireland is certainly, if not singularly remarkable. Among the shattered fragments of her oldest literary monuments, which have escaped the consuming ravages of time, and the more destructive rage of intestine wars and revolutions, the instances of historical and genealogical poetry are numerous, beyond all comparison with the records of any other nation on the globe, of which we have acquired any competent knowledge. Amidst the relics even of the great code of national laws, pre-eminently denominated Sean Mor, or *Great Antiquity*, and sanctified by the appellation of Breithe Neimheadh, or *supreme judgments*, I have found tracts of most important concern, (among others, those involving the right of landed property and hereditary succession,) arrayed in that garb which gives best assurance of eternity, the glowing guise of harmonious versification. The number of didactic essays of regal instruction in the Irish language, are many, both in prose and verse. The doctrine and maxims comprised in these compositions

compositions have become proverbially familiar in the ordinary conversation of a people habituated to them for many successive ages. They are transmitted from generation to generation, by imperceptible tradition; and thus habitually interwoven with thought and expression, they have influenced language, manners and customs; impressing character of a distinctive cast from that of surrounding nations. For such distinction the Irish have been peculiarly conspicuous for several centuries. The brief but comprehensive instructions, moral and judicial, of their philosophic sages, excited attention, enlarged the understanding, and allured to a practical exercise of all the social virtues. To the still remaining effects of this admirable discipline, combined perhaps with physical causes, may be attributed that quickness of apprehension, lively ingenuity and eager curiosity for intelligence and information, which yet characterise such as are unattainted by foreign corruption of this generous, affectionate, pious and virtuous people. I have frequently heard, with secret feeling of condolence, some of the finest precepts of our ancient morality and jurisprudence, unwittingly expressed, but faithfully applied by the innocent, unadulterated intelligence of traditional instruction, unconscious of the source of informa-

tion. Thus, traditional wisdom, becoming a kind of natural instinct, confirms the fundamental maxim of oldest Irish law, "Perpetual each primitive "ordinance of every nation." Sín gach fer dligeᵹ gaca críche—meaning that natural right is ever unalterable. But this maxim was framed without the most distant consideration of foreign interference. Its injunction is of no longer effect, except in soothing the regret of the uncorrupted native, or generously sympathizing foreigner. Our Fileas were men well informed in every liberal art and science known in their times; whose wisdom was always exercised in promoting the prosperity of their country. They were poets by name, but philosophers in doctrine and practice, insomuch, that the single appellation of Filea, communicates the recriprocal notion of philosopher and poet; and their maxims have been even quoted like the most authoritative judicial decisions, or sacred and authentic doctrines of law.

Nor is this so much to be wondered at, if we consider the description of persons, who were from time immemorial the framers, guardians and expounders of our ancient jurisprudence. The Danans, who inhabited Ireland previous to the time of the invasion

invasion of the Gadelians, are said to have been well acquainted with letters; and the memory of some of their kings, poets and poetesses, or female philosophers, of highest repute for wisdom and learning, is still preserved with reverential regard in some of our old manuscripts of the best authority. Of these the monarchs Dagad, Ogamon, and Dalbœth, who flourished between the periods of 2804 and 2884 of the world; and Brig, or Brigid, daughter of king Dagad; Carbry, the brother of king Dalbœth; Edina, his mother; and Danana, who is reputed to have been both his daughter and wife, are most particularly noticed. We have already observed that prince Amergin was poetic philosopher and judicial sage to his brethren, the sons of Milesius, at the time and after the Gadelian expedition from Spain to Ireland; and numerous were the princes and dignified nobles, who followed him in that high office, through a long revolution of succeeding centuries. To give some brief account of the most celebrated of these, may not appear foreign to our purpose, especially as they are ever and anon referred to as the standing pillars and original founders; and from time to time, the authorized improvers of our *institution of great antiquity*, (fonn Seneaſ 9110n,) the venerable

rable and sacred deposit—the unalterable code of our national laws. It would appear that Amergin's own apophthegm, "I ordain, that decision abide "with the intelligent, and execution with princes,"

"Eigne la h'eglais aidil,
"Alcas febta la flaithiu;"

Continued in force for several ages after him; for we find that the poets or judges dispensed the laws of their own authority, with little interruption from any other power of the state, until a short period before the Christian Æra. It is true, Ollamh Fodla, about the year A. M. 3240, instituted the triennial assembly of Tara, for enacting and promulgating, perpetuating and preserving laws; founded a college to dignify the poetic institution, which endured for many ages before the birth of Christ, and produced many sages eminent for their knowledge and exertions for the improvement of the useful arts and sciences known in their time; particularly jurisprudence. Among those most celebrated are ranked Roigny Roscach, or the extemporaneous poet, son of Hugony the great, king of Ireland, A. M. 3619; Achy, the son of Luchta, king of Munster; Sencha, and his son Fachtna,

Fachtna, and his daughter Briga; Moghdorn, daughter of Modha; and Ethnea, daughter of Amalgad, all of royal descent, whose names, besides many others, are to be met with in our manuscripts at the head of the several treatises, which they composed, and for which they procured the sanction of authoritative laws. Here we must not omit taking notice that as Greece and Egypt could boast of Arpasia, and other women of extraordinary wisdom, so ancient Ireland can plume herself upon Brigid, Danana, Mogdhorn, Briga, and Ethnea, whose names embellish literary tracts, which maintain existence through an immensity of time, and contain doctrines once held nearly equivalent to precepts of divine authority. Such are the lights that burst through the gloom of ages, illuminating the darkness which surrounds them. The dense and pithy apophthegms, maxims, and aphorisms of these and other sages, occasionally digested and explained, continued the sovereign rule of right until about the time of the incarnation, when Achy Aremh swayed the sceptre of Ireland, and the celebrated Conor, son of Nessa, (so called from his mother) was king of Ulster. This prince whose father was Fachtna Fathach, or Fuchtna the Philosopher, king of Ireland, was very actively industrious in giving

giving stability to the existing laws, by having them compiled and digested into written volumes, and deposited in the public Archives; and his favourite poets, Forchern, Neid, and Athairney of Howth, are mentioned as the joint labourers in this arduous task of arrangement and compilation. They also drew up a book, entitled the "Precepts of the "Poets," (Ullamhcéad na n-Eigeas,) chiefly attributed to Forchern, Forcert, or Fercart, containing elements of grammar, and rules for every kind of poetical composition. Several copies of this, in manuscript, are still existing. Moran, the instructor and supreme judge of Feradach, the Just, was himself the son of king Carbry, the popular usurper, who was raised to the throne by the Attacotic, or Plebeian rebellion, in the beginning of the first century. On account of the odium attached to his Father's usurpation, Moran is better known, in our manuscripts, by the name of Moran the son of Maen, the daughter of the king of Leinster, who was his mother. He, from conscientious and equitable motives, declined the sovereignty, and was principally instrumental in the restoration of the rightful prince; a rare instance of virtuous forbearance at any period, and peculiarly remarkable in heathen times. But, anterior to the propagation of the

Gospel

Gospel in Ireland, our great Monarch Cormac, son of Art, the Solitary; son of Conn, of the hundred battles, was transcendantly pre-eminent above all others, in the third century, for his profound knowledge in the antiquity and jurisprudence of his country; the schools he endowed, the books he composed, and the laws he established bear unquestionable testimony of his munificence, wisdom and learning; and his magnificence and military exploits are also much celebrated, all in a poem still existing, which begins thus:

Teamair na Rig Raith Chormaic!—
Temor of kings, fam'd Cormac's royal seat!

Next comes the chief in arms and arts renown'd,
Redoubted Finn, the son of deathless fame!
Whose matchless deeds, with brightest glory crown,
Thro' never-ending time proclaim his name—

Finn, the son of Cumhal, the Fingal of Mr. M'Pherson, and stiled by us, his countrymen, "Finn flaith fene na flog,"—"Finn the renowned general and chief of the Fenian hosts," meaning the celebrated Irish militia, or Fianna Eirenn. His mother was Murin, daughter of Thaddy son of Nuadat the White, monarch of Ireland. In her right he inherited his principality of Almuin, now Allon, in the county of Kildare. He was

son-in-law

son-in-law of king Cormac, and the confidential associate of all his studies, councils, and achievements. He is highly celebrated for jurisprudence and poetry, insomuch that he obtained the estimation of a prophet, and some of the dissertations which he wrote in his native language were extant about 120 years ago, in Mr. O'Flaherty's time, and perhaps are still recoverable. The fame of his great military exploits have afforded vast scope for exercise of talent, and a wide display of panegyric to the poets of succeeding ages. His grand-father Thaddy, was of the Druidical order, and instructed him in every liberal art and science prevalent in the age in which he lived. His son Oisin (the Ossian of Mr. M'Pherson) was famous in arts and arms; and another of his sons, Fergus Finbheoil, or *fair-lips*, figuratively meaning, of sublime diction, has been emphatically stiled the "philo-"sophic poet of pointed expression,"—"ᘐᘏ ᖴᘓᘒ "ᖴᘃᘓᘃᘒ ᖴᘐᑕᘃᘃᘓ-ᘔᘒᖵ." Fithal, and his son Flathri, were successively Cormac's supreme judges, the former of whom was his instructor from youth to maturity; and the merited celebrity of the pupil, reflects a splendour of fame on the great and respectable capacity of the master. But Fithal and Flathri have left monuments of their own talents

talents to perpetuate their memory; some of which have endured through many a miserable national vicissitude to this day.

Such, with numberless others, were the dignified founders, improvers and preservers of the ancient laws and literature; poetry and philosophy of Ireland, previously to the introduction and acceptation of the revealed wisdom. From such exalted guides and instructors, legislators and guardians in the walks of science, what high cultivation must we not expect? What elevation of sentiment, majesty of thought, refinement of expression, and cultivation of moral and social civility, inaccessable to all grovelling baseness or mean and corrupt depravity, may we not hold in prospect?—Nor shall our hopes be disappointed. As musical melody, by its enchanting influence, kindly attempers gentle and generous feelings; so the combined charms of science and poetic harmony elevate the soul for the reception of every principle that is grand, noble and virtuous. Such was the disposition of the informed mind, in Ireland, when our venerated Apostle, Sucat, dignified with the title of PATRICIUS, that is, *a noble of Rome*, came on the holy mission of propagating the Gospel in this enlightened land,

towards the middle of the fifth century. Here the word of God obtained a reception more easy and expeditious, more eager and zealous, than in almost any other country of the world: It soon shone, and continued long to shine, like the splendour of the sun, in all its fervour and brilliancy; some bright scintillations of which, though envelloped in mist and darkness, it is fondly hoped, are still remaining. The inspired and convincing doctrines of a religion divinely pure and unadulterated by any dregs of earthly consideration, (yet capable, if faithfully practised, of approximating the joys of earth to those of paradise,) were embraced with ardent eagerness and generous enthusiasm, by minds already well prepared for the reception of its sacred truths; having been long habituated to deep reflexion, to abstract and moral contemplation.

The united dignity and wisdom of Ireland, convened in the august assembly of Temor, abolished whatever heathen worship they possessed, and solemnly accepted the faith of Christ; which, by their authority and example, was soon disseminated throughout the mass of the national population. On this occasion, the Monarch's own chief in wisdom, Dubhthach, grand-son of Lughar, a Lagenian prince,

prince, is said to have first set the example, and to have bent the knee in obeisance to the holy missionary; and Jocelin tells us he afterwards exercised his talents in hymns of praise to the most high God, in place of celebrating, as before, the vain and transient glory of temporal princes.

The Christian dispensation being thus established, the literature of Ireland, hitherto peculiar and appropriate, underwent some material changes.—In the first instance, a select committee of nine, composed of the most intelligent princes and sages, among whom were St. Patrick himself and the aforesaid Dubhthach O'Lughair, were appointed to revise the national institutes. The first object of their zeal was to purge the old archives of all that regarded heathen worship; it being considered the surest method of making way for the truth of revelation, to abolish all traces of the hitherto prevailing superstition; and their revisal was confirmed by the sanction of the national council. On this occasion, we are told, that near two hundred volumes of our ancient literature were condemned and committed to the flames, to the eternal, I will not say whether just, regret of posterity. Indeed if this fact were not supported by the concurrent testimony

of

of all the ancients, I should reject it altogether. The next change, whether immediate or gradual, obtained in the arrangement and form, but not in the number or power of our elements of literature or alphabetical characters. Before the introduction of Greek and Roman literature, with the religion of the Gospel, our invariable traditions maintain that our literature was of eastern origin. These traditions are irresistibly supported and confirmed, at this day, by the profound researches of the indefatigable investigator of our antiquity, the learned and venerable General Vallancey. His erudite lucubrations, throughout, establish irrefragable evidence of the truth of our domestic accounts, however obscured the latter may appear from the glosses, derangements, mutilations, and other accidents of distracted and fluctuating time. Previously to the middle of the fifth century, then, our ancestors wrote and read from right to left, according to the eastern usage. Our ancient alphabet consisted of but sixteen letters, which continue in use without any necessary alteration or addition to this day. Here there is a marked coincidence between our alphabet and that said to have been brought into Greece from Egypt by Cadmus, another incontestible proof of its eastern origin. The primitive arrangement

and

and characteristic forms of these letters, as well as the practice of writing from right to left, were changed in conformity to the modes in use with those languages, through whose medium the revealed dispensation was communicated. The original appellative names and articulate powers, however, remained unaltered; as did the general system of literature, and its philosophic guardians, except in the substitution of the Christian for the heathen priesthood. If Druidism, therefore, (as some will have it,) previously obtained, the modern antiquary has nothing to lament, but what, if preserved, would not materially add to his knowledge, and might disappoint the eagerness of his curiosity; at best only the dark and mysterious maxims of a blind and misguiding superstition. As to the solar and theistical adoration which prevailed in this island before Christianity, there are sufficient documents still remaining to satisfy all rational investigation on that interesting subject. I would gladly obviate the laudable regret for losses of more serious consideration; but unhappily this is widely beyond the limits of my means and circumstances. Our history and poetry, our laws and philosophy, have been deranged and dispersed, *shattered* and mutilated, and nearly consigned to contemptuous neglect and annihilating oblivion.

oblivion. Nothing now remains of our native literature, but the *shattered*, yet interesting, fragments of the wisdom of a singularly reflecting people. Thus the venerable fabric of our ancient dignity has been hurled down a dreadful precipice, by the storms of adversity; and the only consolation left, is, that it appears majestic even in ruin!——

From Amergin to Dubhthach O'Lughair, the judicial and philosophic, the poetic and historic character centered, with very little deviation, in the same person. The exercise of these functions were often arbitrary, and as the best regulated human ordinances are subject to abuse, disorders consequently crept in, which, from time to time, required the curb of salutary restraint and regulation. Hence the wise reformations by Ollamh Fodhla, Feradach the Just, Conor Mac Nessa, King Cormac, and, at length, the revisal in the time of St. Patrick. From this period to the reign of Aedh, son of Anmiry, we read not of any other regulation of the poetic profession. At this time, however, towards the end of the sixth century, the illustrious St. Colum Kill, who declined, for the retirement of a cloister, the Irish crown to which he was entitled; came from his monastery of Hy, to assist with

with his counsel and influence, to adjust the differences which then subsisted between the reigning prince and the poets and their abettors. The monarch was vehement in his desire to annihilate the order altogether, but the Saint, who was himself eminent in the art, was equally zealous for its preservation under due controul, and he succeeded. In short, Ireland is acknowledged by all the old historians worthy of credit, to have been the school of the west, and to have furnished England, France, and Germany, with able teachers, from the fifth to the close of the eighth century, when it was disturbed by the predatory and desolating incursions of the Northern Rovers, who continued to harrass and confuse this country for upwards of two centuries, a period of disturbance which nearly annihilated its civility. It is even confidently asserted, that many of our valuable manuscripts had been taken, during this interval, to Denmark; nor is the disappointment of the liberal Dr. Warner a sufficient proof that none of our records do exist in the archives of Denmark to this day. Those who searched for them might have been too indolent, too careless, and, in all probability, utterly incapable of distinguishing an Irish from any other old manuscript. I was acquainted, some years ago, with

with Mr. Thorkelin, an Icelandic Gentleman, professor of history and Icelandic antiquities to his Danish majesty, in the royal college of Copenhagen. He sojourned in Dublin for some time on literary research. I translated, for his use, some abstracts from our annals relative to the transactions of the Danes in Ireland. He confidently assured me, that he knew several families in his native country, who were in possession of old books of history and genealogy in Irish, and old Irish poems, over which they frequently spent their hours of amusement, and made Irish the language of their domestic conversation. His manner of accounting for the fact should be mentioned:—He said that some Irish families must have retired to Iceland from internal commotions in their native country at a remote period, and still continue to cherish its memory. I was present when General Vallancey gave Mr. Thorkelin a Caiè of old vellum, containing a law tract, to guide him in an intended search for Irish manuscripts in the archives of Denmark on his return, but no result has ensued. We have a wonderful instance of the preservation of some fragments of our ancient poetry, without the assistance of letters, in the traditional memory of the Albanian Scots, the descendants of a colony sent from Ireland in the

the sixth century, with whom our language has long ceased to be written till lately, and even now but corruptly. I mean the fragments of Oisin, the feigned translation of which gave celebrity to Mr. M'Pherson, whose visionary history, built upon them, I consider now as utterly exploded. We have many written and some traditional remains of poems attributed to Oisin, and the preservation of any fragments of them, in the traditional memory of the Albanian Scots still inhabiting the highlands, is an obvious proof, surpassing volumes of conjecture, of their very great antiquity. But this makes not by any means for M'Pherson's airy system, as the original migration from Ireland, and the introduction of some of its old poetry into modern Scotland or Albany is, (and always has been by the general mass,) universally acknowledged by the well informed of his countrymen, to the utter rejection of his fabricated story. For the credit of his talents, however perverse their application, we should not omit observing, that, from scanty and disfigured original materials, he has compiled and left to posterity a lasting monument of his genius. Let not this tribute of praise however, encourage the prejudiced of that nation, to palm, on an enlightened age, the detected forgeries of a modern

corrupt dialect, as the admirable effusions of ancient genius. No longer let the erudition and respectable talents of a Stuart* be exerted to give stability to barbarism; while the fair field of investigating the lucid beauties, the sublime force, and the accurate and improved elegance of the venerable mother tongue court the acquaintance of his critical contemplations. Away with the imposture that deluded the genius of Blair†, that led astray the researches of Whitaker‡, and has long imposed on the learned world, as "Tales of Other Times,"—the modern fictions of Albano-Scotic fabrication. I have been lately informed that some private correspondence of Mr. M'Pherson himself, has been communicated to the Gælic Society of the Highlands, acknowledging the imposition of this English publication, with the attempt of translating it into modern Erse.

The

* Author of a Gælic Grammar, the best and most judicious attempt that has yet appeared in print, of a philological system appropriated to this dialect. A thorough knowledge of the genuine Irish language, to which he himself incidentally gives preference, would compleat this production.

† Author of the Lectures on Elocution.

‡ Author of the History of Manchester.

The author of this *Advice to a Prince*, was born about thirty years before the close of the sixteenth, and lived till about the middle of the seventeenth century. He possessed a fine appenage, as the hereditary PHILIOPHIC BARD of Thomond, (even in the decline of such establishments,)—the castle of Dunogan, and its appurtenances, in the barony of Ibrican, in the west of the county of Clare. But for this he was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who must himself have been a native Irishman, as in the act of treacherously hurling him down a precipice, which caused his destruction, he, with savage exultation exclaimed, Abaiṁ do ṁaiṁn anoiṡ, ċhiṁ bíṫ. "Say your ver-"ses now, little man." Mac Dary was a very elegant and elaborate poet. His original efforts were for the regulation of the conduct of Donogh or Dunchad O'Brien, fourth Earl of Thomond. This was in conformity with the ancient usage of Ireland, which entitled the bard to advise his prince in the same manner that the oldest Mandarin of China is at liberty to admonish the Emperor. Our ancient philosophic poets had ever the same privilege, and always, in senate and assembly, held place at the right hand of the King. Mac Brodin was in this situation when the bardic establishment was in declining

wane. Donogh O'Brien was bred at the courts of Elizabeth, and of James the first, and introduced and enforced their ordinances in Thomond; but Mac Brodin still continued to give him the usual advice of antiquity. This was, that upon the elective appointment of every king, prince, or chieftain, the authorised laureat should pronounce an ode of advice before him, on his being enthroned. This was an ordinance of ancient law as will be seen in the notes. Mac Dary, as he is called from his father, wrote many other poems, all still extant, beside those addressed to the Earl of Thomond. He wrote a censure upon a poem of Torna Eiges, the philosophic bard of king Niall the great, which brought upon him an attask from the numerous body of the northern poets; but he came off triumphant, by his singular talent, in the contest. All these poems are preserved, and as including a considerable portion of authority from the obscured or lost documents of Irish history, are extremely valuable. Mac Dary was a completely accomplished master of all the ancient various learning, poetry, and jurisprudence of his country.

I have been enabled to give this singular production to the world, by the munificence of the late dignified

dignified Countess of Moira. Several incorrect copies of it are current through Ireland: but that which I give is the only correct one I have ever seen. It is contained, among other valuable poems, in a manuscript folio, on paper, bound in Turkey leather, and gilt on the edges. This compilation was made by the Rev. Mr. O'Gara, a poor Friar of the Franciscan order, who was forced from innocent retirement to fly his native country, (Galway,) in the woeful period of the barbarous ravages and monstrous massacres of Cromwell's soldiery. The Irish who were providentially able to fly, at this calamitous period, took with them, (particularly the clergy), what they could of their literature; and this ingenious and ingenuous innocent amused himself, during the years of his exile, in collecting and transcribing Irish poems in the several Cœnobia of the Low Countries. Upon his death, it seems, this valuable volume, came into the family of O'Daly of Dunsandel, who were themselves formerly eminent in Irish literature. At the sale of the library of the Right Hon. Denis Daly, the late eminent Irish Senator, chief of that house, it was set up to auction. Lady Moira's chaplain, (the Rev. Mr. Berwick,) and myself were the only bidders. When Mr. Berwick discovered my name, he declined bidding, and it became my purchase; but the book

not

not being called for by me the next day, as I took ill, Mr. Mercier, the clerk of the sale, took it to Lady Moira, to shew deserved and respectful attention. I had the high honour of being previously introduced to her ladyship: and when I was next enabled to take the opportunity of doing myself the honour of a visit to her, she was benignly pleased to present it to me, kindly saying that "I could make the best use of it." I retain this valuable Relic, and shall, I hope, consecrate it to the dignified shade of her benevolence. It was by the kind favour of my much respected and esteemed friend, the Chevalier Thomas O'Gorman, a great promoter and preserver of Irish History and Literature, that I had the happiness of this introduction.

ADVICE TO A PRINCE.

HOW serious is the task, how vastly great,
To teach a prince his duty to the state!
'Tis his each blessing on the land to bring,
And, (what becomes a good and patriot king,)
To draw his glory from such order'd sway,
That all may love and chearfully obey:—
To raise his country to a prosp'rous height,
Or plunge it deep in dark, disastrous night!
Since by his deeds the state must rise or fall,
He should incline to hear th' advice of all;—
Nor wisdoms's awful maxims dare to break,
Th' unerring rules of sacred truth I speak.*
A king, as many a sage hath truly told,†
If he his pow'r by tyranny uphold,

Must

* Truth consecrated by the successive improving wisdom of ages, in the national code.

† All his philosophic predecessors in regal advices.

Must blast the public welfare and his own ;—
He sacrifices not himself alone!—
Death, want, and famine, ghastly stalk around,
And rapine's voice is heard with horrid sound,*
Plague,

* In the old law tracts is found the following fragment of a lyric inauguration ode, always sung to the Harp, and played before the ancient Irish Princes, upon their enthronment :—

Aitáid fect fíadnaise
for gellad gach cáich ríg ;
Senaid do fodad as an airlise,
Gan fír, gan dlig.
Dide aine, inge mád tar éeirt ;
Nadm cata fair ;
Núna in a fhlaithes ;
Dírce m-blechta
Milid Nesa ;
Seol n-etha ;
Ite fect m-beo éaindle ann so
for ogna gach cáich Rig.

"There are seven witnesses for exposing the falsehood "of every king :—1. To force a senate out of their house "of assembly, contrary to justice and law—2. To act the "deed of over-straining justice—3. Defeat in battle "against him—4. Famine in his reign—5. Failure of "milk in kine—6. Blight of fruit—7. Blight of corn. "Here are seven vivid lights to expose the unworthiness "of every king." This is a singular admonition, faithfully copied, but finely enlarged upon by the profound Mac Brodin.

Plague, war and blood, disaster and defeat,
The rage of elements, the crush of fate,
The bane of anarchy,—destructive train,—
Sprung from the monarch's crimes, assume th' imperial rein.
Not so the King, who rules with lawful sway,
No gloomy evil clouds his peaceful day!—
Abundance spreads her joys, with copious hand,
Throughout great Feilim's fair-inclining land:*—
Propitious plenty spreads her wide domain,
Thro' Erin's fields, when rightful princes reign.
The land teems wealth, and all the harbours round
Productive prove; with fish the streams abound:
The seasons genial fruit abundant bring;—
May all these blessings fair await my king!—
And num'rous fleets, if so his will ordain,
With richest treasures, crouding from the main.

* A poetic appellation given to Ireland, here taken for a delightful hill. Mac Dary was a correct geographer, and consequently well aware of the projection of Ireland. He calls it the "fair inclining hill of Feilim" poetically, as it was the sovereignty of Feilim the Lawgiver, who was its monarch in the beginning of the second century. He is celebrated as one of the wisest and most prosperous of our Kings, and emphatically stiled the LAWGIVER, from the excellence of his Institutions.

Shall fill his harbours,—for the fav'ring tides,
Waft them in safety, where just rule abides.*
This wish'd-for happiness, these blessings rare
A great and mighty sovereign's rule declare,
And shou'd be ev'ry monarch's aim and care.—
Since, then, the welfare of the country lies
Within his will, we must our prince advise,

That

* It has been denied by flimsy writers, in English, that Ireland had any commerce formerly. King Cormac, Long Beard, who began his reign in the year of our Redemption, 254, mentions, in his advice to his son Carbry of Liffey, that "valuable wares over sea;" Sṁéṫce ṫaṙ muṁṙ; are indispensably necessary to the dignity and prosperity of a monarch. Moran, the judge of the first century, has the same sentiment. Every scholar knows what Tacitus asserts in the life of his father-in-law, Agricola; and here his authority must be acknowledged irrefragable. He says, that the ports of Ireland were better known from commerce, and thro' commercial men, than those of Britain. "*Portus per commercia et negotiatores melius cogniti.*" Sir Lawrence Parsons, now Earl of Rosse, in his erudite vindication of the will of the Right Hon. Henry Flood, has unequivocally proved, that Ireland was better known to the ancients than Britain; and has clearly demonstrated, from Herodotus, the truth of Irish History, as detailed in our own most ancient records. Herodotus states, that a colony of ΣΚΥΘΑΙ, or SCYTHIANS, inhabited the borders of the Red Sea. This is incontrovertible authentication of Irish History, as related by our own historians.

That he may walk in wisdom's sacred ways,
Strengthen his pow'r, and gain immortal praise.
And tho' each loyal subject counsel bring,—
And to avoid misrule, instruct the king;
Yet 'tis alone the bard's peculiar claim,
As 'tis his only joy—his only aim,—
To draw th' attention of his monarch's ear,—
The bard's advice regardful shou'd he hear.*
'Tis the chief province of the poet sage,
To guard his prince against inord'nate rage,
Restrain his ire, protect him 'gainst all wrong,
Beyond the bounds of right shou'd he prolong
His erring step; to stay his hasty course
By eloquence divine, and wisdom's pow'rful force.
Each sov'reign here, since time's remotest day,
Retain'd a bard, who could in tuneful lay,
Dispense wise precepts to direct the State,—
The regal helm of pow'r to regulate.
And as their bards and sages' sacred lore
Avail'd our sov'reign princes heretofore,
So may our present potentate from mine
Derive advantage, nor to them resign,—
But by the fame of equal judgment shine.

As

* This is an universal maxim in our ancient writings,

Dligeð ollam ollum Rig.

"A poetic sage is entitled to respect from a king."

As Torna's* counsel wise, his royal ward,
The mighty Niall, Ierne's sov'reign guard,
Avail'd, so may my sapient lays
Prevail for Clare's,—for Great† O'Brien's praise.
As royal Cormac's‡ sound instruction prov'd
Successful to the son he dearly lov'd;

The

* Torna, emphatically stiled, Eigeas, or the *Intelligent*, was the teacher and guardian from infancy of Niall the Great, sirnamed of the *Nine Hostages*, who was king of Ireland towards the end of the fourth century of our æra. Torna's inauguration ode, upon the enthronement of his ward, is still extant in manuscript. It begins thus,

Gab mo theagasc, a Néill nár,

"Take my counsel mighty Niall."

The word NIALL is but one syllable. The diphthong ia which is peculiar to the Irish language, sounds like *ea* in *year*, *fear*, *dear*, &c. This Torna was married to Kævin, (Caemh-finn,) daughter to Connall (ech-luath,) *of the swift steeds*, king of (Muma) Munster, where his posterity inherited princely possessions. From such circumstances it can be evidently concluded, that our ancient poets were not merely rhyming or trivial bards, which is the affected consideration of them, by modern sciolists.

† Donogh or Dunchad O'Brien, fourth Earl of Thomond, was pre-eminently stiled the "Great Earl."

‡ King Cormac, Long-Beard; assumed the throne of Ireland in the middle of the third century, and had a long and prosperous reign. Like the Emperor Charles the fifth of Spain, he retired in old age, and wrote a treatise

The valiant Carbry, who from Liffey's stream
That silent glides, assum'd his mighty name,
And who for prosp'ring Achy's* blissful land,
For ever on the wing of Fame shall stand;
So may my admonition useful prove,— 75
So may it bless the royal prince I love.
Such pow'r ascendant may my fervent strain
O'er thy high mind and mighty spirit gain,

As

tise of instruction for his son Carbry, which is still preserved, and contains doctrine closely bordering on Christian purity. It is, in fact, an abstract of the law which directed and guided the sovereign. Little do the rulers of England know, that the origin of their jurisprudence is with us, not from the forests of Germany, as falsely asserted. This Cormac is considered one of the wisest monarchs of antiquity. An old poet gives the following character of him:—

Corbmac breicem na m-breic fír,
Ec do ṡrácht tecaisc na Rígh;
Ní fágbhan úaidhan ís fearr
Alle dligidh aeda Érienn.

"Cormac, judge of judgments true; he wrote, "the advice to kings; no better author is found upon "the ancient laws of Iréland." See Keting and Lynch, in Cormac's life.

*There were several Achaii or Achy's, Kings of Ireland; but the Achy here alluded to, was Achy Moymedon, who reigned in the middle of the third century. He was father to Niall the Great, sirnamed of the Nine Hostages.

As Fithil's* forceful voice o'er Cormac's soul
Prevail'd, confessing Reason's fair controul,
In Temor's† halls,—th' event successful prov'd,—
Nor disobey'd the prince the sage he lov'd.
May on thy soul the beam of counsel break
From me,—nor ire deform thy crimson cheek,
But, placid, hear thy honor'd poet speak.
As once in Croghan's halls great Conn‡ dismay'd
Seeing the banners of the foe display'd,

And

* He is sufficiently spoken of in the Preface.

† The ancient residence of the kings of Ireland in the present county of Meath. In an old gloss, upon a law tract, the word is explained, tulac ajbjn, *Collis amœnus, a delightful hill.*

‡ Conn of the hundred battles, was king of Ireland in the second century. In his youth he had to maintain a very great contest with Eogan Mor, otherwise called Modha Nuadhat, king of Munster, who, in the first instance, by the help of some Spanish auxiliaries, forced him to an equal division of the kingdom. Eogan was married to a daughter of the king of Spain. His ambition led him to aspire to the Irish throne, and having pushed Conn to great difficulty, the latter was on the point of yielding; but Connall of Croghan, the reigning king of Connaught, and Kithro, his own laureat, urged him to try the fortune of a battle. It was fought on the plain of Lena, and the issue proved successful to Conn. The story is finely told in Irish, and has not escaped the notice of Mr. M'Pherson. Here indeed, he is not

guilty

And num'rous hosts o'erspreading wide the plain;—
He thought his few cou'd not the fight maintain.
Kiro his bard,—to perseverance fir'd,—
The prince obey'd, by Wisdom's force inspir'd.
The just Ferada* reign'd with prosp'rous sway,
But Moran's matchless wisdom shew'd the way.

May

guilty of anachronism, but of historic falsehood. None of the Fians were in the battle, except Goll, son of Morni, and his adherents. He encountered the redoubted hero, Eogan, who subdued him, but his life was rescued by numbers of his tribe, who rushed upon the Momonian prince with their Javelins, to preserve their chief. Thus died the ROYAL HERO, as Goll himself called him, in desiring his protectors to let him down, as they had raised him on their spears. The appellation for king Conn in the original is, "the sappy branch," meaning "the youthful hero." 'Tis a familiar fine figure in Irish to compare youths to scions, men to trees, and old heroes to trees of ancient growth, expressed by the single Irish word, bile, for which there is no equivalent English expression.

* Of Feradach the Just, and his judicial sage Moran, there is mention made in the proëme. Moran, who was the son of Carbry Cat-head, the Attacot, or Plebeian usurper, was a wise man, and his father's judge. The offered succession he declined, and sent his son Neiri with an epistle, inviting and directing the rightful prince how to act. This tract, still preserved, is called *Moran's will.* It was written in the beginning of the Christian æra, and is now intelligible but to *very few.* For this there are two or three powerful reasons.

Moran

May like prosperity my lays attend,
And wisely guide your councils to the end,—
While from his rolling diction's force sublime,
I draw chief matter of my humbler rhyme.
As sov'reign Labhra, stil'd "of naval fame,"
The brazen bulwark of his race and name,
Triumph'd thro' Fercart's* bold, prophetic lays,
So now may mine attain perennial praise.

May

Moran was acting contrary to the prevailing existing system. His son was to convey his mandate, and he must fear for his life as well as for his own and that of the prince; besides holding apprehension of success. The tract is in the obscure Fenian dialect of our language. It is magnificently grand and sublime in diction, and amazingly dense in precept. Mac Dary understood it well, as he here professes, and has given all its doctrine. A translation of it made by myself, some years ago, lies by me still. Moran's justice is so celebrated, that it is said the *torques*, or chain of gold, which he wore as the badge of his office, would expand round the neck of a true witness and contract, to his suffocation round the neck of a false one. The traditional memory of this is so well preserved to this day, that it is a common expression for a person asseverating absolute truth, to say, ṫaḃṙaiṁ an ṡḋ or an ṡḣiḋ Ṁḣṓṙaiṁ ann. "I would swear by Moran's chain for it."—Ṫḣaḃṙaiṁ an ṡḣiḋ Ṁḣoṙaiṁ ann. is universally understood through Ireland.

*Fercart lived in the beginning of the Christian æra. He was the laureat of king Labhra, emphatically stiled the Mariner. It is before observed, that our Laureats were

May all the brilliant glory that e'er crown'd
The sceptr'd kings of Lughad's* hall renown'd,
On thee attend,—great heir of Borom's† line!—105
May ev'ry blessing, high-born prince, be thine.

were men of dignity. This Fercart obtained his name from ꝼᵉᵲ, a *man*; and ᶜᵉᵲᵗᵘᵹᵃᵭ, to *certify*. This is further explained in an old manuscript by the *words* ꝼᵉᵲ ᶜᵉᵲᵗᵘᵹᵃᵭ ᵰᵃ ᵸ-ᵉˡᵃᵭᵰᵃ, *i. e.* "The Rectifier of Science." His Elementary Grammar of the Irish Language, (the oldest existing of any language,) is still extant in manuscript.

* There were several Lughads, Kings of Ireland. The Lughad here mentioned is Lughad, (or Lewis) Long-Hand, who instituted the Games and Assemblies of Taltin; renowned for many successive ages. He lived upwards of a thousand years before the Christian æra, and was founder of the games and assemblies so famous in Irish History, called the "*Assemblies of Naas.*"

† Brian Boroimhe, (or Boromha,) son of Kennedy, son of Lorcan, was the most renowned Christian Prince, who swayed the sceptre of Ireland. He subdued, with loss of his own, his son's, and grandson's life, the united host of the King of Leinster; of the Danes; of all his foreign and domestic foes, in the memorable battle of Clontarf, fought on Good Friday, the 25th of April, 1014. He was one of the many Alfreds of Ireland.

Considering

And since 'tis justly claim'd of me alone,
By glorious deeds to fortify his throne,
I'll teach the chief of Thal's* illustrious race,
And to attain this end what path to trace ;—
Beneath whose sway, indulgent, just, and free,
Luxuriant fruitage crowns the bending tree.
And tho' my destinies have not decreed
My sovereign's worship,—as my honor'd need,
Yet as my royal lord my voice obeys,
My duty urges these instructive lays,
Since Dunchad, Borom's offspring, great O'Brien,
Now powr'ful rules o'er Modha's† ancient line ;

Let

Considering his sphere of action, he was one of the greatest men that ever lived. A prince, a king, a leader, a philosopher, is a rare instance of human greatness, but of such greatness was he a very luminous instance. To finish his character, *He was a Christian King.*

* TAL was one of O'Brien's royal ancestors.

† Modha Nuadhat, of whom we spoke in a preceding note, was succeeded on the throne of Munster by his son Olioll Olum. This Prince, ordained by his will, that the direct descendants of his two sons Eogan Mor, the younger, and Cormac Cas, should reign alternately This ordinance was strictly observed for several

Let not brave Fey's descent of princely race,
Think their subjection to his rule disgrace.
To wear the crown he has the legal claim,*—
Of lineage royal—and of spotless fame,
Victory constant leads his martial train,
Plenty smiles upon the flow'ry plain,
And tranquil peace adorns his blissful reign,
Firm fortitude invigorates his mind,
Unmov'd in what is just and wise design'd.

Thou

several successive ages. Fey, or Fiachadh Mullethan, was the son of Eogan, and from him descended the Mac Carthys, and other great families of Desmond or South Munster; while the O'Briens and Mac Namaras derive descent from Cormac Cas. To this the poet alludes, and endeavours to conciliate the southern chiefs, to acquiesce in the elevation of O'Brien, although it might not be his time to rise to the dignity.

* The "legal claim" was election; but such election was legally regulated. The person to be elevated to chiefry or principality must be of true royal or princely blood; "He must be the son of a prince, and the "grandson of another:" bud mac flatha acas bud ua ar oile. These are the words of the Law.

Thou mighty king of Lumnia's* fertile plain,
Let not thy poet's warning voice be vain;
Most bounteous hand † of all the world's domain.
O ne'er forgetful from him turn astray,
From whom thou hold'st but delegated sway.
Monarch, his dreadful might and pow'r attend,
Before whose throne the nations trembling bend:
To him resign thyself,—thy service whole,—
Let him completely occupy thy soul:
Forsake not ever, or the love, or fear,
Of him who rules the universal sphere.
The fear of God on man impress'd with force,
Of all true wisdom is the first great source.‡
O daily! let thy supplications rise,
To him whom glory veils above the skies,
Tho' nothing 'scapes his all-beholding eyes.‖

If

* Luimneć is the city called in English LIMERICK.

† The "Liberal hand and open heart," of Gray's Triumphs of Owen, are called to mind by this allusion. Personification by quality is a familiar figure in Irish Poetry.

‡ "*Timor Dei est principium sapientiæ.*" "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." Every reader will recognize these as the awful expressions of the wisest of men.

‖ The entire sentiment of this distich is expressed by the single term, Dílećt, in Irish.

If anxious cares disturb thy noble mind,
With him alone a sure redress you'll find.
Run not thy wayward will's inord'nate race;
It leads to fell disorder and disgrace;
Daily attend, my prince, thy people's cause,
For 'tis thy duty to dispense the laws.*
No easy task, with justice to decide,
The tedious office yet you must abide.
Of Thou placid mien,—of affable approach,—
Be selfish caution never thy reproach.
Gaming avoid, nor let the fair one's wile,
Nor feast, nor music, ever thee beguile;
Weigh well thyself each man's alleg'd misdeeds,
Nor mind from opposition what proceeds;—
Interpellation oft the law impedes.—

With

* By a maxim of the most ancient Irish Law, the King was the last resort in all cases of legal question. The maxim is in verse, and is as follows:—

Sin cach sen-dighe
Cacha crithe condelg;
In tan ni discondelg cach crith,
Is and berar digend co rig.

"Perpetual every ancient ordinance of every coun-
"try, as to rational decision: when any country is desti-
"tute of such decision, the undecided cause must then
"be brought before the King."

With calm deliberation judge the cause,
And justly dispensate to all the laws:
Thy mind not sinking or to awe or fear,
Or love, or hate,—t'observe the right severe.
For sordid bribes of silver or of gold,
Be not thy judgment basely bought and sold.
Tho' numbers round thy just tribunal press,
And loud demand their num'rous wrongs redress,
Never imbecile from the task recoil,
But fearless meet the honorable toil.
Each charge investigate, reprove each crime,
Replete with knowledge of experienc'd time.
Though full the houshold of thy dome of state,
With few thy royal mind communicate:—
In ev'ry court will numbers e'er be found,
Unfit to share in secret thoughts profound.
With gentle condescension mild and free,
Thy council treat, and high nobility,
And thine own blood with noble dignity;—
The vig'rous race of Cas unmatch'd in fight,
Who valour, worth, and majesty unite.
But if war threaten,—thou must e'er oppose
Determin'd resolution 'gainst thy foes.
Avert not th' edge of thy imperial sway
From highest nobles who thy laws obey.

In wood-crown'd Fodla, 'tis a law supreme,
That just decisions permanency claim:*
If friends oppose thee, firm resistance show
'Till humbled, to thy majesty they bow.
And shou'd thy foe to supplication bend,
Forgive, and treat him as a new made friend:
Thou mighty prop of Brian's race renown'd,
When war destructive breathes the plains around,
Furious be thy look and stern thy mien†;—
The festive banquet must reverse the scene,
Where with thy visage, beaming bright as day,
Dispensing honor's meed, benignly gay,
Transcendant worth you bounteously repay.
Curb thou the spoiler's impious course severe,
The learned tribe propitiously revere:—
And let thy heav'nly aspect beam serene,
On all who audience of thy grace obtain.

In

* The old law maxim, already mentioned, is continually impressed, to enforce the observance of natural right.

† In peace there's nothing so becomes a man,
As mild behaviour, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in your ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tiger.

SHAKESPEARE.

The coincidence of thought between these two cotemporary men, is very remarkable; but pre-eminent genius always gives adequate expression to natural sentiment.

In deed exalted, humble in thy pride,
Most firm when low'ring dangers thee betide;
Son of my soul, be then thy spirit prov'd,
And in the battle's rage persist unmov'd.
Ne'er free submission to thy will restrain,
And, strict, thy just prerogatives maintain:*
To man of violence entrust no pow'r,
Or else thy country rues the fatal hour;
For know, O! King, disorder oft proceeds
From such subord'nate man's inord'nate deeds.
Attempt not, sov'reign of Tumonia's† plain,
T' engage in war, that justice won't maintain;

Nor

* *Pereunte obsequio, perit Imperium.*

TACITUS.

† North Munster. In the original it is, "O Sovereign, "of Cu's LEAP." Leim Chonchullain. "The "Leap of Cuchullan," is the Irish name of the Promontory of *Loop-head*, in the west of the County of Clare, opposite the coast of Kerry, where the mouth of the Shannon is several leagues wide.—It is a fabulous tradition in Ireland that Cuchullan leaped across from Clare to Kerry, when on his way to deprive Curaidh Mac Dary, (who had previously subdued him of his life) and mistress, Blanaid of Alba. This lady, who is represented of extraordinary beauty, is said to have been made a captive in Alba, to which an expedition from Ireland had been sent upon some extraordinary occasion.—Curaidh MacDary and Cuchullan were the two redoubted leaders

Nor e'er resign thy right for dubious peace,
If thou would'st guard thy pow'r against disgrace.
Restrain thy will, nor to extremes proceed;
Admit, sometimes, that thou be disobey'd.
Yet sooner will the land thy rule abide:
Oppose strong patience to thy wrath's full tide.
Slow to engage, but certain to maintain
His plighted faith, oppressors to restrain;

leaders of the north and south upon this expedition. In fact Mac Dary was king of Munster, and Cuchullan was a prince who might hold the sovereignty of Ulster in prospect. These youthful heroes quarrelled about the fair prize, and agreed to adjust the dispute by single combat; a very usual mode of decision among the ancients. Curaidh subdued Cuchullan in the conflict, and, to put it out of his power to renew the contest, for some time, he, with his sword, cut off his hair. Blanaid, it appears, was better affected towards Cuchullan than towards Mac Dary. As in those times nothing was considered more disgraceful than loss of hair, and particularly when cut off by a conquering adversary, the northern hero could not decently appear abroad until his hair was regenerated. During this period he contrived to communicate with Blanaid, his innamorata, who settled a plan with him for the destruction of Curaidh. He used to come home at mid-day, to recreate from the fatigue of attending the building of a place, that she had persuaded him to erect for her; and after recreation used to take a nap, as the Spaniards do their Siesta. It was concerted between Blanaid and Cuchullan, that when

Curaidh

To shield the weak, the turbulent chastise,
T'establish peace, both lasting, just, and wise,
A mighty monarch's reign immortalise,
Tho' num'rous precepts still I could unfold
For thy sure guidance, yet will I withhold
Reserv'd my further counsel;—for, imprest
Be this just maxim deep upon thy breast,
Instruction briefly delivered is best.

I will

Curaidh should be asleep, she would throw a pail of milk into a stream that ran by the mansion, on the bank of which Cuchullan was to wait the signal of seeing the current stained. The plot succeeded, and Curaidh was immolated. Cuchullan took off his prize, but the King of Munster's bard is said to have taken vengeance. He followed Blanaid to Ulster, and taking opportunity as they walked on the edge of a precipice, seized her in his arms, and hurled himself and her headlong into the sea, wherein they both perished. So runs the tale of old. Now I beg leave to inform the reader, that the simplest Irishman, not actually out of his senses, believes no more than the main substance of this story; but he delights in hearing an embellished detail. He is convinced that Cuchullan never leaped across the Shannon's mouth, but that he used great expedition in passing it;—and yet he calls it *Cuchullan's Leap*, from fancy. There is a heap of loose stones, that appear to have been collected on a mountain in the county of Kerry, called, to this hour, *Curaidh's Fort*, (Caṫ Conṁaiḋ.) The story is true; the detail is fabulously embellished; for this

I will not, 'till my footsteps you pursue,
Praise thy fair limbs, or frame of fulgent hue:
Son of my soul, I will not venture praise
Of thy bright azure, of regal ease,
Howe'er deserving, I'll withhold,—until
You the wise precepts of thy bard fulfil.
Thou lofty tree of wide, extended shade,
Amid Ierne's noblest wood display'd.*

Nor

this highly mental people loathed and disdained a barren and jejune narration. The river is called ꝟꞃꝛꝛ-ꝺlaꞃꞇe, i. e. "The fair Rivulet," to this day.

* This fine figure has been already observed upon as far as it may be said to be *peculiar* to the Irish. I believe the Hebrew has it also. Slat ṁꝺ coll; "A Scion o'er the wood."

Ꝛln bꞃle buaꞃṫ ꝺa ccelaeꝛ ꝟꞃṫ.

"The stately tree which all the wood obeys,"—are marked expressions frequently used by our Poets. It is necessary here to observe, that personal grandeur was of solemn consideration of old in Ireland, on the occasion of election to dignity. Hence our poets are minute in description of beauty. And whom, of any degree of sentiment at this day, does not majesty of appearance, strike with respect. It is natural, and the old Irish Poets felt its force, and gave it fine expression. I feel my own deficiency in giving expression to my inimitable original; but in this incomparable part of it, as of a

style

Nor cheek, which like the heated furnace glows,
Nor star-like eye, whence bright effulgence flows;
Nor lips, which th' Idæan berry's tints imbue,
Concealing pearly teeth, of whitest hue;
Truth's crimson temple, whence with flowing tide
Of eloquence, pledg'd faith is ratified.
I'll not attempt, till you fulfil my lays,
Thy bright, majestic neck's descriptive praise:
Whose lily edges round, impress'd, retain
The mark resplendent of the golden chain.*

I'll

style not usual in other languages, I trust I have conveyed some strong likeness. Yet well I know that insensitive dulness will deem it trivial. I am obliged, from fidelity, to use the same English expressions, which the copiousness and flexibility of the Irish language finely vary.

* All men and women of dignity in Ireland wore gold and silver ornaments. These, as dug out of our bogs and morasses, at this day, have no parallel in all the world, for singularity and beauty of execution. How grand and commanding must have been the appearance of the Irish Princes and Princesses at their conventual assemblies, decorated with their gold and silver frontlets or *glories*, their broaches, necklaces, bracelets, and anklets? The latter ornament is not in modern use. The value of these ornaments was strictly regulated by law. *See* the *elaborate* and erudite COLLECTANEA of the dignified and venerable General Vallancey.

I'll not, I pledge me, praise the lucid hand,
Whose beauteous fingers tap'ring straight expand;
O'er which pure splendor's fulgent glow prevails,—
With row of crimson, bright, transparent nails;
Nor breast, of force to break the brazen spear,
Nor statesly side's extent, without compeer;
Nor round, strong knee, torose, well form'd and fair,
Nor tap'ring active foot, alert as air;
Nor lib'ral soul, majestic, great, and good,
Prompt, fearless, brave, impetuous as the flood;
Undaunted, firm, with native valour fir'd;
For prowess, might, and steadiness admir'd;
Facetious,—mild, as zephyrs gently blow,
Nor ever furious, but against the foe.
Yet will I praise, nor will my voice alone
Be rais'd to celebrate thy great renown;
Thou heav'nly visage bright of glow divine,
Unceasing praise and honor shall be thine,
If thou fulfil the purport of my lays,
From letter'd source deriv'd of Wisdom's ways.*
The glorious sun shall spread thy praises round,
And feather'd songsters warble the sweet sound;
Each element beneath high Heav'n's expanse,
Earth, water, air, will in full choir advance,

Each

* He professes throughout to have taken his doctrine from his ancient predecessors.

To sing in strain sublime, that ne'er will die,
Thy beaming, sprightly, animated eye.
The hum of bees will murmur o'er the woods,
And sportive trouts will wanton thro' the floods,
And e'en the sea-calves their deep tones will raise,
At once with me to celebrate thy praise.
The king, the warrior, the poetic sage,
Who live to see the blessings of thine age,
Will praise thy name, thy great wise deeds avow,
And none thine equal, virtuous prince, allow.*

* This is, of purpose, concluded like Irish compositions, which always terminate with the word, phrase or syllable with which they commence. This was, of old, intended to inculcate repetition, and has latterly become the mark of the perfection or integrity of a composition, The Irish writers term this practice, Dunad; *i. e.* CONCLUSION.

INSTITUTIO PRINCIPIS,

CARNEM HIBERNICUM.

INSTITUTIO PRINCIPIS,

CARMEN HIBERNICUM,

AUCTORE

THADDEO, FILIO DARII, FILIO BRODÆI,

SEU

BRODINI;

ALIAS,

Tadhg, mac Daire, mac Bruaideadha,

no,

Mac Bruaidin.

Poetâ Hiberno, Sæculo Salutis, XVI.

Latinâ Versione verbum verbo fideliter redditum, cum notis,

A

THEOPHILO O'FLANAGAN, A. B.

GADELICÆ SOCIETATI HIBERNIÆ

A SECRETIS.

DUBLINII

TYPIS excudebat JOHANNES BARLOW,

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M.DCCC.VIII.

ERUDITIS, DIGNIS,

BENEVOLISQUE ADMODUM VIRIS,

PRÆPOSITO SOCIISQUE SENIORIBUS,

COLLEGII SACROSANCTÆ

ET

INDIVIDUÆ TRINITATIS, DUBLINIENSIS;

Hanc Interpretationem,
cum maximâ observantiâ,
et gratiâ pro cumulatis in se beneficiis;
& eorum Eruditionis ergo,
quod de hujusce Poëmatis merito sint qui
optimè judicare possint.

D. D. D.

T. O'FLANAGAN, A. B.

EJUSDEM COLLEGII, QUONDAM,

DISCIPULUS SCHOLARIS.

PRÆLEGENDA,

CERTE parum esset hanc Interpretationem literatis viris exhibere, nisi notum sit quâ de causâ aut quâ occasione poëma inscriptum fuerit. Mos erat inter nostrates (Hibernos) antiquitùs, quod omnis, vacante principatu, in successionem inîturus, non modo electione legitimâ sed e certâ familiâ, scilicet regiâ, adoptatus foret.—Post elevationem autem in solium dignitatis, lege cautum erat ut Philosopho-poeta eum de officiis admoneret. Poetæ Hiberniæ antiqui, ϝʃleðα, *i. e.* Philosophi, vocabantur; et erant equidem Poetæ nomine, sed re verâ Philosophi. In Senatu et conventu Principibus Regibusque a dextris semper assidebant; et eis admonitiones reipublicæ salutares dare semper licebat. Erant et ipsi de stirpe regali, et in sedem regalem, si

si occasio incidisset, illis ascendere licuit. Etiam et Reges ipsi philosophicam utplurimum artem callebant. Poetarum Hiberniæ antiquorum munus erat nequaquam ut versus egregiè concinnos solummodo facerent, sed etiam ut mores, leges, instituta majorum, scientias optimè noverint custodirentque. In Hiberniâ antiquâ nemo nisi literis non mediocriter imbutus ad aliquam dignitatem eligendus erat, aut elevari potuit. Sed in literatâ gente difficultas hæcce evanuit; nec aliquibus aliis quam Stultis aut Stolidis impedimento esse potuit.

Hujusce Poetarum conditionis, in ultimo ejus discessu, erat Brodinus noster, sexto decimo sæculo salutis decedente, cum mores leges, instituta majorum, et imperium ipsum Hiberniæ immutata fuerint; tamen antiquam exercere artem non dubitavit.

Dunchadus O'Brien, quartus Tumoniæ Comes, in regiâ et Reginæ Elizabethæ et

Jacobi

Jacobi primi educatus, de regali stirpe erat Momoniæ regum. Brodinus hicce poetarum in Hibernià tunc temporis floruit maximus; et quoniam in ditione Comitis Tumoniæ antiquam hæreditatem, et eam magnificam, haberet, illum hoc carmine officii admonuit, quamquam ille jussa et imperia principum, quibus novis honoribus cumulatus erat, fideliter facesseret; sed contra hæc nullum præceptum in hac Ode inaugurali deprendi potest. Omina præcepta ad res prosperè et benè gerendas tantummodo spectant; et equidem in hoc carmine vetustiorum omnium in Hibernià predecessorum, prosperas admonitiones, ut ipse præ se fert, lucido ordine digessit. Hoc ex notis innotescet.—At miserabile dictu, Brodinus hicce, poeta noster, e præcipiti in præceps prædatori militi Cromeliano actus, patrimoniis amplis vitâque senili privatus est. Sic quoque periit Firbisius, (Mac Firbis,) ultimus Hiberniæ Legum Interpres. Sed de his miserandis satis; nunc ad propositum.

Teagasc flaith.

Taog Mac Daire, Mac bruadin;

no,

Mac bruaideadha mo chan.

Mór a tá ain teagasc flatha,
Aige tá techt tegh-natha;
Cuir fige an eagar, máth áil,
Legadh tire no tógbáil.

Os do fégir an neithe do ní, 5
(Moide ar integaisc árdrí,)
Tucc leis no aimleis an shuinn,
Bés ní hanbés a n-abruim.

Tucc

* Hibernico idiomate hæc phrasis exprimitur hoc modo;—*de consequentia*, seu, *de obedientia rei quam agit.*

INSTITUTIO PRINCIPIS.

THADDEUS FILIUS DARII BRODÆI,

SEU

BRODINI,

CECINIT.

Multa sunt de institutione Principis,
Apud eum est adventus boni-successûs,
Redigere regnum in ordinem, si velit,
Deprimere Patriam aut erigere.

Quoniam secundum id quod facit*,
(Magis est instituendus supremus-rex,)
Venit prosperitas aut calamitas terræ,
FAS non NEFAS *est* quod dico.†

† *Fas* et *Nefas* ut antiquis legibus sancita.

Tigg do 'n rígh, rádh go gcaomhain,
Rádh é do mí neamhaghail,
Cur cáidh go léir tar a leas,
Ní hé réin amháin millead.

Teinne, daingne, díth ana,
Plágha, cogadh, conghala,
Dímbuaidh catha, gainnbhéim, goid,
Tre anfhían flatha fágoid.

Alg leanmhuin rígh do 'n neach cáin,
Tigg arís, (nígheadh an éadáil,)
Sgeith gach láncharaidh re a linn,
'S gach leith d' fáncolaigh fhéilim.

Is

* Omnium ante ipsum in Hiberniâ Poetarum testificationibus alludit.

† Hibernenses antiqui apprimè mentales Imaginationi serviebant. Mos erat ut omni, qui in dignitatem elevatus fuerit, Philosopho-Poeta Oden caneret. Hujusce Odês, lege sancitæ, hæcce dicta erant. "Sunt septem "testes exponentes improbitatem cujuscunque Regis:— "1°. Senatum e suo conventaculo detrudere, sine verâ "aut legali causâ. 2°. Justitiam infringere; 3°. eum in

Venit de rege, affirmatio cum testibus,*
Si ille agit contra regulam,
Detrudere omnes utique de suis commodis,
Non seipsum solum pessundat.

Inopia, fames, egestas annonæ,
Pestes, bella, prælia,
Clades pugnæ, horridæ tempestates, rapinæ,
De improbitate Principis oriuntur.†

Assequens regem recti regiminis
Venit iterum, (regium est lucrum,)
Diffusio cujuscunque copiosi-productûs, illius tempore,
In unaquaqûe parte declivis collis Feilimii.‡

Ubertas

* "in pugnâ fugatum esse;—4°. Egestatem annonæ in "ejus regno *extitisse*; 5°. Defectum lactis; 6°. Fructûs sterilitas; 7°. Frugum contagio: Hæc sunt septem vivida lumina improbitatem, *(falsitatem)* cujuscunque regis exponentia."

‡ Hiberniam "Declivem Collem Feilimii" Poeticè nominat Poeta, quod, Feilimius Legislator, ex suis excellentissimis institutis sic appellatus, ineunte sæculo secundo ejus Rex fuerit.

Is i tTalmuin, torcair cuan,
Eisc a sroda, sin neimhuar,
Aige a tá, acas tairge fedo;
Ler sflaith-ne trá go tuillter.

Linsaid fós, mad fernte leis,
Sneda luchtmara loingeis,
Trácht imbirte an mara mín;
Rága is imbirte d' ardoiged.

Les tuatha o thárla air a láim,
Tegasc flatha ní fulair;
O's é a n-dingne an rí do reacht,
Do ní imne d' á oireacht.

Ge mád oirfes do gach aen
Tegasc rí fá reacht neimhclaen,
Is mó is flaithe é air fhilid,
Le a thriath ó 's é héistigid,

Tegasc

* Stolidis quibusdam Anglicis scriptoribus commerciis antiquitùs Hiberniam floruisse denegatum est. Sed Taciti in vitâ Agricolæ verbis hoc refutationi rejicitur; "*Portus per commercia et negotiatores melius cogniti.*" Veritatem etiam antiquæ Hibernæ Historiæ, ut indegenis auctoribus relatæ, Herodotus quoque, Græcorum maximus

Ubertas glebæ, proventus portuum,
Pisces in finminibus, tempestates serenæ,
Apud eum sunt, et fructus arborum,
A nostro principe quòd tempestivè mereantur.

Implebunt adhuc, si melius illi videatur,
Series densæ navium
Ora portuum placidi maris ;*
Optio quæ adoptanda est supremo-regi.

Prosperitas terræ ut incidit in ejus manum,
Instituere Principem est necesse ;
Quoniam quod facit rex recti,
Facit opes suæ ditioni.

Quanquam idoneum fuerit unicuique
Docere regem quoad regimen justum ;
Magis est munus philosopho-poetæ,
A suo domino quoniam ILLE EST qui audietur.†

Institutio

maximus scriptorum, confirmat. Ille dicit "Colonos "ΕΚΤΘΩΝ, *Rubri Maris* oras, (tempore Mosis) habi- "tasse." Sic et nostri scriptores planè plenèque affirmant. Verba Taciti allata referunt ad Hiberniam a Britanniâ distinctam.

† Hoc nostris utique poetis maximum est. "Philo- "sopho-Poetæ etiam a Rege observantia debetur."

Tegarc flaċa ꝉ feiṁ filiḋ,
fóghnaḋ ain na hanoiġiḋ;
dá fantoiġe céim tar éirt,
gan méin n' antoile d' éiteáċt:

Gaċ ní niam, o ré na fen,
Do bí leiġ leanán fileḋ,
Oc cinn fín-fheiṫme an súil ġlain,
Stuin ḋíneiġṫe ḋ'á ḋúṫaiḋ.

Nar do éuaiḋ do 'n níġnaiḋ niaṁ,
bniaṫra a fsileḋ 'ꝉ a fsáiṫéiall,
Go ndeáċ dar n-deġníġ-ne ainiꝉ,
Naċ neiṁḋínġṫe an bneiṫ beiꝉ.

Nar do éuaiḋ tegarc Tóinna
Go n-deáċ díġnaiꝉ m' elaḋna,
D' ua na m-bnian ó deġéláin doꝉ,
Slin Nsall fa dáltan daꝉon.

Go

* Torna, Κατ' ἐξοχὴν, *Sapiens* appellatus, erat Nigelli magni Instructor. Ejus ad alumnum Institutionis inauguralis Ode adhuc manuscriptis existit. Incipit hocce modo. "Accipe meam instructionem, Nigelle acer."

Torna

Institutio Principis est facultas poetæ,
Admonere eum contra injurias,
Si affectet gradum ultra rectum,
Impetui cupiditatis non auscultare.

Unicuique Regi semper, a tempore majorum,
Fuit e latere assecla Poeta,
Ad veram custodiam normæ puræ,
Clavus directionis suæ ditioni.

Ut processerunt Regibus unquam
Verba suorum Poetarum ac philosophorum;
Quod procedat nostro bono regi nunc
Ut iniquum judicium non ferat.

Ut processit instructio Tornæ* (1)
Nigello qui fuit alumnus illi, (4)
Quod procedat fida-industria meæ artis (2)
Nepoti Brianorum amænæ-Claræ Regi. (3)

Quod

Torna erat matrimonia conjunctus filiæ Regis Momoniæ. Ex hoc intelligi potest nostros antiquos poetas esse de gente nequaquam infimâ sed supremâ. Nigellus, cognomine Noviobses, regnavit sæculo quarto salutis decedente. Numericis (1) (2) (3) (4) transpositio necessaria in Interpretatione notatur.

Go m-baṫ coſmuil ſ mar do ċuaiṫ
Teagaſc Chormaic, an ċéd-uair,
Do ċar árrde air ſhonn Eċaiṫ,
Air Chairbre lonn Liffeċair.

Na b' inann gréim geḃaſ ſin
Ar teagaſc ſínglan ſíṫil,
(Nír ſháiṫ maiṫmenma do 'n mac,)
Ar ráiṫ clain-Temra, air Chormac.

Go tiſ ar n-glór reo gruaiṫ n-daṫaiſ
Mar ċeagaſc Chuinn ċéṫt-ċaṫaiſ,
'S a géſ úr an uaṫaiṫ ſlúaſ
Ar múr Chruaċhair o Chéruaṫ.

Go

* Cormacus Longibarbus, sæculo tertio mediante, Regnum Hiberniæ inivit. Admonitio, quam Carbreo Liffecario, suo filio, scripsit adhuc manuscriptis durat, continetque monimenta propè Christiana.

† Fuerunt plurimi hujusce nominis Reges Hiberniæ; sed hic qui designatur erat Achaius Magmedouius. Mediante Sæculo tertio regnavit et Nigello Magno, cognomento Novi-obsedi, pater erat.

‡ Fithilus Regis Cormaci Judex et Instuctor erat, Ejus et sui filii Flathrii adhuc scripta remanent.

‖ Antiqua Regia Regum Hibernensium, in Comitatu hodie Midensi. Collis amænus vocabulo significatur.

Quod similiter prosit atque processit
Instructio Cormaci,* primo tempore,
Ad inducendam prosperitatem fundo Achaii,†
Carbreo acri Liffecario.

Quod æqualis sit impressio quam fecerit hoc
Ac instructio verè-sincera Fithili,‡
(Nec fuit causa depressæ-mentis Juveni,)
In regiâ declivis-Temoriæ § Cormaco.

Quod conveniat nostra vox vestræ genæ floridæ,
Ut instructio Constantini Centimachi,‖
(Dum Vigens Ramus fuerit cum parvis copiis,)
Intra muros Cruachaniæ a Kilthrodo.

‖ Constantinus Centimachus Rex Hiberniæ erat sæculo secundo. Eugenius Magnus, Rex Momoniæ, matrimonio conjunctus filiæ regis Hispaniæ, eum ad divisionem Regni adegit, Hispanicis auxiliariis adjutus. Sed deinde, in prælio Campi de Lenâ, subactus et occisus est Eugenius; dum "Udus Ramus," *i. e.* Juvenilis Heros, Constantinus fuerit cum parvis copiis; sed in bellum detrusus argumentis et versibus sui Philosopho-Poetæ, Kithrodi. Figura perquam frequentissima apud nostros Poetas est homines arboribus comparare; pueros virgis, juvenes ramis, et viros stipitibus firmis et antiquis. Cruachania erat Regia Conactiæ olim.

Go m-baḋ coſmuil 'ſ cuiſ ꝺo 'n ṗaċ
ſuaiṗ ſeṗáḋaċ ſinn ſaċtnaċ,
Sa lán ꝺ'á ṅoṁ-náiḋiḃ ṡuiṁ;
Tṗe ġláṗ máṗċéillḟe Mháṗuiṁ.

Go ꝺeí maṗ táiṁc aſteċ,
Do 'n ṡí, ꝺo labṗaḋ Loingſeċ,
Claḋ ſhneḋ neṁṗiaṫa a neṗt,
Deġ-bṗiaṫṗa an ſhleḋ ſeṗċeṗt.

Buaiḋ ṅíġṗaiḋ náċa laġa
Go mbí aiṗ niac ṁic Dhonċaḋa,
Dṗem le 'ṗ mínġeḋ móṗ ſſonn,
Tṗe ġlóṗ ṅíġ-ſhleḋ ṅómam.

D'

* Transpositio linearum necessaria, numericis (3) (4) notatur. Feredachus Justus fuit rex Hiberniæ seculo primo salutis ineunte. Ejus Judex fuit Moranus cognomento Sapiens. Admonitionem ei scripsit, quod Morani Testamentum appellatur, et nunc paucis tantummodo intelligendum est. Versio Anglica ejus apud me est quam antehac multis annis perfeci Morani tanta viget Justitiæ fama, ut etiam traditione dicitur quod torques ejus aureus pro jurejurando usurparetur. De hoc fabulosè proditur quod circa collem falsi testis, ad ejus suffocationem

Quod consimilis sit ac portio successûs
Quem assecutus est Feredachus Candidus Justus,
Per vocem magnæ-sapientiæ Morani,* (4)
Et multæ de ejus rotatis dictionibus *sunt* nobiscum, (3)

Quod veniat, uti perfecta sunt,
Regi Labræo † Navicularîo,
Muro Familiæ indomitæ fortitudinis,
Prospera verba Poetæ Fercarti.

Prosperitas Regum Regiæ Lugadii,†
Quod sit filio filii Donchadi ;‡
Illorum quibus excultæ sunt multæ Regiones,
Per vocem regii-Poetæ ante me.

Comitem

suffocationem contraheret, dum circa collem veri testis se expanderet. Hodie proverbium est, cum aliquis verum asseveraret, dicere, " Per Torquem Morani ad " id jurarem."

† Labræus Navicularius erat Rex Hiberniæ ad initium Æræ Christianæ. Fercartus fuit ejus Philosopho-Poeta.

‡ Lugadius Longimanus hic designatus, Rex Hiberniæ, vixit mille annos ante Christum natum. Conventus et Senatum de *Talten* et *Naas* instituit.

‖ Dunchadus, filius Conquovari, filii Dunchadi, quartus Tumoniæ comes designatur.

D' Jarla ua Tháil. fá 'n tosgeé sió,
Múnsió mil, ó 'f dom dligeadh,
Grunn-beirt, af a tuilge a éis,
Sligge if inleata d' árd-rígh.

Bíd náe ba dalta damha.
In tí if árd-flaith ormha;
Gin truaé-oigne ó a tá ain an ecorc,
Dan ffiaéosb-ne trá a éegorc.

O fuair cennaf of cloinn Mhodha,
Donéad ua briain bórmha,
Na bíd an maighthir ain
Gig fil finn daigeel fhiaéaid.

Tuille dóib le fín flatha,
buaid n-gliaid, neit if neimheaéa,
Roga fin, mór-toirge mef,
Toréaighe, fíd if fuaimnef.

* Thalus erat unus progenitorum principis cui Ode inscripta est.

† Brianus Boromæus maximus Hiberniæ regum, ad Idus Aprilis, A. D. 1014, prælio Clontarfensi juxta Dublinium, contra Danos victor cecidit; Modha Nuadat est

Comitem nepotum Thali,* sub quo fructuosa
sylva est,
Docebo egomet, quoniam de me jure requiritur,
Concinna facta, de quibus inveniet sua patria
Vias persequendas supremo-Regi.

Quanquam non sit alumnus mihimet,
Ille qui est supremus princeps super memet;
Noster Dominus-Heres, quoniam ille est sub nostro
moderamine,
De nostris muneribus utique *est* ejus instructio.

Quoniam obtinuit supremitatem supra filios
Modhæ
Donchadus, nepos Briani Boromæi,†
Ne sit invidiæ illi
Apud semen clarum lucidæ famæ Fiachi.

Plura illis, (*restant*) supra veritatem Principis,
Victoria preliorum, fortitudo et constantia,
Optatissimæ tempestates, magni fructus arborum,
Proventus, pax et tranquilitas.

Mea

est aliud nomen Eugenii Magni qui Constantino Centimacho contendit. Ab eo Reges Momoniæ originem duxerunt. Fiachus hic designatus erat ejus pronepos.

Glo glór ngt, a ng Lugmhg,
Tar gac ng na ne-ic̄ugmhg,
Nár ab dágl degmaidge ar n-dágl,
Al lám dergladcce an domnáin.

Tug a cumac̄ta of do cinn,
Follamnag dó gád dic̄cill,
bíd ad críde, cid b'é bes,
An tí o gfuil a gflaic̄es.

Na trégg codóce ceċtar díb,
Serc if oman an ándrígg,
Túf gac̄ fír-egna if é fin,
Síf-egla Dé ais na daimb.

Cuir do dágl gac̄ laí 'n a leic̄
Algaill co dícra an dícleic̄,
Im gac̄ ní bus oire ort,
Ain tí ó a fgoigge fuitac̄t.

Ná

* Civitas verè celebris in Momoniâ.

† "Timor Dei est principium Sapientiæ" verba sunt Salmonis qui sacris literis "Sapientissimus hominum" appellatur.

Mea vox ad te, Rex Limerici,*
Super omnem rem ne obliviscere ;
Ne sit oratio obliviscenda nostra oratio,
O! Manus munificentissima mundi!

Intellige ejus potestatem supra caput tuum,
Servi illi cum tuis-totis-viribus,
Sit in tuo corde, quicunque fuerit,
Ille a quo es in Principatu.

Ne desere unquam utrumvis eorum,
Amorem et timorem SUPREMI-REGIS ;
Principium cujuscunque veræ-scientiæ est illud,
Perpetuus-Timor Dei super homines.†

Mitte orationem tuam quotidie in illius presentiam,‡
Obsecra ardenter *illum-a-quo-nihil-celatur-et-qui-celatur-ipse*,‖
In omni re quæ curæ fuerit tibi,
Illum a quo accipies levamen.

Ne

‡ Hæc phrasis uno verbo Hibernico, Dſéleſċ, exprimitur.

‖ Cassius erat Momoniæ Rex, Progenitor O'Brianorum.

Ná ṁċ do ṗéṁ do ċoṁle,
bíḋ gaċ laṁ a ṁhlaṫ bóṁaṁe,
Cúṁ an ṁhobuṁl aṁ ċ'aíḋ
Ní hohaṁ ḋuṁe ḋíṁaṁ.

Ná bí ṗéṫḋ ṁá ĉúṁṁḃ ĉáṫ;
O 'ṁ díċ dliġċeṁ aṫ ḋ'eḋṁáṁ,
Ol ġnúṁ ṗéṫḋ ṁ ṗéṫḋ taḃaĉ,
'S ṁáṫ ĉúṁ ṁéṁ co ṁṁĉnaṁaĉ.

Ná tuġ ḋ'ṁṁṫ 'ná ḋ'ól ṁleḋ,
D' ṁhonn ceoṁl 'ná ĉaṁḋneḃ maṁġḋen;
Sṁ ḋoṁḃeṁṫa ĉáṁġ ne a ceeṁṫ,
Gan ḋáṁl t'oṁneĉta ḋ' éṁṫeĉt.

Olṁ ġnáḋ, aṁ uaṁian, 'ná aṁ ṁhuaṁċ
Ná beṁ, bí aḋ bneṁċeṁ neṁluaṁċ,
Bneṁċ náṁ ĉóṁ, a Dhonĉaḋ, ḋuṁ,
Olṁ ĉoṁĉaṁḃ óṁ ná aṁġaṁṫ.

Bíḋ ṁaṫ, éṁṫ a ṁṁuṁġle,
Luĉt ṁéĉḋa cúṁ ĉómaṁle,
Gan egla a ṁáṁoṁġĉe ṁṁ,
Lán-ṁhoṁṁṁe ḋ'egna ṁ ḋ'aṁṁṁṁ.

Ne irrue secundum tuam voluntatem,
Sit quoque die, Princeps Boromæe,
Causa populi tibi curæ;
Non opus *est* hominis pigri.

Ne sis negligens causarum populi,
Quoniam de te jure requiritur eas decernere,
O facies placida facillimæ allocutionis,
Et in tuâ ipsius causâ impiger.

Ne des *(teipsum)* aleæ, neque deliciis epularum,
Nec studio musicæ, neque societati virginum,
Extende malefacta omnium cum suâ justitiâ,
Absque interpellationem nobilium tuorum auscultando.

Præ amore, præ timore, aut præ odio
Ne fer, sis tu Judex lentus,
Judicium quod non fuerit justum, O Donchade, tibi
Pro muneribus auri aut argenti.

Sint multi, audi eorum quærelas,
Turbæ impetrantes causarum Judicium;
Absque metu eas te oppressuras,
Plenè-expertus scientiæ et temporis.

Go m-baḋ líonmur luċt do ḋúin
Go m-baḋ uaċaḋ t'aeṡ comṙúin:
Nóṙ do luċt gaċ gel-mún gland
Náċ luċt deġṙún do ḋénaṁ.

Caṫ allġne ne t'oṙneċt;
Caṫ onóṙ ne t' ṡholoṁġeċt;
Do 'n tṡíl mer-Caṡe ó 'n maṫ tṙoṁ,
Caṫ nemċaṡṡ ned namoṁ.

Ná ṡill ṡaeḃaṙ do neċta
O neċ d'uaṡṡliḃ t' oṙneċta;
Do ċṙíc ġéġ-ṡhóḋla ṁ é a am,
Go m-be an ċét-ṡhóġra aṙ comall.

Ned ċaṙaṁ, dá ccuṙṙ ont,
Bí tṙén go teċt an unloċt.
Aṙ ċaṫleċ dá ttí bṙóḋa,
Bí go maṫmeċ munterḋa.

Bíḋ gnúṁ ḋoṙḋa aṫ dul n-gliaṁ
Let, a ċuṁṫ clann ṡaṙ-bhṙiaṙ,
Ṁ gnúṁ nemḋoṙċa aṙ ned 'n-ól
Le n-deġ-ṙonnṡá aṙ ṡheṙ t'onóṙ.

Go

* Antiquum nomen Hiberniæ.

Quod plena sit familia tuæ regiæ;
Quod pauci sint compotes tuorum arcanorum;
Multi de turbâ cujusque Regiæ-nitidæ, splendidæ,
Qui non *sunt* quibus arcana benè committantur.

Exhibe mansuetudinem primoribus tuis;
Exhibe dignitatem tuis necessitudinibus,
De semine hoc acri Cassii, a quo bonum est pretium;—
Exhibe asperitatem tuis hostibus.

Ne averte aciem tui regiminis
Ab abliquo primorum tuæ hæreditatis;
Regioni ramosæ-Fodlæ* est illud suum tempus
Quod primum edictum absolutum fuerit.

Cum tuis amicis, si imponant tibi,
Sis fortis donec veniant in humilitatem;
Ad tuam supplicationem si veniat hostis,
Sis condonans, amicus.

Sit vultus torvus ineunti pugnam
Tibi, O columen natorum liberi Briani;
Et vultus lucidus durante convivio,
Quo benè-distribueris homini tuum honorem.

Aspera

Go ṙṁaeċ̇ḋa ṁe ṙeṁ ṙoġla ;
Go taiṙ le haeṙ elaḋna ;
Ḃíḋ do ṁuaiḋ-ḋṁeċ̇ ṫíḣ, ṫṙomḋa,
Go ṙuaiṁṁeċ̇ t' fhiṁ ṫ'agallṁa.

Alṁ a n-gṁíṁ, íṁel n-uaille,
Foṙaiḋ ṁe huċ̇t n-anḃuaiṁe,
Ḃíḋ do ṁenṁa a ṁeiṁ ṁṁuiṁ
Fḗṁṁḋa a n-gleiṁ 'ṙ a n-guaiṙ ṁġuil.

Ná caill t' ṡéċ̇t, ná h-ob do ṁaṁ,
Ná leiġ t' oiṙiġ d'fiṁ anṁiaṁ,
Tíḣ, a Ṅíḣ, aṁṁaṁ ioṁ ;
Do ṫíṁ d'anṁiaṁ oiṁṙiġiḋ,

Ná taiṁṙcc, a ṙhlaiṫ Lḗiṁe an Chon,
Dul gan fíṁ caṫa a ccogaḋ,
'S ná maiṫ cáiṁ a ccoṁa ṙíṫ
Ṁáḋ áil gan doṁ a n-diṁbṙíḣ,

Gṁian

* Hoc est cum hominibus Scientiæ, vel Philosophopoetis. Eodem modo a Græcis Υιοι Ιατρῶν, *filii Medicorum*, appellantur Medici.

† Pereunte obsequio, perit imperium.

TACITUS.

Aspera cum homine prædæ;
Mitis cum ætate* scientiæ;
Sit tua juvenilis facies, magnifica, gravis,
Tranquilla homini tuæ allocutionis.

Altus in actione, humilis in superbiâ,
Immotus sub adventum terroris,
Sit tuus animus, O fili chare,
Virilis in certamine et in difficultate pugnæ.

Ne amitte tuam prærogativam;† ne renue tuam
obedientiam;
Ne concede magistratum tuum viro libidinum,
Obvenit, O Rex, contumacia identidem
Terræ de libidine magistratûs.

Ne offer, O princeps saltûs Cuoni,‡
Ire absque verâ-*causâ* pugnæ in bellum;
Et ne condona jus ut præmium pacis,
Si vis non ire in debilitatem.

Frœna

‡ Nomen est fabulosum Promontorii ad fluminis Seni ostium in occidentali parte Tuamoniæ in Comitatu Clariensi.

Sṁan ṅēo ċoṡl, nā ṫaṙ ɡo ɔṫan;
Fulaṁɡ aṙ uaṁṡ t'aṁṁaṙ
Buo ɡoṁṡe ṫṙ ɔoɔ ċoṫ.
Sṙn t' fhoṡɡṡe ṅe t'uaboṙ

Comoll bṅēṡċṅe, bṁaċaṙ mall,
Túṁnaṁ ɔṙṁfaċ, ɔṙn aṁfxann,
Smaċt aṙ ċaṡɔeṁṡ, caṙ fṙṡ,
Ṡf blaṫ ɔ' aṁɔenaṡ ārɔṙṡɡ.

Ɡe m-baṫ ḷṡa nā aṙ ḷabaṙ fṁn
Teɡafc aɡam aɔ oṁṡll;
Bṁaṡ ḷṁ an t'aṫɡell taṙ m' ēṡf
Aḷṫɡeṁṁ ṡf fenṁan fhaṁfnēṡf.

Nṡ molab, a meṡc mṡ oċta,
Tufa, ɡe a taṡ ṁmolta,
Doɔ ɔeṁc ɡoṁm, ṁṡɡɔa a tā um a ɔoft,
Ɡo ccomlṡna tu aṙ ttegofc.

Nṡ molab ɡo ttṡ aṙ mo tṡal,
Ɡēɡa an ċnṡf 'no an cnef ɔonɡhlan;
Nṡaṁ ċṙoṁn ṡf neṁċuṁɡa fṡɔ,
D' flaḷċoṁll ɡhel ċúḃna Ɡaṡɔṡl.

No

* Quicquid præcipias esto brevis.

HOR.

Fræna tuam voluntatem, ne veni violenter;
Permitte aliquando ut tibi non obtemperaretur;
Erit propior terra tuæ voluntati;
Extende tuam patientiam cum tuâ irâ.

Perfectio promissi, promissum lentum,
Depressio superborum, protectio debilium,
Castigatio turbulentorum, stabilire pacem,
Sunt portio dotum supremi-regis.

Quanquam plura, quam quæ diximus,
Præcepta (*sint*) mihi in tuum usum,
Erunt mihi reservata in posterum;
Perbrevis melior est intelligentia.*

Non laudabo, O fili mei pectoris,
Te, quamquam sis laudandus,
Tuo oculo cæruleo, regali, sum in meâ taciturnitate,
Donec impleveris tu nostram instructionem.

Non laudabo, donec veneris in meum tramitem,
Ramos corporis neque corpus nitidè-splendidum;
Splendorem arboris quæ est latissimæ frondis
De generosâ sylvâ, splendidâ, suavi Gadeliorum.†

Neque

† Hibernenses Gadelii quoque dicti sunt.

No an ghnuaḋ go ccuirfinn ceirḋe;
No an féilta ruisge comhnelta;
No an bél déḋbán, ais fhuaḋ fuig,
'Gan buain an céḋ-múḋ cantuir.

Léigfiḋ d'fhm gan teacht tairis;
Go ccomlína a ccanaimsi;
Nuaḋ-bráighe, is a niam mur lis,
Rian an fhuair-mhaille 'n a himlíḃ.

Ní molfa me, gebaḋ gell,
Donglaca is díghe foighenn;
Neóin loinnirgela ag breith báin
Tar fheith n-doinn ingneḋ n-igán.

Ná an t-uact bláṫ brisfer d'aimsinn;
No an taeḃ seġḋa focair-flim;
No an glún daṫ-ġel, concais, corr;
No an corr-ċnoiġ aclaiṁ, éttrom.

Ná

* Per frigidum instrumentum poeta designat torquem aureum, regum insigne.

Neque genâm cum splendore fornacis;
Neque stellam oculi luminosam,
Neque labia cum dentibus albis, coloris fructûs rubi
Idæi,
Quibus permanens est prima dictio quæ exprimitur.

Desinam egomet a disserendo de eâ,
Donec perfeceris quæ cano ipse,
Novâ cervice, et ejus color sicut lilium,—*et*
Signum frigidi Instrumenti* in ejus marginibus.

Non laudabo ego, accipiam pignus,
Lucidas manus directissimæ seriei;
Digitos nitoris lucidi præcellentes
Ordinem rutilum unguium splendentium.

Neque pectus prominens, fractor mucronis teli,
Neque latus magnificum, strenuum, politum,
Neque Genu niveum, compactum, torosum,
Neque teretem pedem, pernicem, levem.

Ná an meuma cobhraidh, caitheamh,
Neamhréidh, éigeantach, imeachtach,
Soilbh, mear, laochda, ain méin a mbeatha,
Réidh, neamhchaochda, acht ré naimhde.

Molfa mesh, is ní me amháin,
Sibh, a ghluaisidh coiscéim, ghnáth náir,
Dá ndeirna a ndubhramar ris
D'fhonn-rannaibh lebhra laidhibh.

Molfaidh gnáth laethe is glór én,
Molfaidh úir, uisce is aibhne,
Deghmolfa gach dúil fá nim
Do thúil neamhdoctuidh, náraidh.

Biadh domh beith ag bárraibh feadh,
Biadh lúth bheith ain fuidh n-imbeir,
Ait chomhlaidh ag cur lem,
Is thromchhogar n-dam n-óilenn.

Biadh an ní 'gá ráidhe ris,
Biadh an file 's an fhéinnidh,
Nách fuighthe, a ní, d'aen neach dh'ór,
Aen neach budh cuirthe ad chomhar.

M—O—R.

Finis.

Neque spiritum liberalem, sumptuosum,
Fortem, alacrem, impetuosum,
Serenum, agilem, virilem, ingenio festivum,
Placidum, nunquam ferocem at contra hostem.

Laudabo egomet, nec ego solus,
Vos, O gena coccinea, O vultus magnifice,
Si perfeceritis quæ diximus vobis
In modulatis versibus, politis carminibus.

Laudabunt sol diei et vox avium,
Laudabunt terra, aqua et aër,
Magnificè-laudabit unumquodq; elementum sub cælo,
Tuum oculum, serenum, vigentem.

Erit concentus apum super cacumina sylvarum,
Erit lasciva-saltatio salarium per spatia portuum,
Te collaudantes, adjuvantes mihi, —
Et gravis sonus vitulorum marinorum.

Erit rex dicens vobis,
Erit Philosopho-poeta, et miles,
Quòd non inveniretur, O Rex, de quibusvis principibus,
Ullus qui sit tibi comparandus.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

Adjicitur Interpretatio alius Odês ejusdem Auctoris ad eundem Principem. Exemplar Hibernicum videre est in aliâ parte hujusce libelli, ad calcem ferè Anglici Poematis.

Mei quatuor versus tibi, O Donchade,
Et fac ut dicent illi :—
Inferior versus non invenitur in eis ;
Arbores cum nobili fructu *sunt* illi.

Suspicare tuam Sapientiam ; dic pauca ;
Sis placidus quoad quæ te præteriverint ;
Ne fer judicium cum necessitudine quam proximâ,
Donec adveniat altera pars tibi.*

Sis mitis in regionibus amicorum,
In regione inimici ne sis languidus ;
Violens ad victoriam cum hostibus, Donchade,
O Leo de semine strenuo Cassii.

Ne exprime quæ intellecta fuerint tibi :
Parvum detrimentum facit silentium ;
Ausculta sermones hominum sapientium,
Intellige, et sine quod multa te prætereant.

Ne renue pacem ; ne evita bellum ;
Ne deripe sacras ædes quamdiu vixeris ;
Ne tua actio sit e tuâ linguâ ;
Ne moliaris perfidiam, et ne promittas bellum.

* Audi alteram partem.

Longes mac n-Uisnig

DEIRDRI,

OR,

THE LAMENTABLE FATE

OF THE

SONS OF USNACH,

AN ANCIENT DRAMATIC IRISH TALE,

ONE OF THE THREE TRAGIC STORIES

OF EIRIN;

LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH,

FROM AN

ORIGINAL GAELIC MANUSCRIPT,

WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS:

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

THE OLD HISTORIC ACCOUNT

OF THE FACTS

ON WHICH THE STORY IS FOUNDED

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PROËME.

THE following Story, from the Irish, is the foundation of Mr. James Mac Pherson's *Darthula*. It is properly denominated with us, "The tragical Fate of the Sons of Usnach." Upon a comparison, the reader will be enabled to judge of the vast liberties taken with the original by Mr. Mac Pherson, and also to observe his anachronisms and interpolations. In proceeding, too, we shall correct some mistakes, committed by the committee of the Highland Society, in their extracts from this tale, published in their report in 1805; although it appears from the *fac simile* plate, given as a specimen in that volume, that they possess a very fine ancient Irish Manuscript of this Story.—All the copies, I find, are defective in not giving the birth and education of Deirdri, (not *Darthula,*) the heroine of the piece. This I am induced to supply from the learned Doctor Keating, who tells every story well. The following are his words:

" Is ṡada, imorro, do bí cogad agas comblíchtar Chonnachtaib agá Ultaib re linn Mheidbe do beith i gcennus Chonnacht; agas Choncubair do beith na Rígh Ulad. Innus céd-na go mbeith síos ṡáda na hesaenta tápla ettorra agad, a léigtheor, cuirfiod síos ann so mar do marbad Clann Uisneach, tar comeirce Fheigusa mic Roig, agas Chorb-muic Chonluingeas acas Dhubtaig Dael Ulad.

" Lá

* He was the most renowned heathen King of Ulster in the beginning of the first century of the Christian Æra. This is sufficient to shew how regardless Mr. Mac Pherson was of committing anachronisms, when he makes him, with his relations, Cuchullan, Connall Carnach, and the sons of Usnach, cotemporary with Finn, the son of Cumhal, (his Fingal,) who died, according to our history, at the close of the third century. " Ex uno disce omnes." From the liberties taken with this ancient story, common judgment will easily appreciate how he managed whatever other original materials he might have had in his possession.

This prince was called Conor Mac Nessa from his mother, as was his uncle Fergus stiled Fergus Mac Roy from his own. It was the usage of those times, that any celebrated personage had a distinctive name, either patronymic (as here) or descriptive, as in the case of Dubh-

tach

" There existed, indeed, war and hostility for a long time between the Conacians and Ultonians, when Mevia held the sovereignty of Conaught, and Conor* was king of Ulster. In order, however, reader, that you may know the cause of this enmity, I will here relate how the children of Usnach were put to death, against the guaranty of Fergus son of Roy, of Cormac Conlingas, and of Dubthach Dael of Ulster.

" On

tach and Cormac, which latter was so designated, as co-exile with the other two after the breach of their Guaranty.

They had a solemn promise from the king, that he would not treat the children of Usnach with violence if they would induce them to return; but, contrary to the usage of the time, he procured their assassination; and it is traditionally handed down, that this was the first breach of public faith in Ireland. Cét bhfaccaṫ bhréige Éireann. Cormac Conlingas was Conor's own son; Fergus and Dubthach, his near relations, and two of his principal courtiers. Fergus was even his tanist, or heir elect to the crown of Ulster. Dubthach was called the *Chafer of Ulster* by the enemies of the province, from his black hair or armour, and from his prowess rendering him hateful, as the reptile called the Chafer, which is odious, as supposed to be emblematic of the evil spirit.

" Lá naen, imorro, dá ndeċaid Conċubar, Rí Ulad go teċ Fhéilimi mac Daill, ċéilidhe Chonċubair, do ċaiṫem fledha, acas ní linn na fledha sin, mur ben Fhéilimi ingen álluinn, agas do rinne Caṫbad drai, ṫáinic san ccomdáil an tan sin, tuair agas tarngaire don ingin, go ttucsa iomad doċair dan Chóigid dá tosg. Jar na ċlos sin don laeċraid, do ṫogradar amarbad do láṫair. Ní dentar, ars Conċubar, acṫ béraid mis lim i agas cuirfid dá h-oilemuin i go raib na haen mnai agam féin. Déirdre do gairm an drai, Caṫbad, di. Do ċuir Conċubar a lios ars leiṫ i; acas oide agas buime dá hoilemain, acas ní lámad neaċ don Choigeid dol na láṫair acṫ a hoide agas a buime, agas ben ċaimte Chonċubair dá ngoirṫí Lebarcam. Do bí ars an drúiġad sin go beiṫ ionaċair di acas gur ċinn ars mnáib a cómaimsine i scéim. Tháinic, imorro, d'á hoide laeġ do

marbad

* This was a post of high distinction in those early times. It is evident from this tale, as well as numerous others in our language, that the druids acted as priests and soothsayers; and we discover that they were considered as the heads of all the scientific professions; and they were also considered as necromancers. I know

" On a certain day that Conor, King of Ulster, went to partake of an entertainment at the mansion of Feidlim son of Dela, Conor's Story-teller,* Feilim's wife lay in of a fair daughter, during the entertainment; and Caffa the Druid, who was then of the company, foreboded and prophecied for the daughter, that numerous mischiefs and losses would happen the province on her account. Upon hearing this, the nobles proposed putting her to death forthwith. Let it not be done so, said Conor, but I will take her with me, and send her to be reared, that she may become my own only wife. The Druid, Caffa, named her Deirdri.† Conor put her into a retired fort, and a tutor and nurse to rear her, and no one of the province dare go into her presence but her tutor, her nurse, and Conor's conversation woman, who was called Lavarcam. She continued under this regulation until she was marriageable. It happened then, on a snowy day, that

know no other term for necromancy in the Irish language but Dhuidheacht, i. e. Druidism, except Gentilidheacht, i. e. Gentilism, which, in regard to the former term, is comparatively modern.

† This name is explained in an old Irish manuscript, to be hereafter introduced, as signifying *Alarm*.

marbaḋe proinn d'ollmúgaḋ ḋíḃ lá gnéċta agaṡ iar ndoṁta ṡola an laeiġ ṡan tṡnéċta, cṡomaṡ ṡiaċ dub dá hól; agaṡ mur ċuġ Déṁṫe ṡiṁ d'á haiṁe, adúbairt le Lebarċam go m'a maiṫ lé ṁéin ṁear do beiṫ aiṁe air a mbeiḋiṁ na tṁí daṫa ad ċonairc. Mur a tá, daṫ an ṁeiṁ air a ṁolt, daṫ ṡola an laeiġ air a ġruaiḋ, agaṡ daṫ an tṡnéċta air a ċneiṁ. Ni tá a ṡamail ṡiṁ d'ṡior, ne práiḋ-ter Naiṁ mac Uiṁeaċ, a ṁroċair Chonċuḃair ṡan teġlaċ. Maiṫeḋ a Lebarċam, (ar sí,) guiḋiṁ ċuṡa a ċur dom accalaim ṁéin gan ṁḟoṡ. Noċtaṡ Lebarċam do Naiṁ an ní ṡiṁ. Laṡ ṡiṁ tánig Naiṁ óṡ ṡeil a náiṁ Dhéṁṫe, acaṡ cuiṁeṡ a ṡuiṁ meiḋ a ṁeiṁce ḋo, acaṡ ianuṡ air i ṁéin do ḃreiṫ air eiṁḋ ó Chonċubair. Tug Naoiṁ aenta riṁ ṡiṁ, ge'r leiṡġ leiṡ é d'eġla Chonċubair. Tṡiallus ṁéin agus a dá ḃráiṫir, Iodon, Ailiṁle, agaṡ Ardán, agaṡ Déṁṫe, agaṡ tri ċaogat laeċ mur aen riu, go h'Albain, áit a ṁruaraḋar

congbáil.

* That is, they and their followers were received into the king of Alba's army, and were assigned an appanage, or *Land of Maintenance*, to be held for service, as was usual in those ancient times. It must be concluded that the youthful fame in arms of Naisi and his brothers, was not unheard of by the sovereign to whom he

that her tutor killed a calf to prepare food for her, and, on his spilling the calf's blood in the snow, a raven came to drink of it; and as Deirdri noticed this, she said to Lavarcam, that she would be glad herself to have a husband possessed of the three colours which she saw; that is, his hair of the colour of the raven, his cheek of the colour of the calf's blood, and his skin of the colour of the snow. There is such a man, named Naisi son of Usnach, of Conor's houshold, said Lavarcam. O! then, said Deirdri, I beseech you to send him privately to address me; and accordingly Lavarcam discloses the circumstance to Naisi, and Naisi secretly pays a visit to Deirdri, and she communicates the greatness of her affection for him, and desires of him to take her by stealth from Conor. Naisi consented to this, though reluctantly, through fear of Conor. He himself, and his two brothers, Ainli and Ardan, and Deirdri, accompanied by one hundred and fifty warriors, made their way to Alba, where they obtained maintenance of quarterage* from the king of

he resorted with such prompt confidence. In fact, the greatest intimacy and most familiar intercourse existed between the *Picts*, or old inhabitants of *Alba*, or modern Scotland, and the *Scots*, or old inhabitants of *Erè*, or Ireland. Our own history truly informs us, and the venerable

congbáil buannacta ó Rígh Alban, go ffuair tuarusgbáil fgéime Dhéarmoide, acas gur bas na mnaí d'ó fein í. Gabus fén Nathí gona bráthrib uime fin. Tiallusd a h' Albain an oslean maria ann teichid le Déarmoide, tar éis somad combliadh do thabairt do muintir an Rígh agas dáib féin dá éghle roime fin. Acht éeóna, ar na clos an Ultaib go rabadar meic Uibneach san éisceadal fin, a dubradar mórán d'Uaithib an éóigid ne Conchubar gur thuad clann Uibneach do bheith ann deoraidheacht tre dhochmai, agas go m'a coir fos do chur orra agas a tabairt dom tir. Do bhí Conchubar aentad ris fin, ann imrídhe na n'Uasal, agas cuig feargus mac Róigh, agas Dubtach Dael Ulaid, agas Cormac Conluingeas i slánib ann fein ga beith dílis dáib."

K. MS. Hist. of Ire.

venerable Bede upholds and confirms its authenticity, that the Picts, in their voyages and peregrinations, long previous to this period, touched upon Ireland, then inhabited by the *Scots*, who gave them a hospitable and honourable reception. This was the foundation of a closely intimate connexion which prevailed for several succeeding ages. Alba was pointed out by the Scots as a place

of that country, until he got an account of Deirdri's beauty, and asked her for himself as wife.

"Naisi and his brothers being highly incensed at this, fled from Alba into a sea-girt isle with Deirdri, after they and the king's forces had many conflicts with each other previously. When the Ultonians therefore heard of the sons of Usnach being in this distress, many of the nobles of the province told Conor that it was piteous that the sons of Usnach should be in banishment for a bad woman, and that they ought to be sent for, and brought to their country. Conor consented to this at the entreaty of the nobles, and gave Fergus son of Roy, Dubthach Chafer of Ulster, and Cormac Conlingas, as guarantees for himself that he would act faithfully towards them."

a place of easy settlement for the wandering Picts; they supported them with aid, and their principal leaders took wives from among the Scotish or Irish princesses, whose offspring, in the event of success, and success ensued, were, by compact, to be preferred in the succession to sovereignty in Alba ever after.

That this connexion was long maintained between those two nations of *Picts* of Alba, and *Scots* of Ireland, we

relates historical facts, and we will hereafter produce an ancient document, which must have been his authority. The subsequent story, therefore, must be regarded as a poetic composition, founded upon historic truth, for the purpose of amusement, a frequent practice with our ancient poets. Among all our stories, which are very numerous, it has been time immemorial held in high repute, as one of the "Three tragic Stories of the Irish." These are "The Death of the Children of Touran, the Death of the Children of Lear," (both regarding Tuatha de Danans) and this, "The Death of the Children

aries to the Scots. An English poet is quoted as having written on the occasion,

"To *Albion Scots* we ne'er would yield,
"The *Irish bowmen* won the field."

Let us now endeavour to rival each other in the dignified pursuit of perpetuating our ancient glory, by rescuing our long reviled and neglected language and literature from oblivion. Yours and ours were long the same, and what remains with either must ever continue so. Many of our books you evidently have, from the specimens given in the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society, published in 1805; and if you are pleased to publish them, they will be yours and ours, as common property; and to this laudable exertion we earnestly and anxiously solicit and entreat you.

Children of Usnach," which is a Milesian story. These stories are set forth by the following old stanzas:

Trí truaġa na sgéluiġaċta.

Truaġ liom oide na trí truaġ,
ní binn le'm ċluas beiṫ d'áireiṁ;
oide ċloinne Tuireann trén,
naċ truaġ latsa féin, a meic!

Clanna Lir accroċaiḃ én,
mallaċt air an m'beul do luaḋ;
Conn, sracra, sinnġuala 's Aleḋ,
as sin doiḃ an tara truaġ!

Clann Uisneaċ, sgiaṫ na sreaḃ,
attuigim le neiṫ sluaġ;
Naise, 's Ainnle, 's Ardan,
as sin agat an tres truaġ!

LITERAL

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

The Three Sorrows of Story-telling.

* Sad to me the catastrophe of the three sorrows—
Sweet to my ear is not their recital;
The death of the children of Touran,
Is it not sorrowful to thyself, my son?*

The children of Lear† in shape of birds,‡
A curse on the mouth that pronounc'd;
Conn, Fiacra, Finola and Aedh,
There for you is the second sorrow.

The sons of Usnach, shield of men,
They fell by the force of hosts;
Naisi, Aindi, and Ardan,
There for you is the third sorrow.

The

* The story-teller addresses his hearer.

† Lear the Sea, parent of the famed Mananan, of whom more hereafter.

‡ They were said to be changed by the incantations of their step-mother into swans.

The Versification in English, from the literal Translation, by Mr. William Leahy, a young gentleman from whom Ireland has yet to expect much celebrity.

The Three Sorrows of Story-telling.

Three are the causes dire of woe!
How mournful is the tale to tell!
My son, with sorrow wilt thou know,
How mighty Tourah's offspring fell!

Lear's noble line that wing'd the air,
Chang'd to the bird's high soaring form,
Conn, Aida, and Finola fair,
Fiach, who brav'd each gloomy storm.

Be ever curs'd the tongue profane,
Which plung'd the guiltless thus in woe;—
O! would the hellish spells were vain!
The second spring whence tears must flow!

Naisi, Anli, and Ardan's might,
Usna's sons,—of conquering force,—
By circling hosts subdued in fight:
Threefold is now pale sorrow's source!

Oide Chloinne Uisneach.

Fleidh Medhair-chaein, mór-adhbhal do rinnadh le Conchubhar mac Fachtna Fáthaigh, mic Rosa ruaidh, mic Rudhraighe, iodhon, Rígh Uladh, an Emhain mhin Almhain Mhacha, do mharbh acas do mór-uaislibh ann cétna, gur bha súbhach so-mennmach na slógh uile. Ro eirghe an aes éisil, óigfhileadh, acas elaidhna, do fesium a ccruiteadha ceolbhinne caemchéadacha, acas a ttromphana taithnemacha taidhuighe: acas do gabail a n-dréchta fisligthachta, a ccraebha cóimhesa, acas a n-gégha gemelaidh. Ite anmanna na fisleadh ro bá san dún an tan sin, iodhon Cathbadh caemdhruidh, mac Conaill mic Rudhraighe, acas Gemán gruadh-solas mac Cathbaidh, acas Fergeirtne fisle, acas Gemán glúndub mac Cathbuidh, acas imad aile immaille re Senchán mac Oisille.

2l

* Now and for ages known by the name of Ardmagh, or Armagh, literally signifying *the Height of Macha*, from *Macha Mong-Ruadh*, i. e. *Macha of the Red tresses*, who was queen of Ireland, and foundress of Eman. She is the only woman who was sovereign of Ireland before the coming of the English.

THE DEATH OF THE CHILDREN OF USNACH.

" A feast of convivial exhiliration, grandly magnificent, was given by Conor, (son of Factna the wise, son of Ross the red, son of Rory) king of Ulster, in the delightful splendid Eman of Macha,* for his grandees and nobles, and other gentry, at which the entire assembly were gay and cheerful. Then arose their professors of music, and harmony, and poetry, to sound their melodious harps of sweet strings, and their bright, splendid tympans; and to sing their poetic strains, their branches of consanguinity, and boughs of genealogy. These are the names of the Fileas that were then in the mansion, viz. Caffa the generous Druid, son of Conall, son of Rory; and Gennan of the lightsome countenance, son of Caffa; and Fercartni the Filea; and Gannan black-knee, son of Caffa; and many more, together with Senchan, son of Olioll.†

† From this passage we know of what sort were the amusements of our remote ancestors at their grand feasts and entertainments. The professional characters mentioned

Ag aimlaid so do gnáthugad fleadh na h'Emna, idon, a mad rígda fein fá cómaid gach aen do teglach Chonćubair: acas as é lín teglaigh Chonćubair, idon, cuigen air tri fichit air fé éed air mile; do bádar ann ag ól, acas ag aesbnes, no gur tógab Conćubar a ollgurt rígda os árd acas as éd ro ráid. Ag ál leam a fhios d'fhágail uaibsi, an ffacabair riam teć bu fern 'ná teć na h'Emna, 'ná teglać bu fern 'ná mo teglać fa ann aen mad dá ffacabair a riam? Ní fhacamair ar iadsan: Ma's éd, ol Conćobar,

tioned here were the most famous of their day, and are commemorated as such in our history. It is to be observed, that Caffa was cousin-german to Conor's father. These were the substitutes for the dramatic entertainments of Greece and Rome, &c. &c. There are but a few principal professors mentioned, but we learn from other documents, that each chief in profession had a numerous suite or retinue of professional attendants, who were obliged to bear a part on these occasions, for which they were all very liberally, if not extravagantly, rewarded. It does not appear that the ancients possessed a great variety of musical instruments; but they certainly were more than those here mentioned, as we shall see hereafter. However, the greatest old reviler of this country, Giraldus Cambrensis, acknowledges the Irish of his day unmatched in the art of music. But that was later by many centuries than the writing of this tale.

By

The usage at the feast of Eman was, that his own princely seat was appropriated to each of the household of Conor; and the number of the household of Conor was five and three score above six hundred and one thousand.* There they were at feasting and enjoyment, till Conor raised his awful, regal voice on high, and thus he said—"I "desire to know from you, have you ever seen a "house that was better than the house of Eman, "or a mansion that was better than my mansion, "in any place that you have ever seen?" "We "saw not," said they. "Now then," says Conor, "know

By their descriptions it would appear that the ancients were very fond of curiously and gorgeously ornamenting their musical instruments. This will fully appear in future publications; as will also, that their dresses and ornaments were very superb and costly. Indeed this has been already irrefragably evinced by the expensive publications and profound expositions produced by the unceasing industry and respectable erudition of the learned and venerable general Vallancey, every day receiving additional confirmation by the support of new discoveries of valuable ornaments of gold and silver, the price of which was regulated by law, and which were worn by our noble and princely ancestors.

* The inverted numeration is remarkable in this passage. It savours strongly of Eastern origin, as well as of the Eastern mode of writing from *right to left.*

Conċobar, an aiṫnid dib uile-fasad air biṫ oraib féin? ní h'aiṫnid, ar Iadsan. Ní h'é-sin damsa ol Conċubar, as aiṫnid dam uile-fasad mór oraib, Iodon, trí mic Conaill Clairíne, Iodon, trí coimle gaisgid na n-gaedal, mar a tá trí mic áilne, uaisle Ulṫneaċ do beiṫ bán fri-gnius air fon aen mná fan domain, Iodon, Naisi, Ailne, acas Ardán; acas do ċoisnadar le neiṫ a láim treb acas leiṫ Ailban; oir is mic ríg go fír-inneċ iad, acas do ċoiseondis ardriġe air maiṫib Ulad. Da lamadmaeiṫne sin do rádsad, ar Iadsan, as fada ó sin a dermais é, acas fós cóigead Ulad do beiṫ a ccoi-muslaċt re gaċ cóigead aile in Eirinn, dá mbeiṫ gan a beiṫ d'Ultaib ann aċt an triar sin féin amáin. Oir is leór air éródaċt, acas air calmaċt iad.

Gá'r é-sin, ar Conċubar, cuirsar teċta go crisċaib áilne oile-ġlana Ailban, go loċ n-Eiṫe acas

* Ulster.

† Ireland sometimes, but seldom thus written in the nominative case.

‡ Called the *Lake of Eta*, by the Highland Society, where the children of Usnach were at the time. A loch is

"know you of any want whatever under which "you lie?" "We know not," say they. "Not "so with me," says Conor, "I know of a great "want which presseth upon you; that is, that three "exalted, renowned youths, the three Luminaries "of the valour of the Gæils, that is, the three no- "ble sons of Usnach, should be absent from us "on account of any woman in the world! I mean "Naisi, Ainli, and Ardan; and they have defended "by the might of their hands a district and half "of Alba; for sons of a king indeed are they, and "they would assert high sovereignty for the princes "of Ulad."*—"Dared we to say that," said they, "long since would we have said it; and moreover, "that the province of Ulad would be in likeness "unto every other province in Erin,† did there "not exist any more of the Ultonians but these "three themselves alone, for lions in valour and "prowess are they."

"Therefore then," says Conor, "let messengers "be sent to the fair regions of Alba of resplendent "clime, to Loch-Eitche,‡ and to the fastness of "the

is not only a body of water surrounded entirely by land, but is also a name for an arm of the sea which diffuses itself, after a narrow entrance, into the land, as Lough Swilly in Ireland.

acaṡ ɣo ɗaṁġon mic n-Uiṡneać ɗá n-ġaṙaiḋ ṫaṙ aiṡ. Cia naċaṡ leiṡ an ṫeċtaṙṙaċt ṡin, aṙ cáċ ɣo coiṫċenn? Ní ɣheiɗaṙṡa ṡin, aṙ Conċúbaṙ, óṙ ṡ ġeiṡ ɗo Naiṡe ġan teċt a n-oṙṙ ṙe ṡiḋ ɗá ɣhebaṡ aċt ṙe ceċtaṙ ɗon ṫṙiaṙ aṁáin, ioɗon ṙe Conall Ceṙnaċ, ṙe ṡeṙġuṡ mac Róiġ, no ṙe Cuċulann; acaṡ aiṫġeonaɗaṡa anoṡ, aṙ Conċúbaṙ, cia ɗon ɗṙiaṙ ṡin le áṙ ab anmṡa me ɣéin: acaṡ iaṙṡin ɗo ṙuġ Conall i bṡóɗ ṡo leiṫ leiṡ, acaṡ ɗ' ɣhiaṡṙaiġ ɗe, cṙéɗ ɗo ɗéṅaṁ leiṡ ɗ'á ccuiṙṙaḋ aiṙ ċeṅṅ mac n'Uiṡneć é, acaṡ a mileaḋ áṙ a ioṅcaiḃ? Ṅaṙ naċ ɣɣoḃṙam, aṙ ṡe. Ní báṡ aen-ɗuine aṁáin ɗo ṫiġeaḋ ɗe ṡin, aċt ġaċ aen aiṙ a m-beiṙṫuiṁ ɗ'Ulṫaiḃ, ɗo ɗéṅaḋ ɗoċaṙ ɗóiḃ, bṙaen báṡ acaṡ

ṫiṁḋiḃe

* Such vows were inviolate with our heathen ancestors. Any one became infamous who would break them; and the vengeance of Heaven was apprehended as the immediate consequence of their violation. This was the ancient chivalry of the Irish, upon which, perhaps, was grounded the more modern one of the middle ages. Those who were initiated into the *order of valour*, a very ancient one in Ireland, as it existed long before the Christian Æra, were peculiarly bound by these GESA, or *solemn injunctions*: Ġeṡa náċ ɣɣuiṡliṅgiḋ ɣíṙlaeċa. *Injunctions not resisted by true heroes*, is a usual

"the sons of Usnach, to solicit their return." "Who shall go with that message?" said all universally. "I know not that," says Conor, "for "Naisi is under *solemn vow** not to return west-"ward but with either of the three alone; that is, "with Conall Carnach, or with Fergus son of "Roy,† or with Cuchullan; and I will know "now," says Conor, "who of the three best loves "myself;"‡ and after that he took Conall into a place apart, and asked of him, what he would do unto him, if he would send him for the sons of Usnach, and that they should be destroyed over his guaranty? "As I purpose not," says Conall, "it is not one man's death alone that would "thence ensue, but each of the Ultonians "who would injure them, whom I should ap-"prehend, on him would I inflict the sorrow of "death and abridgment of life." "True it is," says

usual expression in our ancient tales.—Quære! Were these the *Gessatæ* of Roman story, or were they like them? Was our gaiṫ, or javelin, the *Gesa?*

† He was so called from his mother; even our poets denominate his descendants *O'Roy*, or *descended of Roy*, as may be collected from the following stanza, spoken by a bard of the last, or preceding century, upon hearing a dove coo from Mothar-I-Roy, the Ruin of O'Co-

nor

Cmṫóḃe ſaeġaıl ḋ'ımıɲc ſaıɲ. Alſ ſín ſın aɲ, Conćuḃaɲ, cuıġmſ naċ ımıuɲ lecſa me ſéın: acaſ ḋo ċuıɲ Conall uaıṫ, acaſ cuġ Cúċulaınn

nor Corcamroy's mansion, in the north-west part of the County of Clare, where the poet designates the ancient proprietor by the patronymic appellation of O'Roy, as that princely family, now nearly extinct, was descended from Fergus the son of Roy here mentioned:

Al ċuılm an ċeoıl bṙónaıġ 'ſan ḋún ḋuḃ ċall,
'ſḋoılḃ an ſóım nóſmaɲſo ſúṫ go ſann;
culaċ uı Ṙóġ móɲġaıṫ na m-búſċeaḋ m-beann,
ġan ċuıɲe, ġan ſṙóɲc ſeolca, ġan lúḃaḋ lann!

TRANSLATION.

O! dove of mournful strain in yon dark dome,
How sad this fashion'd pile, thy realm of gloom!
Great O'Roy's hill, that rang with trumpets roar,
With hosts, or justs, or tilts, resounds no more!

The Gælic reader will perceive that this is closely literal.

Fergus's father was Ross the red. He was therefore uncle to Conor. Cuchullan and Conall Carnach were cousin-germans to the children of Usnach, being all the children of Caffa's three daughters, as recited in the following ancient genealogical poem:

Caṫḃaḋ

says Conor, "I perceive that dear to you I my-
"self am not." And he sent Conall away from

him,

Catbad mac Maelccsé na ccreac,
cét-dher'ga raibe Máġać;
a dá dher eile, buan a m'beadġ,
Rosa ruad, Cairbri centeaṙġ.

Triar d'á rug Máġać clann ġlann,
Rosa ruad, Cairbre is Catbad;
dejénebur racmar re a rom,
do bí aġ Máġać mala-dunn.

Trí dejġ-mic le Rosa ruad,
's éejtre mic le Cairbre cruad;
slata sinnġela gan ail,
's trí h'ingena le Catbaid.

Nuġ Máġać do Chatbad Dral,
trí h'ingena sa maic gnal,
do énn a ccruc tar ġać aen,
Dercénn, Ailbe 'gus sinnéaem.

sinnéaem, ingen Catbaid éain,
deġ-maicin Chonaill Chernaiġ;
trí mic Ailbe nár ob áid,
Naiss, is Ainnle, is Ardán.

Mac

Tabaipt cugad cum a maiḃca, nád aen-duine amáin do cuitead fan n-gnióm, act gad aen t'Ultaiḃ aiṫ a mḃéiṫeamnuiṫ, briaen báiṫ

Who prov'd their mighty source by matchless might,
From Caffa, Ross, and Cairbir, fierce in fight;
High on the wing of Fame for e'er to soar,
Full ten in all the dark-brow'd Maia bore;
Three warlike sons had Ross, with glory fir'd,
Who to victorious deeds in war aspir'd;
And four can Cairbir, hardy warrior, claim,
Brave youths, of form divine, and spotless fame;
Three lovely daughters, too, the matron bless'd,
Who Caffa for their honor'd sire confess'd;—
Fincæva, Detin, Alva the serene,
Who stood unrivall'd in resplendent mien;
From gen'rous Caffa sprung, Fincæva fair
Own'd Conall Carna her illustrious heir;
Alva's three sons, impetuous in the fight,
Were Naisi, Anli,—Ardan's conq'ring might;
From Detin, heav'nly fair! Cuchullan came,
Whom high Dundalgan honor'd with its name;
Five youthful warriors, Caffa their great-sire,
Swept the wide field, and made whole hosts retire.
Fair Maia sprung from Degad's noble line,
Ængus her sire—and of descent divine;—
Full three Ultonian lords possess'd the dame,—
No son she bore to Caffa's mighty fame.

‡ Here Conor's design of vengeance begins to disclose itself by insinuation. It appears that Conall Carna and Cuchullan, the cousin-germans of the children of Usnach, were aware of his design, and gave him discouraging

"would be brought unto you to be slain,
"it is not one man alone that would fall for the
"deed, but every one of the Ultonians whom I should
"lay

couraging answers. But he knowing his own power, and intent on his dark design, is determined to persevere, although he had cause of apprehension from the might and popularity of his rivals and their adherents, who were all his own close relations by consanguinity. He makes his first proposal to those of closest connexion with the sons of Usnach, and having discovered their disposition, he next applies to Fergus, his own uncle, and his next in authority and dignity in the province, but to his certain knowledge most affectionately attached to the sons of Usnach. He is answered with declared suspicion by all, but Fergus exempts his life from his own vengeance should he prove treacherous; and therefore knowing he may rely with confidence on his fidelity, he selects him for the mission. It seems all the nobles were diffident of his sincerity, and led to consent to the recall, not so much from a confidence in their own power of protection, great as that certainly was, but from a religious reliance on his *plighted word.* But the power of jealousy overbore his religious obligation. He broke his *public faith,* solemnly pledged, and then *first violated.* The vengeance for this perfidy was signal. Fergus and the other guarantees outraged, fled to Mevia, paramount queen of Conaught. A desolating war was raised against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. The particular circumstances of this war are detailed in the ancient tales of Tain bo Cuilgne, *The Cattle Spoil of Cualgny,* and in Briseth mor Mhaighe Muirtheimne, *The great breach of the Plain*

of

ꝺꝺaḃaɹɹꝺ ċuꝫaꝺ ċum a maɹḃꝺa, náċ aen-ꝺuɹne amáɹn ꝺo ċuɹꝺaꝺ ɹan n-ꝫníom, áꝺꝺ ꝫaċ aen ꝺ'Ulꝺaiḃ aɹɹ a mḃéɹɹaɹnnɹ, ḃɹaen ḃáɹ

Who prov'd their mighty source by matchless might,
From Caffa, Ross, and Cairbir, fierce in fight;
High on the wing of Fame for e'er to soar,
Full ten in all the dark-brow'd Maia bore;
Three warlike sons had Ross, with glory fir'd,
Who to victorious deeds in war aspir'd;
And four can Cairbir, hardy warrior, claim,
Brave youths, of form divine, and spotless fame;
Three lovely daughters, too, the matron bless'd,
Who Caffa for their honor'd sire confess'd;—
Fincæva, Detin, Alva the serene,
Who stood unrivall'd in resplendent mien;
From gen'rous Caffa sprung, Fincæva fair
Own'd Conall Carna her illustrious heir;
Alva's three sons, impetuous in the fight,
Were Naisi, Anli,—Ardan's conq'ring might;
From Detin, heav'nly fair! Cuchullan came,
Whom high Dundalgan honor'd with its name;
Five youthful warriors, Caffa their great-sire,
Swept the wide field, and made whole hosts retire.
Fair Maia sprung from Degad's noble line,
Ængus her sire—and of descent divine;—
Full three Ultonian lords possess'd the dame,—
No son she bore to Caffa's mighty fame.

‡ Here Conor's design of vengeance begins to disclose itself by insinuation. It appears that Conall Carna and Cuchullan, the cousin-germans of the children of Usnach, were aware of his design, and gave him discouraging

"would be brought unto you to be slain,
"it is not one man alone that would fall for the
"deed, but every one of the Ultonians whom I should
"lay

couraging answers. But he knowing his own power, and intent on his dark design, is determined to persevere, although he had cause of apprehension from the might and popularity of his rivals and their adherents, who were all his own close relations by consanguinity. He makes his first proposal to those of closest connexion with the sons of Usnach, and having discovered their disposition, he next applies to Fergus, his own uncle, and his next in authority and dignity in the province, but to his certain knowledge most affectionately attached to the sons of Usnach. He is answered with declared suspicion by all, but Fergus exempts his life from his own vengeance should he prove treacherous; and therefore knowing he may rely with confidence on his fidelity, he selects him for the mission. It seems all the nobles were diffident of his sincerity, and led to consent to the recall, not so much from a confidence in their own power of protection, great as that certainly was, but from a religious reliance on his *plighted word*. But the power of jealousy overbore his religious obligation. He broke his *public faith*, solemnly pledged, and then *first violated*. The vengeance for this perfidy was signal. Fergus and the other guarantees outraged, fled to Mevia, paramount queen of Conaught. A desolating war was raised against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. The particular circumstances of this war are detailed in the ancient tales of Tain bo Cuilgne, *The Cattle Spoil of Cualgny*, and in Briseth mor Mhaige Muirtheimne, *The great breach of the Plain of*

bás acas gerr-saegal do dabairt dó. Is fír sin, a Chúculainn, ol Conćubar, tuigimsi nách imnuin letsa me féin, acas do éuin Cúculoinn uada, acas tug fergus éuige, acas d'ghiallsi de mur an gcéadna; as é do dubairt fergus frisi, gelluimsi gan dol fád shuilsi, gidead ní fisil Ulltach ain a mbérsuinn ag dénam docair dóib, nách tiubhuinn bruaen bás acas bé euga do. Is fír sin, ar Conćubar, as tusa nacas air a ceann, acas gluais rómad a márach ann, oir is let éicsas siad, acas ag teacht anoir duit, gab go dún bhoruig mac cainte, acas tabair briathar damsa, éom-luait is éucsus tu, clann Uisneach do éuin go h-Emain, má oidhe no lá dóib ag teacht ann. Iar sin táncatar astech air aen, acas do imis fergus do éáć é féin do éur san t-slánigeact sin. Slcas do rugadar as an aidhci sin.

Do

of Murthemny, where Cuchullan was slain. This note is *true history*, and discloses the whole *plot* of this *dramatic tale*, for *such* would I have the reader to accept it. The genius of Shakespeare would work it out into a noble tragedy.

"lay hold on should meet the sorrow of death and "abridgment of life." "That is true, Cuchul- "lan," says Conor, "I understand that dear to "you I myself am not." And he put Cuchul- lan from him, and took Fergus unto him, and questioned him in like manner. This is what Fergus said unto him: "I promise not to attempt "thy blood; however, there is not an Ultonian "whom I should catch doing them injury, to "whom I would not give the affliction of death and "condition of repose." True it is," says Conor, "it is you that must go for them, and move thou "forward to-morrow thither," says he, "for with "you will they come; and on thy coming from east- "ward, go unto the mansion of Barach son of "Cainti,* and pledge thy solemn word to me, that "as soon as thou shalt have arrived, thou wilt send "the *children* of Usnach to Eman, whether it be "night or day with them on their arrival." After this they came intogether, and Fergus told the rest, of his being himself on this guaranty; and so they bore away that night.

Conor

* One of the nobles of the king's houshold, whose residence was on the coast of Ulster, immediattely opposite to ALBA, or *modern* SCOTLAND.

Do aiṫeil Conċubar borach, acas do shaṫach dē, an raib sleḋ ollam aiṫe do? a tā ar borach, acas gē gur sṫéidir liom a dēnam nír béidir liom a h-iomċar go h-Emain. Ma's ēḋ, ais Conċubar, tabair d'fhergus i'mur as taesga ċucas a n-Eirinn; ón is da ġeraib sleḋ d'obaḋ. Do ġell borach sin do. Do ċuġadar as an oiḋċe sin.

Da ġluais fergus ais na máraċ acas nír ruġ leis do ṡluaġ no do ṡoċaiḋe, acṫ é sein acas a dias mac, iodon, Illann sinn acas buinne borb-ruaḋ, acas Cúilliond, iodon, ġiolla na h-Iubraiġe, acas an Iubrach sein. Do ġluaiseadar romra go daingen mac n'Uisneaċ, acas go loċ n'Eiṫḋe an Aiblain. Do

* From this, and a subsequent passage, it would appear that Barach was in Conor's confidence, and well acquainted with his design; and also, that it was apprehended by Conor and his adherents, that if Fergus would arrive in company with the sons of Usnach, his power and authority would be paramount for their protection.

† Such were the sure and insuperable means of detaining the sincere, upright, and heroic Fergus. His *Gesa* were inviolate.

‡ Meaning that so they passed that night, that is, that all was settled for that night, and no further interruption

Conor addressed Barach, and asked of him whether he had a feast prepared for him? "I have," says Barach, "and though I was able to prepare "it, I was not able to bear it to Eman."* "Why "then," says Conor, "give it to Fergus soon as "ever he shall arrive in Erin, for it is of *his solemn* "*ties*† not to refuse a feast." Barach promised him this: thus they bore away that night.‡

"Fergus proceeded the next day, and took not with him of troop or host, but himself and his two sons, namely, Illan the Fair, and Buine the Ruthless Red; and Callon, who was his shield-bearer, and the shield itself.§ They moved forward to the fastness of the sons of Usnach, and to the Lake Eitche, in Alba. Thus stationed were the sons of

ruption of mirth took place. Thus I might have translated, but I choose to be even idiomatically literal.

§ Is this the origin of the *Knight* and *Esquire* of the middle ages? This tale was certainly written many centuries before the age of romance. Although they have some distinctive marks common to both, yet the stamp of antiquity is evident in its true place, in regard to the Irish institution of the ȝaiſȝe, or *valour*, and the chivalry, or knighthood, of subsequent ages. This we shall have occasion hereafter to observe upon, in giving the initiation of Cuchullan.

Alt amlaiḋ do ḃáḋaḃ clann Uiſneaċ, acaſ tri ſlaiṁḃeċa aca, acaſ an ḃoiċ ann a mḃuiḋeiḋiſ a ḃpróinn, ni ittí d'ieiḋiſ, acaſ an ḃoiċ ina n'ieiḋiſ ni ittí do ċoḋlaḋiſ: acaſ aiſ tteiċt d'feṗguſ ſan imḃaṗ, do léiġ ġlaeḋ miṁ ſhéiṁe aſ, acaſ iſ amlaiḋ ḃí Naiſſi acaſ Déiṗdṙe, acaſ an ċeiṁṫaiṁ eṫaṗṙa, idon, ſiḋéill Choṁċubaiṗ, acaſ iaḋ aġ imṙeṫ uiṙṙe: do ċuala Naiſſi an ġlaeḋ, acaſ a ḋubaiṗṫ, do ċluiniṁ ġlaeḋ Eiṙṙinaiġ. Ní ġlaeḋ Eiṙṙinaiġ ſúḋ, ol Déiṗdṙe, aċt ġlaeḋ Albanaiġ; do aiḋiṁ Déiṗdṙe céḋġlaeḋ fheṗguſ, acaſ do ċeiſl í, acaſ do léiġ feṗguſ an ḋaṙa ġlaeḋ aſ, ſi ġlaeḋ Eiṙṙinaiġ ſin aṙ Naiſſi. Ní ḃ-éḋ aċt ġlaeḋ Albanaiġ, ġo ḋeiṁiṁ, ol Déiṗdṙe, acaſ imṙam ḋoṙoiṁ. Do léiġ feṗguſ an treſ ġlaeḋ, acaſ do aiḋiṁ miċ Uiſneaċ ġuṙ ab é feṗguſ do léiġ an ġlaeḋ, acaſ a ḋúḃaiṗṫ Naiſſe le h'Aiṙḋán ḋul aiſ ċeann feṗguiſ. Ro náiḋ Déiṗdṙe ġuṙ aiḋiṁ ſí ſéiṁ an ċéḋ ġlaeḋ ṙo léiġ feṗguſ.

Cṙéḋ

* In time of repose from the feats of war, the hardy amusements of the ancients of Erin were hunting and *hurling*, ſoṁáiṁṫ or cuṙ ḃáiṁe; a manly game peculiar to the Irish, which shall be described in the story of Cuchullan hereafter. Their recreative amusement was the noble game of chess. Their festive entertainments have been already described.

Usnach. They had three booths of chase;* and the booth in which they prepared their food, not in that did they eat it; and that in which they eat, not in that did they sleep. And when Fergus came into the harbour, he sent forth of him the loud cry of a mighty man of chase. And Naisi and Deirdri were then seated together, and the *polished cabinet*† between them, that is, Conor's chess-board, and they playing upon it. Naisi heard the cry, and said, "I hear the call of a man of Erin." "That "was not the call of a man of Erin," says Deirdri,‡ "but the call of a man of Alba." Deirdri knew the first cry of Fergus, and she concealed it. Fergus uttered the second cry. "That is the cry of "a man of Erin," says Naisi. "It is not indeed," says Deirdri, "and let us play on." Fergus sent forth the third cry, and the sons of Usnach knew it was Fergus that sent forth the cry. And Naisi ordered Ardan to go to meet Fergus. Deirdri declared she knew the first call sent forth by Fergus.

"Why

† Every thing belonging to a great personage of old had a peculiar name; such as his armour, arms, chess-board, &c.

‡ The apprehensive caution and foresight of Deirdri is admirably well maintained throughout the remainder of this tale.

Cred fáil ceilg sin a ndógain, ar Naos? Siúlaig do connairc mé a réir, ar Déardre, idon trí h-eoin do teacht cugainn o Camuinghaca, agus trí bolgaim mela 'n a mbélaib leo, agus a sracbáil againne, agus trí bolgaim dan bruil do breic leo. Cred í an breic a tá agad uirre sin, a ndúgain, ar Naos? Ol tá, ar Déardre, fear do teacht cugainn le teachtaireacht síchána o Chonchubar, dír ní milse mil no teachtaireacht síchána an duine bréagaid; leig sin dart, ar Naos; as sada a tá fear i an broit, agus eirge a Siridain air a ceann, agus tabair let é. Gluaiseas Siridán roime mar a raib fear agus toirbhear póga go dtí dícha do réir, agus d'á dias mac mar aon rud, agus i é dubairt, mo cion dib a cuitheacta inmuin. Acas as a h-aithle sin do shiaghaig sgéla na h-Eireann díob, agus d'innsidar sin do, agus iar sin táncatar mar a raib Naos, Ainnle agus Déardre, agus do toirbheadar póga imda d'fear con a macaib, agus d' shiaghaigeadar sgéla na h-Eireann díob. Os iad sgéla as fearr againn, ar fear, Conchubar dán ccuirne a ccor agus a slánaigeacht ar ban cc;onn sa. Ní h-inoultá dóibh an sin, ar Déardre, dír i mó

a ttia-

" Why didst thou conceal it then, my queen?" says Naisi. " A vision I saw last night," says Deirdri, " namely, that three birds came unto us " from Eman of Macha, having three sups of ho- " ney in their beaks, and that they left them with " us, and that they took three sups of our blood " with them." " What determination hast thou " of that, O princess?" says Naisi. " It is," says Deirdri, " that Fergus comes unto us with message " of peace from Conor; for more sweet is not ho- " ney than the message of peace of the false man." " Let that by," says Naisi, " Fergus is long in " the port, and go, Ardan, to meet him, and bring " him with thee."—Ardan moves forward to where Fergus was, and bestowed kisses dearly and earnestly on himself and his two sons together with him, and thus he said: " My affection be unto you, " O, dear companions!" says he, and after that he asked of them the tales of Erin, and these they told him; and thereafter they came to where Naisi, Ainli and Deirdri were, and these bestowed many kisses on Fergus with his sons, and they enquired of them the tales of Erin. " The best tales I have," says Fergus, are " that Connor hath sent us under " condition and guaranty for you." " It is not meet " for them to go thither," says Deirdri, " for great-

" er

a tsjaġeṛnaṛ ṡéjn an Alban, jná tjaġeṛnaṛ Conċobaiṛ an Eiṛinn. Is ṡeṛṛ in dúċċaṛ 'ná ġaċ níd, aṛ feṛġuṛ, óiṛ is neamaibinn do neċ, ġé máḋ móṛ a naiṡ no a ṡíġe, muna bṛaiseḋ a dúċċaṛ ṡéjn ġaċ lae. Alṡ ṡíṛ ṡin aṛ Naiṛṡ, óiṛ is annṡa liom ṡéjn Eiṛe no Alba, ġé mó do ġebuinn an Albain, no an Eiṛinn. Alṡ daiġen díbiṛ a ḋol liomṡa, aṛ feṛġuṛ, aṡ daiġen ċeona, aṛ Naiṛṡ, acaṡ naċamaiḋ let ġo h'Eiṛinn. Ní do ḋeoin Dé.

* The whole conversation here must convince every unprejudiced person that *Eiri*, not *Alba*, was the native country of the sons of Usnach. Away then with the conceit, that "Usnach was lord of Etha;" whereas only the territory about Loch Eitche seems to have been the *appanage of maintenance* given by the king of Alba to the sons of Usnach. I deem it necessary here to give the inflexions of the words Eiṛe and Alba. Every noun in the Gaeḋilc, or Irish language, must be considered as having *three states*, viz. 1. the *simple*, or *general*; 2. the *articulate*; and 3. the *aspirate*. The *cases* are five, viz. the *nominative*, *genitive*, *dative*, *accusative*, (always the same with the nominative) and the *vocative*. The *simple state* of Eiṛe is *nom.* Eiṛe, *gen.* Eiṛeann, *dat.* Eiṛin, *acc.* Eiṛe, *voc.* Al Eiṛe. The *articulate* and *aspirate states* of these words Eiṛe and Alba, coincide, neither admitting the *article* an in

" er is their own sway in Alba,* than the sway of " Conor in Erin." " The nativity is better than " every thing," says Fergus, " for uncheering to " a person, however great his prosperity or power, " if he sees not his dear nativity each day." " True " it is," says Naisi, " for dearer to me is Eiri than " Alba, though more should I obtain in Alba than " in Erin." " You may be confident in going with me," says Fergus. " We have confidence truly," says Naisi, " and we will go with you to Erin." It was not with the consent of Deirdri that Naisi ex-

in the nominative case, while the names of all other countries do. *Articulate* and *aspirate states: nom.* Eire, *gen.* na h Eireann and n' Eireann, *dat.* d'Eirin and go h Eirin, *acc.* Eire, *voc.* a Eire. *Simple state: nom.* Alba, *gen.* Alban, *dat.* Albain, *acc.* Alba, *voc.* Alba. *Articulate* and *aspirate states: nom.* Alba, *gen.* na h Alban and n' Alban, *dat.* d' Albain and go h Albain, *acc.* Alba, *voc.* a Alba. It may be said, however, that these words, taken in an emphatic or fondling sense, will admit sometimes, but rarely, to be joined with an *article* in the nominative case; and then the *nominative, dative, accusative,* and *vocative cases* will be the same, viz. Eirin and Albain; as an Eirin se againe, *this Ireland of ours;* an Albain se againe, *this Albain of ours.* Hence has arisen the usual manner of writing *Albain,* or *Albion,* and *Eirin,* as nominatives in English.

Déirdre a dubairt Naoi na briathra sin, agus do bí agá tógbháil go mór um a dol le fergus, agus cuig fergus a briathar ann sin; dámbeidís sin éireann an bar n-aghaidh, nach bu feirrde dóibh é, óir ní ba díon sgiath, no clogdeim, no caithbéar do neoch do biadh ann búr n-aghaidh agus mise libh. Is sin sin, ar Naoise, agus racadmaidne leat go h-Eirinn.

Rugadar as an oídhche sin go maidin ar na márach, agus chuadar mur a raibh a longa, agus do chuadar air muir agus mórshaighe, go tráigheadar go dún bhoraigh, agus d'fheich Déirdre tar a h-ais air éirghibh Albain, agus is é sé a dúbairt; mo chion duit a chir úd thoir, agus as olc liom d'fhágbháil, óir as aibinn do chuain, agus do chalaphuirt, agus do mágha mínscothacha caemáilne, agus do chulcaibh taitneamacha taeb-uaithne, agus as beg do léigeamar a leis d'fhágbhail agus a dúbairt an laeidh ann:

Imnuin

* From this down to "and she raised the strain," is omitted in the extract given in the report of the committee

expressed those words, and she continued greatly to oppose his going with Fergus; and Fergus did then pledge his solemn word, *and said,* "If *all* the men "of Eirin were against you, it would avail them "not; for no protection would shield, or sword or "helmet be, to any that would be against you, and "I with you." "True it is," says Naisi, "and "we will go with you to Eirin."

They bore away that night until the morning of the next day, and they went where lay their ships, and they set out to sea, and over the great main 'till they came to the mansion of Barach; and Dierdri looked after her at the regions of Alba,* and thus she said: "My affection unto you, yon eastern "land, and grieved am I to leave you; for delight-"ful are thy harbours and thy bays, and thy dear "beauteous plains of soft verdure, and thy sprightly "green-sided hills; and little did we need to leave "thee!" and she raised the strain:

mittee of the Highland society; they have, however, marked the omissions with a few *dots,* without any other notice of it.

Inmuin tíl, an tíl ad fóil,
Alba con a h'ingantaib;
moéa ttucfajnn éiste ille,
muna ttucfajnn le Naise.

Inmuin

* The meaning of this line has been utterly mistaken by doctor Donald Smith, evidently and *acknowledgedly* the best *Gælic* scholar in the Highland Society in 1805. This arose from his only having a slight acquaintance with ancient *Irish* manuscripts, of which, it seems, his countrymen have made some valuable collections latterly, and with which we are glad to find them eager to be acquainted. That the Highland Society is possessed of valuable *Irish* manuscripts, their plates of *blazoned head-letters*, and *fac simile* specimens put beyond a doubt. Doctor Smith has proved in many instances, excluding his exposition of the little poem before us, that he had made considerable progress towards a knowledge of the *correct* and *cultivated old language* of Ireland. He was, however, led astray in the present instance by the contracted form of the aspirated dative h-ingantaib. He took the first or upright stroke of the aspiration h for an l, not observing, as the plate exhibits, an j written underdeath the last or down stroke, and over it a bar, like an hyphen, for an n. This *literal criticism* would be nugatory, if it tended not to prove, that their ablest *Gælic* scholars of modern date are, with all their industry, yet in *noviciate*. This error led doctor Smith to form a word not known in the language, viz. lingantaib; and as linn (making

linntib

" Delightful land, yon eastern land,
" Alba with its wonders;*
" I would not hither thence depart,
" Did I not come with Naisi.

" Lovely

ꞇɲnꞇɔꞗ in the dative plural) signifies a pool or lake, and as it had some *literal* likeness in the *three first letters* to what would be a fine natural curiosity, *a lake*, it was taken as such, and *lakes* are in the doctor's translation, for our *wonders*, meaning GRAND *natural curiosities*. This mistake is, however, a *mere violence to language*; but the other mistakes, so very numerous in this simple poem, are very gross violations of *sense* and *diction*, as well as of the *highest destination* of language, the *sentiment of poetry*, and its *upholding metre*. The other literal and constructive mistakes of doctor Smith are so numerous, as would swell this note beyond all reasonable limits; it must therefore be observed, generally, for the remainder, that the best informed modern *Gælic scholar*, doctor Smith, knew little of *old Irish* versification—nothing of its metre. There are not many instances of any poetry in our language not written in quartans, or stanzas of four lines, concluding a determined sense. In ancient manuscripts the judgment of the reader, and his knowledge of prosody, must be his guidance and direction, both for *sense* and *metre*; for as beautiful transcription was laborious, tedious and expensive, and fine vellum (the material on which they wrote) very scarce and costly, the scribes abridged the one and spared the other as much as they could. Hence

lines

Innisin Dún Sobairce 's Dún Sinn;
Innisin an Dún os a cceann;
Innisin Inis Draigneach de,
agus innisin Dún Suibne.

Al Coill

lines are not always terminated where metre would require, and where pathetic repetition is necessary, as the reader's judgment is depended upon, the repetition is omitted, and the next line proceeds without interruption.—Of what school-boys had by heart, it was but necessary to give a hint; taste supplied the rest. See the first instance in the present poem:

Al Chaill Chuan! ón a Chaill Chuan!

O, wood of Kone! O, wood of Kone!

In the copy before doctor Smith, there was no more of this line than Caill Chuan.—But if he had any knowledge of the real metre of the language, he could not but know what the rest of the stanza required, and he would of course supply the pathetic repetition of the exclamation. In fact, ye *modern Albanian Highland Scots*, of *noble Irish extraction*, roused as your *very respectable genius is* in defence of the *separating* imposture of its *late* champion, the *bombastically sublime* Mr. Mac Pherson, ye are *seri studiorum, late learned students*, in Irish. Your *silly, perverse* adherence to falshood could alone provoke *this* animadversion from us, whom could you deprive of *history* and *literature*, you yourselves

"Lovely is Dunfy and Dunfin;
"Lovely the Dun over them;
"Lovely is the Isle of Drayno, too,
"And lovely is the Dun of Suvno.

"O! wood

selves would have none left, nor the name of a people to *boast*. The following is our simple versification of this simple poem: comparative facts, in evident cases, are irrefragable proofs. Let the literal translations, between you and us, be the indubitable standard:

The English Versification, from the literal Translation, by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.

Delightful land! yon eastern clime!
Fair Alba with its scenes sublime;—
Its charming plains I ne'er would leave,
But that I come with Naisi brave.

From Dunfy and Dunfin to fly,
Mansions belov'd! I'll ever sigh!
The fort that rears its tow'ring pile—
Swyno's high walls, and Drayno's isle.

O wood of Cona! in thy bow'rs
Did Anly spend his sweetest hours;—
In Alba's west too short my stay!
For Naisi call'd me soon away.

O vale

Al coill cuan! on a coill cuan!
Gur tteigead Alinne, mo nuar;
Sa gairid liomsa nó bí ann,
Is Naisi in jartar Alban.

Glenn Lasde! ón in glenn Lasde!
Do codluinn sam errad casin;
Jasc 'as oi-sheil is sasll bruic,
Sa hí mo cuid in glenn Lasde.

Glenn

O vale of Lay!—far now it lies!
Where balmy slumbers clos'd my eyes:
The luscious flesh of badger rare,
And fish and ven'son were my fare.

Adieu to Masan's verdant vale!
Where herbage sweet perfum'd the gale;
My cares were often lull'd to rest,
Enroll'd in Masan's grassy vest.

With woe my bosom Archay fills;
The valley fair of flow'ry hills!
No youth more sprightly there was seen
Than Naisi, of majestic mien.

O Ety's vale! retreat divine!
Where first a house uprear'd was mine;
Amid thy groves, with golden gleam,
The sun spreads wide his rising beam.

No

"O! wood of Kone, O! wood of Kone,
"Whither, alas! Ainli would resort;
"Too short I deem my stay there,
"With Naisi in the west of Alba.

"Vale of Laith, O! in the vale of Laith
"I used to sleep under my soft coverlets;
"Fish and venison, and the delicious prime of
"badger,*
"Was my repast in the vale of Laith.

"Vale

No more I'll rove in Daro's vale—
I love each claimer of that dale:
How sweet the cuckoo's melting strain
From bending bough, o'er Daro's plain!

Farewel to Drayno's sounding shore!
O'er crystal sand whose waters roar;
These charming scenes I ne'er would leave,
But with my love—my Naisi brave.

The stile of this poem and of Colum Kill's farewel to Aran are so strikingly alike, that we must allow them at least of equal antiquity, which was the beginning or middle of the sixth of the æra of our salvation. See Colum Kill's poem in the observations at the conclusion of this tale.

* Doctor Smith, because bruic, to *boil*, had a close similarity to bruic, the *gen.* from the nominative broc a bad-

Glenn Masan! ón glenn Masán!
Árd a cheann, gel a charáin;
Do gnídh codladh corrach,
Ós inber mongach Masan.

Glenn Alpéan! ón glenn Alpéan!
Fa hé an glenn dírech druimdéan;
Noch ar b'uallca fer a aghe,
No mo Naghe an glenn Alpéan.

Glenn Etée! uch ón glenn Etée!
Ann do tógbad mo cét-tig;
Álainn a fiodh iar n-eirge
Buaile gréine glenn Etée.

Glenn

a badger, translates this passage, "the choice of the chase *prepared*;" whereas it means what we have given in our translation. Doctor Smith must have been *fastidious* respecting the idea of *badger's flesh* being considered a luxury by a lady of such high rank as Deirdri; but then he should also loath her praise of *hart's-tongue*, &c. The ancients were conversant with Nature; she was their guide and model, and they copied her with all fidelity. Badger was formerly considered a very great

" Vale of Masan, O! vale of Masan;
" High its hart's-tongue, fair its stalks;
" We enjoy'd a rocking sleep
" O'er the grassy harbour of Masan.

" Vale of Urchay, O! vale of Urchay!
" It was the *straight* vale of *smooth* ridge;
" A man of his age was not more sprightly
" Than my Naisi in the vale of Urchay.

" Vale of Eiti, alas! O vale of Eiti!
" In it I raised my first house;
" Beauteous its wood;—upon rising,
" Delightful resort of the sun is the vale of Eti.

great delicacy, and *badger's ham* is still the delight of many an epicure. The numerous other errors in the translation of doctor Smith may be observed on comparison with ours. The vales here mentioned, are still known by their ancient appellations: Glenurchay gives title to the eldest son of the house of Braidalbain; he is tiled Lord Glenurchay. The word ᴅúᴎ certainly signifies *fort, fastness, mansion* or *tower*; any place *shut* in, as were all the habitations of our ancient chieftains.

Gleann dá Ruaidh! ón gleann dá Ruaidh!
mo ċion gaċ aen fhear dár tuaith;
ar binn guth cuaiġe ar ċraiḃ ċruim,
ar an mbinn ó'r gleann dá Ruaḋ.

Imthigh Droighin os trén tráġ;
imthigh uisce os ġaimhin ġlan;
noċa tteicfeam aiġde dhe,
mun' tteicfinn lem' imthigh.

Ar h-aiṫle na laeiḋe sin fancatar go dún bhorraiġ, agus do ċoimḋid borrać teóra fog, go dil agus go déiġra d' fhergus con a macuiḃ agus do Chlonn Uisneaċ mur aén riu. Ar ann sin a dúbairt borrać go raiḃ fleiḋ aige an oidéill fhergus, agus gur ġeis do a fágbail no go ccaiṫeḋ sé. O d' ċualaḋ fhergus sin, do rinnaḋ noċnuall coṫra de ó a báṫ go a bonn, agus ar éḋ no raiḋ, olc do rinnis, a bhorraiġ, fleiḋ d' fhurail ormsa, ocus Conċubar

* A proof of his sincerity, and a dread that if he did not accompany the children of Usnach, something would be attempted, which must, in his opinion, be prevented

"Vale of the two Roes! O vale of the two
"Roes!
"My love each man to whom it is inheritance;
"Sweet is the cuckoo's note on bending bough,
"On the cliff over the vale of the two Roes.

"Dear is Drayno, of resounding shore;
"Dear its waters over pure sand;
"I would not thence at all come,
"Except I would come with my love."

After these lays, they reached the mansion of Barach, and Barach impressed kisses thrice repeated, affectionately and eagerly on Fergus, with his sons, and on the children of Usnach, and on Deirdri along with them. And then Barach said that he had a feast prepared for Fergus, and that it was *solemn Injunction* on him not to leave it without partaking of it. When Fergus heard this, he became a reddened crimson bulk from head to foot,* and thus he said; "Ill done it is of you, O!
"Barach, to ask me to a feast, and that Conor
"exacted

prevented by his presence, which he thinks to supply by the mission of his sons. Barach's conduct here is full proof of his concert with Conor, in the disign of premeditated treachery.

ċuḃaṙ aṙ ttaḃaiṙt mo ḃṙéiṫiṙ oṙm-ṡa, muṙ aṙ taeṙca ṫuoṙuiṙn go h-Eiṙinn, dá m-baṫ d' aiṫċe no do lóṁ ṫaṁ ag teċt a n-oiṙ, clann Uiṙniġ do ċuṙ go h-Emain Ṁhaċa. Cuiṙimṡi ṙó ġeṙaiḃ tú, aṙ ḃoṙṙaċ, muna ttiġe tú do ċaiṫeṁ na ṙleiṫe. D' ṙhiaṙṙaiġ ṙeṙġuṙ do Naiṡe cṙéd do ṫeṁaiṁ leiṙ an ṙṙleiṫ? do ṫéṁaiṙ, aṙ Deiṙdiṙ, do roġa aġaṫ-ṡa, miṡe Uiṙneċ do ṫṙéiġion no an ṙhleṫ, acaṙ ġuṙ éiṁa ṫuiṫ an ṙhleṫ úd do tṙéiġeṁ, 'ná clann Uiṙneċ do tṙéiġeṁ; ní ṫṙéiġṡaṫa iaḋ, aṙ ṡé, óiṙ ċuiṙiṡiḋ mo ṫiaṙ mac, iṫon, Illann ṙinn, acaṙ, buiṁne boiḃṙuaṫ leo go h-Emaiṁ Ṁhaċa. Daṙ mo ḃṙiaṫaṙ, aṙ Naiṡe, ní beġ liṁe ṙin uaiṫ, óiṙ ní neċ eile do ċoṙaiṁ ṙiṁe riaṁ aċt ṙinn ṙéin; acaṙ do ġluaiṙ roiṁe ṫon láṫaiṙ, maile ṁe ṙeiṙġ móiṙ, acaṙ do leṁaḋaṙ Ailne, acaṙ Ailḋán, acaṙ Deiṙḋe, acaṙ ṫiaṙ mac ṙeṙġuiṙ é, acaṙ do ṙháġḃaḋaṙ ṙeṙġuṙ go

ḋúḃaċ

* Deirdri was not an initiate in the school of valour, or she would not make such argument. She was, however, a quick observer of natural conduct. Nature seems to work stronger than mystical initiation with

Naisi

"exacted my solemn word from me, soon as ever "I should arive in Erin, whether I should have "night or day, on coming from eastward, to send "unto him, to Eman of Macha, the children of "Usnach." "I lay you under solemn banns," says Barach, "if you come not to partake of the "feast." Fergus asked of Naisi what he would do with the feast? "Do thus," says Deirdri, "you "have your choice to forsake the children of "Usnach or the feast; * while it is more meet to "forsake that feast than to forsake the chidren "of Usnach." "I will not forsake them," says he, "for I will send my two sons, Illan the fair, "and Buini the ruthless red, with them to Eman "of Macha." "Upon my word," says Naisi, "we think not that little from you, for it is not "any other person that defended us ever, but "ourselves;" and he moved off from the place with great wrath; and Ardan, and Deirdri, and the two sons of Fergus followed him, and they left Fergus sad and sorrowful after them. However

Naisi too, when he departs in sullen dignity, leaving Fergus to his vows and injunctions. Human nature was alive to feeling formerly as much as now, with all our affected refinement.

dúbaċ dobrónaċ d'á n-éis; gideadh ba deimin le feargus co n-a ċlosnn da n-decaidh ollċaisgidh Eireann an aen ċomaisle naċ tteicfeadh dosb a ccumaisce féin do saruġad.

Imċuiġ mac n-Uisneċ do ġluaiseadar rómpa an aiġidhe gaċa conaire, acus a dúbaisne Deirdre riu do bérum cómaisle maiṫ dóib a ċlann Uisnigh, gion go n-déncadar lib í, cidh é i an ċomaisle sin a rísam, ar Naise, a tá, amuil adbal go Raċlainn, fear Eirinn acus Albain acus shanamain ann go ccaiṫeadh feargus an shléidh, acus as comall breiṫe d' feargus sin, acus as saduġadh saeġal dóibhe é. Ní dénam an ċomaisle sin, ar Naoise, acus an clann sheargus: acus do rádh clann sheargus gur b' olc an muinġin do bí aice arda féin, naċ beiṫ imṫa comaisce do dénam, gion go m-beiṫ cómaiṫe ċlainne Uisnigh do lámaib in a sharadh, acus sos briaṫar sheargus maille sriu. Uć! as maisg tánic leis an

* Isle of Rachlin still exists. It cannot be said that it is a visionary island, or our account of it fabulous, though we speak of it in a poetic tale, founded on fact. But any thing, however solemn or serious, asserted in the history

ever it was a confidence with Fergus and his sons, that if the high provintial states of Eirin would enter into one council, they would not be able to break through their protection particularly.

As to the story of the sons of Usnach, they set forward by the shortness of every way, and Deirdri said unto them, "I would myself give you good "advice, although you may not put it in practice." "What advice is that, O! queen?" says Naisi. "It is," says she, "to go to Rachlin,* between "Eirin and Alba, and to abide there until Fergus "partake of the feast; this will be a fulfilling of "his word for Fergus, and it will be a prolonging "of life for you." "We will not practice that "advice," says Naisi. And the children of Fergus said, that bad was her confidence in themselves, as if they would not be able to give protection, even though as good hands as the children of Usnach were not of their side, and having still more the plighted faith of Fergus with them. "Alas! luck-

"less

history of our native island, must be ridiculously visionary—God help us! and yet, unfortunately, we are the oldest literary people in Europe.—We will prove the fact very shortly.

an m-bṙéṫṁ ṡin ṁheṙġuṡa, aṙ Dé̇ṙṁe, acaṡ ġuṙ ċṙéiġ ṡinn aṙ ṁhleḋ, acaṡ ḋo ṙine an laeṡḋ ann:

Naṙṙ ċáinic a n-oṙ ġṡḋ, ḋiṡ,
Ne bṙiaṫaṙ miṡ Róiġ ṙó miṙ;
Noċ a n-déṅṡa aċt oċán de,
Uċ! ṡ ṙó ċṙáḋ ṙem' ċroiḋe.*

Slo ċroiḋe 'na ċaeiḃ cúmaiḋ
Ta noċt, mo móṙ ṙúḋaiṙ!
Mo nuaṙ, a maca maiṫe,
Thánicaṫoṙ búṙ ttṙuġlaiṫe.

Na h-abaiṙ, ṡin, a Dhé̇ṙṁe ḋan,
Al ben ṡ áiṡne ná an ġṙian;
Ni ṫucṡaḋ ṡeṙġuṡ anaiṙ,
Cuġaiṁe ċum aṙ mṡllaiḋ.

ṡa

* *And that*, i.e. *when*. I have left the reader to his own judgment in many idiomatic phraseologies, but there is one which many may think *tautology*, when in our language it is emphatic expression—such are the phrases "spoke and said;" and after giving the speech, expressing, "says he," which is quite correct in our language, equivalent to what in others is expressed by "so he spoke." ὡς ἔφατ'. *Sic dixit, &c.*

" less *(woeful)* it is to have come with that plighted
" faith of Fergus!" says Deirdri, " *and that he* *
" has forsaken us for a feast;" and she then delivered this lay:

Deirdri. " 'Tis woeful to have come from east-
" ward, however dear,
" Upon the faith of the very *unsteady*† son of Roy;
" I will not utter but lamentation on its account.
" Alas! it is excessive anguish to my heart!"

" My heart—a lobe of grief
" Is to night, my great sorrow:
" Ah! my woe, my noble youths,
" The fulness of your days hath arrived."

Naisi. " Say not so, O! Deirdri severe;
" *O! woman, more beauteous* than the sun:‡
" Fergus would not eastward come
" To us, for our destruction."

† The *original word* may also signify *very active, very energetic, very powerful, very vigorous, &c.*

‡ Mr. M'Pherson has this expression, like every other fine expression that is peculiar here, or any where else, in our compositions. An omission of expressions of

Fa naer, ar fada liom duib,
A maca áille Uisnig,
Déce ó Albain an fheoil gairg,
Fada bus buan a bídmairg.

A h-aicle na laesde sin táncatar rómpa,
go sinn-carn na conaire air shliab cuaird,
acas do fhan Déirdre d'á n-éis i an n-glenn,
acas ro cuir a codlad uirre ann, acas ró

aisig

of original beauty, should not be expected from Mr. M'Pherson. He is greatly judicious in Selection and Rejection. He selects beauties well, and with equal taste he rejects what may appear to modern taste exuberant, and abundantly supplies the deficiency by inventions of his own.

The English Versification, from the literal Translation, by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.

Deirdri. From east, how woeful to depart!
The thought with anguish wrings my heart:
Though true the son of Roy may be,
To hold his plighted word to thee.

O! ne'er shall sorrow leave my breast,—
No night shall give me soothing rest:
Alas! brave youths, with grief I say,
You rash approach your gloomy day!

Naisi.

Deirdri. " Woe, and alas! I deem it too far for you,
" O, darling sons of Usnach!
" To have come from Alba of the rank grass;
" Long ſhall last its live-long woe!

After this lay, they came on to Fincarn* watch-tower, on the mountain of Fuad; and Deirdri loitered after them in the vale, and her sleep fell upon her

Naisi. Nymph, brighter than the sun's bright beam,
Why thus severe, in woe you seem?
Fergus would ne'er from westward come,
Basely to lure us to our doom.

Deirdri. Oh! Usna's sons, of graceful mien,
'Tis sad to leave fair Alba green!—
'Tis lasting—never-ending woe
From Alba's flow'ry plains to go!

* Dr. Smith would have called this *Fingal's heap*, ha! ha! as he called *Dunfin, Fingal's Tower.* Gracious God! we never had a *Fingal!* and Fin, the son of Cumhal, so denominated, lived not for near three centuries after the transactions here detailed. Fuad mountain still bears the name in the county of Antrim. Finn (ꝼꞃnn) in the Irish language, ſignifies *fair*, literally; *juſt*, figuratively; also ancient, romantic, as ꝼꞃn-ꞇꞩel an

agus Naoise Deirdre leis na fágbáil d'á n-éis, acas no fhill tar a ais mur a raib Deirdre ag eirigh as a codlad, acas do fhiafraigh di, cred f' ár fhanuis a rígain? codlad do bí orm, ar Deirdre, acas do chonairc aisling ann. Cred í an aisling sin, ar Naoise? a tá, ar sí, gan a ceann ais Iollann fhinn, acas a ceann ais bhuinne bonb ruad, acas gan congnam bhuinne bonb ruad nóil, acas congnam Iollann fhinn nó, acas do rine an laeid:

Cruag an tabuid tarfas dam,
Ar ceithear fheta fhinn-glan,
Gan ceann uasd ais ceithear de,
'S gan congnam fir re céile.

Noc

an ancient romantic story, &c. We have many places in Ireland, denominated Suide Finn, signifying *Finn's watch-tower.* It may also signify the *speculative seat of a man of chase*; so that it is not always restricted to Finn M'Cumhal.

* This indicates the retinue to have been numerous. Every one knows that dreams and credited visions were in vogue with the ancients;—many an elegant poem have they embellished in our language.

her there; and Naisi perceived that Deirdri was left behind them;* and he returned backward where Deirdri was rising out of her sleep, and he asked of her: "Why didst thou tarry, princess?" says he. "A sleep that was upon me," says Deirdri, "and I saw a dream in it." "What was that "dream?" says Naisi. "It is," says she, "his "head not on Illan the fair, and his head on Buini "the ruthless red; and the assistance of Buini the "ruthless red not with you, and the assistance of "Illan the fair with you." And she composed the lay:

Deirdri. "Sad is the vision that hath appeared
"in a dream to me,
"O! four† stately, fair, bright youths!
"His head not on one of you in it,
"And not the assistance of a man with *another*."

Naisi.

† The three sons of Usnach, and Fergus's faithful son, Illan the fair. How dramatic this introduction to the treachery of Buno, *the ruthless red*, according to the conceived opinions of ancient time, than which, I presume, the more studied contrivances of modern art, are not more judicious, delicate, or interesting.

Nóc a ccan do bél act olc,
Al aindir álainn édroct,
Nem do grís beol cana call,
Ainr Gallaib aingid uatmar.

Do b' fhearr liom olc gach duine,
Do fágad Déirdre gan duibe,
No bud n-olc-sa 'a trír mín,
Le'r fírad mur ar mór-chr.

Do chusa a cenn air bhuinne,
O's sé a saegal i ullc,
Al cenn air bhuinne borb ruad,
Nóca liomsa a nóct nách truag.

Al h-aicle

The English Versification, from the literal Translation, by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.

Deirdri. O! hear my visionary tale!—
I saw your bodies breathless—pale;
Extended headless on the ground,
And none to offer aid around!

Naisi. Fair virgin, of resplendent mien,
By thee, but evils, nought is seen:
May from thy ruby lips what flows
Of vengeance fall upon our foes.

Deirdri.

Naisi. "Thy mouth *pronounceth* not but evil,
"Thou damsel, beauteous, incomparable!
"The vengeance of thy ruby delicate lips
"Fall on the furious—hateful foreigners."

Deirdri. "I would prefer the misfortune of
"every one,"
Says Deirdri, "without dark design,
"Before your misfortune, O! gentle three,
"With whom I traversed sea and much land!"

"I see his head on Buini,
"Since it is his life that is longer;—
"His head on Buini the ruthless red;
"It is not with me to-night, that it is not *plenitude of*
"*sorrow.*"

After

Deirdri. Then, said the dame, I'd better know,
That half mankind were sunk in woe;
Than you, renoun'd and generous three,
With whom I've travell'd land and sea.

I saw his head on Buno sole,—
His life secure—his body whole;—
On Buno sole, the ruthless red,
With sorrow, I beheld his head!

Ar h-aiṫle na laiṫe ſin táinic an ſeanſuidhe ſompa go h-Ardmaċaiḃ*, ar ann ſin a dubairt Deirdre, do ċim neull 'ſ an aer acaſ ní neull ſola é, acaſ dobéarfainn cómhairle maiṫ dóibſi, a ċlann Uiſneaċ, ar ſí. Cred é an ċomhairle ſin, ar Naiſe? Dul go dun Delgain mur a raibi Cúċulainn, nó go ccaiṫfidh feargaſ an ſhleiḃ, acaſ beiṫ ann ċumhaiġe Chonċulainn ann eaglaiſ ceiliġe Chonċobair. O nár ſcail eaglaiſ oruinn, ní denam an Chomhairle ſin, ar Naiſi, acaſ do ſine Deirdre an laeiḃ ſo ſíos:

Ar, Naiſe! feuċa an nél
Do ċíu ſunna 'ſ an aér!
Do ċuiſa óir Emain uaiṫne
ſuar-nél ſola ſor-ruaiḋe.

Shabaſ bíoḋgaḋ tre 'ſ an nél
Do ċíu ſunna 'ſ an aér;
Samalta re crú ſola,
Ar nél uaṫmar imṫona.

Do

* Called *Ardmacha*, i. e. the *height of Macha*, in latter times.

† This is the very thing that suggested the idea of the address to the moon, to Mr. M'Pherson, as Deirdri's choice

After this lay they came on to Ardsallech,* (the height of Willows,) and then Deirdri said to Naisi, "I see a cloud in the sky,† and it is a cloud "of blood; and I would give you good advice, "O, children of Usnach!" "What advice is "that?" says Naisi. "To go to Dundalgan where "Cuchullan is, 'till Fergus partake of the feast, "and to be under the safe-guard of Cuchullan, "for fear of the treachery of Connor." "Since "fear is not upon us, we will not practise that ad- "vice," says Naisi. And Deirdri raised the strain:

Deirdri. "O, Naisi! view the cloud
"That I here see in the sky!
"I see over Eman green
"A chilling cloud of blood tinged red."

"I have caught alarm from the cloud
"I see here in the sky;
"It is like a gore of blood,
"The cloud terrific—very thin."

choice in the preliminary story suggested the expression of "his hair like the raven's wing."

Do bejnim cómajnle beóc,
Do macajb ájlne Ujnneć;
Jan dol go h-Emann a noćt,
Tré a rsél onajb do guaraćt.

Naćamjd-ne go dun Delgan
Nur a rsél Cú na ccéndća;
Tjucfam a mánać a n-dej,
Nur aén 'r an Chú cómdej.

Al dúbajnt Naefe tré sheinj
Le Déndne gasta gruad-dejnj,
O náć rsl egla ojnne,
Nj dénam an cómajnle.

Do b' annam sjn njam nojne,
Al ua natmar Rúdnajde,
Jan ar m-beit ajr aen scél de,
Nje j tusa, a Naejfe!

Aln

* The Irish File forgot his plan, as it would appear to modern criticism; but in fact the poetic reciter speaks in his own character occasionally, least the audience should forget that he was repeating composition. This is

"I give an advice of wisdom,
"To you, O! darling sons of Usnach;
"Not to go to Eman this night,
"For all the trouble that is on you."

"We will go to Dundalgan,
"Where the hero of arts resides;
"We will come to-morrow from the southward,
"Together with the hero most expert."

Naisi* said, through wrath,
To Deirdri, wise, of blooming countenance,
"Since fear rests not upon us,
"We will not practise the advice."

"Seldom were we ever before,
"Thou accomplished grandson of Rory,
"Without our being of one accord on every
"occasion,
"I and you, O, Naisi!"

"On

is not according to the approved rules of Greek and Latin drama, but it is a peculiar and appropriate usage of the Irish.

Ain lá tug Mananán cuaċ,
Chugamsa go nać nóbuaḋ,
Nj beṫa sa am' aġaiḋ de,
Al déjnm leat, a Naise!

Al haṫle

* Mananan the son of *Lear, the wide-spread extensiveness*, usually written in the genetive case, LIR, the figurative name of the SEA. Mana was the old name of the ISLE of MAN. The character, here mentioned, was a famed CARTHAGINIAN merchant, who made this island his great depot: his real name is obscured in the glare of *enchanted* and *fabulous story* diffused around it, and he is called by the tale writers of old, Mananán, mac Ljr, Sjḋe na ccruac, "the "*man of* MANAN, *the son of the sea, the super-human* "*being of the Headlands.*" Sjṫ Gaiṫe, *is a blast of wind*; but Sjḋe Gaeiṫe *is a super-human or spiritual being of the wind*: this is the original of Mr. M'Pherson's *spirit of the wind.* Sluaġ Sjḋe, *the fairy host*; ben Sjḋe, *a fairy nymph* in old Irish *mythology.* Mac Ljr ón accéjn, or Mac Ljr ṫaimġ accéjn, *is the son of extensiveness from the ocean*, or *the son of extensiveness who came from afar.* Alccéjn, *from afar*, is derived from a, *from*, and cjan, *far*, in *space or time.* This is the *real root* of the Greek Ωκεανος. Our ancestors were much taken with the marvellous, and any thing brought by the *son of the sea* was considered *miraculous.*

† Deirdri's sentiment here alludes to her and Naisi's first acquaintance. Every classical reader will recollect, on reading

" On the day that Mananan* brought the cup
" To me, with powerful property,
" You would not be againſt me then,
" I say unto you, O, Naiſi!"†

After

reading this, Jupiter and Juno's intercourse and converſation on Ida; but in ancient Iriſh compoſitions there is nothing borrowed. Nature is the model, and modeſty is veiled in the garb of enchantment.

The English Verſification, from the literal Tranſlation, by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.

Deirdri. O, Naiſi! hither turn thine eye,
And view yon cloud upon the ſky!—
Direct above Emania green,
A cloud of blood is dreadful ſeen!

The awful ſight my ſoul alarms,—
A certain ſign of pending harms!
The border's of a bloody hue!——
So thin that I can ſee it through!

O, Usnach's ſons! of matchleſs might,
Go not to Eman's walls to-night;—
O let my well-judg'd word prevail!
With reſt, your weary limbs regale.

We'll

Ar h-aiṫle na laeiṫe ſin ġluaiſeḋar ṗómra
go h-Emain Macha. Ar ćlann Uiſniġ, air
Ḋéirdre, a tá cómaṫa agamſa ḋíḃſe, má
tá Conćobar air tí feille do ḋénam oraiḃ.
Cá cómaṫa ſin, ar Naiſe? Má léigṫeir
ſibſi ſan tig a ſeſil Conćobar, acaſ Maṫe
Ulaḋ, ní ſeſil Conćubar air tí feille do
ḋénam oraiḃ, acaſ má 'ſ a tig na Craeḃe-
ruaiḋe cuirfiḋeir ſiḃ, atá ſé air tí feille do
ḋénam oraiḃ go deimin. Ráncatar iar ſin
go h-Emain Macha, acaſ do baineḋar béim
baſcroinn 'ſ an doraſ, acaſ do ſheġaiſ
an

We'll to Dundalgan turn our course,
Where lives the chief of conq'ring force:
When day—from south we'll press the plain,
With great Cuchullan in our train.

Naisi. Then, Naisi said, with angry air,
To Deirdri, wise and Heav'nly fair,
Our souls are not depress'd with fear,—
We'll give to the advice no ear.

Deirdri. Thou fam'd descent from Rory's line,
Ere this, your will was always mine;—
Naisi, before, obey'd my word,—
Before, we were of one accord:

When

After this lay they moved forward to Eman of Macha. "O, children of Usnach!" says Deirdri, "I have a signal for you, if Conor is on design "to commit treachery on you." "What signal "is that?" says Naisi. "If you be let into the "mansion in which are Conor and the nobles of "Ulster, Conor is not on design to commit treach- "ery on you; and if it be to the mansion of the "Red Branch* you shall be sent, he is on design "to commit treachery on you for a certainty. They arrived after this at Eman of Macha, and they struck a loud stroke of the *hand-wood*† at the

When Mananan the goblet brought,
And made me drink the pow'rful draught;—
When Naisi first receiv'd my hand,—
He would not then my will withstand.

* This was the college of ancient honor and valour; an order of knighthood, in Ulster, long before any account of like institution can be traced elsewhere. The sons of Usnach were of this order; but as the king was sovereign, he must have the members with him at any grand entertainment; and an exclusion of these youths, on this occasion, must be to prevent revival of affection with their fellows, and forward the designs of treachery.

† *Hand-wood*, means the rapper.

an dóghreoir mic Uisnigh, agus do shiaghnaigh sia do bí san dorus. Do h-innsedh do gur ab iad mic Uisnigh, agus Deirdre, agus dá mac sheisgus do bí ann. Gomer Conćobar a lucht feisme agus sluaghsluaighe éuige, agus siaghnaigheas díob, cinnus do bí teć na Craebh-ruaidhe sa biadh, no sa díg. Ar dúbhadarsan dá tisgedh seć cead Ulad ann, go sfágdís uile a sáit ann. Ma 's é, ar Conćobar, beirid mic Uisnigh lib innte.

Is ann sin do ráid Deirdre, do b' sheasa ma éomaile sí do dénam sá gan teć go h-Emain, agus gur ba insmeća dóib eisde an tan sin sein. Ní dénam, ar Iollan sinn, ór ní metać ná mílaećać do sinna oruinne riam, agus nać am don Chraebh-ruaidhe. Do gluaiseadar rómpa go teć na Craebhe.

† This shows how cautious Connor was to give offence in the first instance. He pretends, but it was malignant pretence, to be anxious for the commodious reception of the sons of Usnach; but it was only to mature his certain vengeance. The youths themselves, at length, seem

the door. The door-keeper answered the sons of Usnach, and asked who was at the door? It was told him that they were the three sons of Usnach and Deirdri, and the two sons of Fergus, that were there. Conor calls his attendants and servitors unto him, and asks of them how the house of the Red Branch was circumstanced as to food and as to drink? They said, that if the seven battalions of Ulad would come there they would find their full satiety of food and drink. "If so, "then," says Conor, "take the sons of Usnach with you into it."†

Then Deirdri said, "it were better take my "counsel not to come to Eman;" and *added*, that it was meet for them to leave it then itself. "We "will not do so," says Illan the fair, "for it is "not cowardice or unmanliness that has been ever "known of us, and we will go to the Red Branch." They moved on to the house of the Red Branch,

 and

seem to know this, by refusing refreshment; which Naisi, however, affects to conceal or dissipate by playing at chess with his idol. The very grand, dignified and disinterested affection and resolution maintained here, is seldom pictured elsewhere. This is the moral of the story.

Chnaeibe-nuaidhe, acas da cuimedh lucht freastail acas frithcoiltte leo ann: acas do dailedh bliadha saerra, sochaidhe, acas deoca mera, meisceula dóibh, gur bo shúbach somennmnach iad uile, act misc Uisnigh acas Dermoide amhain; oir nir chaithedar mórán bídhe no dighe ó meidh a n-aithri, acas a n-imtheachta ó dún bolgaigh go h-Emain Mhacha.

Ni an fin a dúbairt Naeisi, tabhraidh an chéud chaém cuigeann go n-deachaidh d'imirt. Tuigidh an chéud chaém cuigeadh acas do bádar ag imirt.

Ni an fin d'fiafraigh Conchobar, cia do gebadh d'fhios an maidhm a deilbh nó a dénamh féin air Dhermoide, oir ma maidhm ni fuil 'sa an domun ben ar áille 'ná i?

Nachad fém ann, ar Lebarcham, acas bérad na scéla sin cuigedha, acas is amlaidh do bí sí, ba h-anfa lé Naisi nó nech

* The nobles were not yet brought into Conor's schemes, although he must have been dissemblingly sounding their dispositions. But then he was paramouut sovereign,

and folk of service and attendance were sent thither with them. And generous and alluring viands, and sprightly exhilarating drinks were supplied unto them, until they were all satisfied and cheerful, but the sons of Usnach and Deirdri alone; for they partook not of much food or drink from the greatness of their journey, and of their moving from the mansion of Barach to Eman of Macha.

And then Naisi said, "bring the polished cabinet "unto us that we may go play."—The *polished cabinet*, was brought unto them, and they were playing.

And then Conor asked, "whom should I find," says he, "to know if her own form and shape live "upon Deirdri? for if her own form live upon her, "there is not in the world a woman more beautiful "than she."

"I myself will go there," says Lavarcam, "and "I will bring these tidings unto you."* And so disposed was she, that dearer to her was Naisi than

sovereign, and his will must be obeyed; however, he was soothed until his rage rose to its utmost height. The composer shews a capital knowledge of human nature, in his management, throughout this historic tale.

neé eile 'r an domain, óir ba mine lé dul, air feó an domain d'iarraidh Naoise, agus ag breith féla éuige, agus uaid; táinic Lebarcam roimpe go h-airm a raib Naoise agus Déirdre, agus ar amlaid do fuair iad, agus an ceann caém etarra, agus iad ag imirt uirre, agus do tosnuigh do rógaib go dil agus go déna iad; agus adúbairt, ní maith do éuí fóill, an nídh ar mesa le Conúbar do ruga'd uaid riam, act Déirdre amáin, do beit ag a h-imirt agus san am sa: agus ar d' fhis an mairen a deilb no

* All things belonging to a great personage of old, had a peculiar descriptive name. Conor's armour is specifically named hereafter. Mr. M'Pherson, and his associates of the *faction of imposition*, name the standard of Finn Mac Cumhail, Gile Greine, literally *brilliancy or splendour of sun*, which, however, they translate *sun-beam*. They even affect to bring the expression into their injudicious, unmetrical jargon thus:

Do togamair Gile Greine le crann.

This they translate, "we raised the sun-beam." In this line there are ten syllables, three syllables more than are admissible in any line of our old QUARTANS, which QUARTANS Mr. M'Pherson affects to translate; as they include

than any other person in the world; for it was frequent with her to go abroad to seek Naisi, and to bring tidings unto him, and from him. Lavarcam proceeded forward to the place where Naisi and Deirdri were, and she found them with the *polished cabinet** between them, and they playing upon it; and she gifted them with kisses affectionately and eagerly, and said: "Not well do "you do to have playing upon it at this time, the "thing which Conor thinks worst of having been "taken from him, except Deirdri alone; and it "is to know if her own form and shape live upon "Deirdri,

include determined meanings within every line, *generally;* but within every stanza, *certainly.* There is nothing in English so closely expressive of our regular ode, (in which most of the poems attributed to Oisin are written,) as Gray's "Triumphs of Owen." The above line respecting the standard, runs thus in a *seven syllable quartan* of *correct genuine* IRISH:

Thogsam gal grene le crann.

We raised the SUN-BURST to the staff.

Gal, signifies a *vapour;* also, when with grian, *the sun,* that sort of sun-shine that bursts through the interstices of the clouds, illuminating partial spots in cloudy weather. This gives a fine idea of Finn's bright standard.

no a dénam fein ain Dhéirdre do cuireð mire ann so, acas as truaġ liomsa an ġnim do déntar a noćt an Emain, ſdon fell acas ſingal do ðénam innte, ſdon trí coinnle ġairġeð na n-Gaedal do ćur ćum báis, acas ní biaſð Emain níſ feirr go bruiſinne an bráća, acas do ſine an laeſð go truaġ tuirſeaċ:

Truaġ nem' ćroſde an mebaſl,
Déntar a noćt an Emain,
O 'n mebaſl meblaċ amaċ,
bud bí an Emain ſrġalaċ.

Trian as uaſle a nu so nim,
'S as feirr dáil dádaſl talmuin,
Doiſġe liomsa a noćt mur tá,
Al truiſim a loćt aen inná.

Naeſe acas Alinle go m-blaſð,
Alcas Alpdán a m-bráćain,

fell

* This alludes to the fact in history of the destruction of Eman, in consequence of the death of the sons of Usnach.

"Deirdri, that I have been sent here; and sor-
"rowful to me is the deed that is to be done
"this night in Eman, that is, that treachery and
"assassination shall be perpetrated in it; that is,
"that the three luminaries of valour, of the Gaels,
"will be put to death, and Eman will not be
"better to the brink of eternity."* And she raised the sorrowfully-lamentable strain:

"Sorrowful to my heart, the treachery
"That is perpetrated this night in Eman;
"From the treachery, deceitful forth,
"It will be the Eman contentious."

"Three the most noble, this day, under
"Heaven,
"And the most excellent of all *for whom the*
"*earth hath yielded;*
"Grievous to me this night is
"Their fall for the indiscretion of any woman."

"Naisi and Ainle renowned,
"And Ardan their brother;
"Treachery

Usnach. It is the poet's prophecy after the fact, neatly and judiciously introduced.

Fell ajr an dreim n-dreć-ġloin nuaḋ,
Noća lomra nać lán truaġ.

Al h-aiṫle na laeiḋe rin, a dúbairt Lebarćam re macaib Uirnġ acar re clonn Fhergus Doirri acar Fuinneóga tíġe na craeibe ruaiḋe do. Druideaḋ go maiṫ, acar calmaćt, acar cróḋaćt do ḋénam; acar, a ćlann Fhergus, cormaiġ bur ccumairce go ferrda go tíġ Fergus: acar beirriḋ buaḋ, acar bennaćtain dá ćinn; acar do ćaeb fraisa díana dér, acar táinic réimpi mur a raib Conćúbar, acar d'fhiarfaig Conćúbar scéla Dhéirdre dí, ar ann rin a dúbairt Lebarćam atáid scéla maiṫe, acar droć scéla agam duit, créd na scéla rin, ar Conćúbar? Al tá, ar sí, trí mic Uirnġ

The English Versification, from the literal Translation, by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.

Treach'ry gives the deadly blow
To night, and fills my soul with woe!
For which dire act, it is decreed,
That Eman will in future bleed.

The

"Treachery on this bright-visaged youthful
"group,
"It is not to me, that it is not, plenitude of
"sorrow."

After this lay, Levarcam desired the sons of Usnach and the children of Fergus to close well the doors and windo-s of the house of the Red Branch, and to exert valour and resolution; "and "children of Fergus," said she, "defend your "charge manfully until Fergus come, and thence "derive success and blessing." And she much-affected, shed quick-trickling showers of tears, and came on where Conor was; and Conor asked of her the tidings of Deirdri? And then Levarcam said, "I have good tidings and bad tidings "for you." What tiding is that? said Conor.

 "It

The noblest three beneath the sky,
Nor braver earth sustain'd—must die!
By one rash woman's heedless thought,
Alas! to quick destruction brought.

Naiis, Ainli—Ardan's might,
Three youthful chiefs, renown'd in fight!
Their blood, to-night, in Eman flows,
And whelms me in a tide of woes!

Uisneach do theacht chuigadsa an fud, sdon, an tsiar as ferrda, acas as crodha, acas as fert delb acas dénam, smoll acas eccosc 's an doman, acas fos biasd eisde agaibsi festa, ó tasd mic Uisneach lib; acas as iad scela as mesa agam, sdon, an ben do b' fherr delb acas dénam, cruth acas eccosc do mnaib an domain ag imtheacht ó Emain di, gan a cruth nó a delb féin uirrthe.

Nar do chuala Conchubar sin, do chaid mórán dá éud ass cúl, acas do bi ag ól acas ag aisnes tréimsi shada, no gur smuain ass Dhéirdre an dara feacht. Dá ém sin go h-aithgerr d'fiafraigh Conchúbar, cia do gebuinn do bérad sceladh Dhéirdre chugam? acas ni fuair aen duine do racad ann; do rad Conchubar le Trendorn, an fer-

* The *pia fraus*, i.e. *the honest art* of Levarcam here practised on royal Conor, now old and versed in life, though having a temporary, ought not to be supposed capable of having a permanent effect, particularly on the most artful, learned, and experienced man of his time; now fired by disappointed lust, and therefore the most furious jealousy. The melancholy effects of such sentiments and principles are disastrous for ages.

"It is," said she, "that the three sons of Usnath "have come to you there; namely, three the most "manful and valiant, and possessed of the most "excellent visage and shape, energy and form in "the world; and, moreover, you will henceforth "sway Eirin, as the sons of Usnach are with you.* "And they are the worst tidings I have, namely, "that the woman of the most excellent visage "and shape, at her departure from Eman, is "bereft of her own colour and countenance."

When Conor heard this, much of his jealousy abated, and he continued to indulge in feasting† and enjoyment along while, until he thought of Deirdri a second time. Shortly after this, Conor asked, "whom would I find to bring the tidings of "Deirdri to me?" And he found not an individual that would go thither.‡ Conor said unto Trendorn

† ol, literally, signifies DRINKING, but is often set down for the miscellaneous enjoyment of a feast.

‡ His wrath was expected to be exhausted by delay and dissipation, and the children of Usnach had all his court well affected towards them. But against a tyrant's mandate, nothing will prevail in favour of honesty.

ꝛꝛe͛ɔaꝛ cꝛa ɔo ṁaꝛḃ ċ-aċaꝛ, acaꝛ ɔo ċꝛꝛaꝛ ɔeꝛḃꝛáċaꝛ? Al cá'a ꝛ'ꝛꝛ ꝛꝛn agamꝛa, aꝛ Cꝛe͛nɔoꝛn, gun ab é Naeꝛꝛ mac Uꝛꝛnꝛ ɔo ṁaꝛḃ ꝛaɔ. Gꝛá ꝛ' é ɔ, aꝛ Conċubaꝛ, gluaꝛ ꝛóṁaɔ ɔ' ꝛꝛꝛ an maꝛꝛꝛonn a ɔeꝛlḃ ꝛe͛n aꝛꝛ Dhe͛ꝛꝛɔne; ónꝛ má ṁaꝛꝛꝛonn, nꝛ ꝛꝛꝛl aꝛꝛ ɔꝛuꝛm ɔoṁaꝛn, ná aꝛꝛ cuꝛn talmain ben aꝛ áꝛlle 'ná ꝛ.

Do gluaꝛ Cꝛe͛nɔoꝛn go teċ na cꝛaeḃe ꝛuaɔe, acaꝛ ꝛuaꝛꝛ ɔóꝛꝛꝛ acaꝛ ꝛuꝛnneóꝛga na bꝛuꝛgne ꝛaꝛ na n-ɔúnaɔ, acaꝛ ꝛó gaḃ egla acaꝛ uaṁaꝛn móꝛ é, acaꝛ aꝛ é ɔ ꝛó ꝛáɔ: nꝛ conaꝛꝛ ċóꝛꝛ ɔ' aen neċ mꝛc Uꝛꝛnꝛ ɔ' ꝛnnꝛaɔ, ónꝛ meꝛꝛuꝛm go ꝛꝛꝛl ꝛeꝛg ċo h-ꝛmaꝛcaċ oꝛꝛꝛa, acaꝛ ɔá é ꝛꝛn ꝛuaꝛꝛ ꝛuꝛnneóg

* The historic tract subjoined, will tell a different story, but STORY and TALE are very different. The means of exciting enmity here, is like that of the moderns; treacherous private incitement of enmity. If the sons of Usnach, (in battle,) might have taken off the father and sons of Trendorn, that should not, or could not be a cause of enmity; except that any cause of injury will be remembered for ages. They may think it right to take vengeance for the loss of a parent in infancy, that subjected their growth to slavery.

Trendorn,* "knowest thou who slew thy father "and thy three brothers?" "The knowledge of "that I possess," said Trendorn, "that it is "Naisi, the son of Usnach, who slew them." "Therefore," said Conor, "go thy way to know "if her own countenance live upon Deirdri? for "if her own visage live upon her, there is not on "the ridge of the world, or on the extent of the "earth, a woman that is more handsome than "she."

Trendorn went to the house of the Red Branch, and found the doors and windows of the mansion shut, and great fear and terrour seized upon him; and thus he said: "It is not a proper path for any "individual to approach the sons of Usnach, for "I judge that wrath is abundantly upon them."† And after that he found a window that was left open

† All the *underlings* of a tyrant know either wholly or in part his determination. This underling seems to speak from knowledge. He appears a nasty tool of mean determinate cruelty. A spy of the meanest kind, that would not encounter any thing but distant danger; while honour is incapable of being corrupted, and would refuse no danger.

ꝛuiṁneóꝺ ꝺo ꝛáꝺḃaꝺ oꝛluiꝛcce a n-ꝺeaꝛṁaꝺ aiꝛ an m-ḃꝛuiꝺḟiṁ, acaꝛ ꝺo ḃí aꝺ á n-aṁaꝛc aꝛceć, acaꝛ ꝺo ꝛheúċ Ꝺéiṁꝺe aiꝛ, ꝛiéꝛ an ꝛꝛuiṁneóiꝺ, acaꝛ ꝺo ṁiṁ Ꝺéiṁꝺe ꝺo Naeiꝺe ḟo ꝛꝛaca aen óḟlaċ aꝺ aṁaꝛc oꝛṁċaiḃ ꝛiéꝛ an ꝛꝛuiṁneóiꝺ; acaꝛ ꝛ ꝺṁlaiꝺ ꝺo ḃí Naeiꝺe an ꝺan ꝛiṁ, acaꝛ ꝛeꝛ-ꝛóṁṁe ꝺ' ꝛhuiṁṁiṁ na ꝛꝛéiḟle ann .ą laiṁ, acaꝛ ꝺuꝺ uṁċaꝛ áḋṁaꝛ, ḟan ċaiṁe, ḟan claeiṁ aiꝛ ꝛúiꝛl an óḟlaiċ, ḟuꝛ ċuiꝛ an ꝺ-ꝛúiꝛl ꝺaꝛ a ċloiḟenn amaċ. Ꝺo luiꝺ an ꝺ-óḟlaċ muꝛ a naiḃ Conċúḃaꝛ, acaꝛ ꝺo ṁiṁ ꝛcéla ó ċéiꝛ ḟo ꝺeiṁeꝺ ꝺo.

ꝳiꝛ ꝛíꝛ ꝛiṁ, aꝛ Conċúḃaꝛ, ḃa ꝛíḟ aiꝛ an ꝺoṁan ꝛeꝛ an uṁċaiꝛ ꝛiṁ, muna ꝛꝛiꝛl ꝛaeḟal ḟaiꝛꝺ aiꝺḟ. Cꝛéꝺ í an ꝺeiḃ a ꝺá aiꝛ Ꝺhéiṁꝺe? aiꝛ Conċúḃaꝛ. ꝳi ꝺá, aꝛ Cꝛeṁꝺoꝛn naċ ꝛꝛiꝛl ? ꝛ an ꝺoṁan ḃen aꝛ ꝛeꝛꝛ ꝺeiḋḃ, acaꝛ ꝺénaṁ ?ná í. ꝳaꝛ ꝺo

ċuala

* Conor was a sovereign of much power and great genius, and was therefore jealous, doubly *jealous* of the heroic informed youths, the sons of Usnach. Conor Mac Nessa was the best informed of ancient Irish princes, Cormac Mac Art only excepted. But the latter lived centuries after the former.

open through forgetfulness on the mansion, and he was viewing them inwards; and Deirdri looked at him through the window; and Deirdri told unto Naisi, that she saw some fellow viewing them through the window; and so was Naisi at that time, and a man of the set of the chess with him in his hand, and he made a fortunate throw, without curve or aberration thereof, at the eye of the fellow; so that he drove his eye out of his head. The fellow went whither Conor was, and detailed the tidings from beginning to end unto him.

"True it is," said Conor, "the man of "that throw would be king of the world," if he "have not short life." What visage is upon Deirdri? said Conor. "It is," says Trendorn, "that "there is not in the world a woman possessed of "superior visage and form than she."† As Conor heard

† The drift here is evidently that Conor suspected the affectionate sincerity of Levarcam, with justice indeed; and then he employs a man of known meanness at his court. Tyranny never willingly employs any thing else than willing meanness. It may be objected that jealousy is madness.

ċuala Conċúbar ſin ro líon d' éd, acaſ d'ſhormod, acaſ d'ſhógaiſ do na ſlógaiḃ dol d'innſaiḋ na bruiġne ann a raiḃ clann Uiſniġ. Tancatar ſómpa go teaċ na Craeiḃe-ruaiḋe, acaſ do léiġeḋar trí gárṫa mór-aiḋble aſta 'na timéill, acaſ do ċuireḋar teinne acaſ ruaḋ-laiſraċa iontu. Nar do ċualaḋ mic Uiſniġ na gárṫa ſin, dſhiaſraiġeḋar cia bí ſá 'n ccraeb ruaiḋ? Conċúbar acaſ Ulaḋ, ar cáċ go coiṫċenn. Ní coſnuiſ gur ab í cumaiſce ſheirgiſ do b' áil lib do briſeḋ, ar Iollann ſinn. Briaṫar daṁſa, ar Conċúbar, buḋ haiṫreaċ do ċloinn Uiſniġ mo ben ſa do beiṫ aca. Ní ſín ſin, ar Deirdre, do ſhell ſeirgiſ oraiḃ. Dar mo ċubaiſ, ar buinne borb ruaḋ, ma ſhell ní ſhellaimne. Ní an ſin táinc buinne

borb

* This passage conveys a powerful idea of the reliance of old on *plighted faith*; but Conor acting under the influence of jealousy, had no regard to the common ties of the manners of the day. "*Conor* and *Ulster*," will be easily understood to mean Conor at the head of the force of *Ulster*, of which he was sovereign. The honourable feeling, as well as the practice

heard this, he filled of jealousy and envy, and he proclaimed unto the troops to go to assault the mansion in which were the children of Usnach. They came forward to the house of the Red Branch, and they sent forth three great dreadful shouts around it; and they set fires and red flames unto it. As the sons of Usnach heard these shouts, they asked who were about the Red Branch? "Conor "and Ulster;" say all around. "It is like that it "is Fergus's guaranty you mean to break," said Illan the fair.* "By my troth," said Conor, "it "will be subject of regret to the children of "Usnach to have my wife." "True it is," said Deirdri, "Fergus has acted traitorously towards "you." "By my troth," said Buini the ruthless red, "if he hath been treacherous, we will not be "treacherous." And then Buini the ruthless red

 came

practice of the time, was so much in aversion, as it should ever be, to treachery, that the men here in danger shew heroism. Female quickness of apprehension and sensibility are highly exemplified in Deirdri; but its extravagance is pictured in accusing Fergus of treachery. Fergus's heroic honour could not abide the idea of treachery, and dearly did he make Ulster pay for the breach of his guaranty. It produced a war that ended not but with the destruction of its capital, Eman, and its power.

borb ruaḋ amaċ, acaf do marb trí ċaeca curaḋ amuiġ, acaf do ċuir buaiḋreḋ mór air na fluġaiḃ. Do fhiafraiġ Conċubar cia do rinne an eforgam mór fin air na fluġaiḃ? Mise buinne borb ruaḋ mac Feargusa, ar fé. Cúma uaimi ḋuit, ar Conċúbar; cá cúma fin? ar buinne borb ruaḋ. Tri ċa-céḋ d'fheraiḃ, ar Conċúbar, créḋ aile ar buinne borb ruaḋ? Mo ċogar acaf mo ċómaile, ar Conċubar. Gebaḋa fin, ar buinne borb ruaḋ. Do rinneḋ fliaḃ mór don tri ċa-céḋ fin na cúma an aiḋċe fin féin, acaf de do gortaiḋ Sliaḃ dá-bhuinne, d'á n-gairtear fliaḃ fuaḋ an tan fo. Od' éuala Déirdre an cómraḋ fin, af briaḋar ḋamfa, ar fi, do ċréig buinne borb ruaḋ fiḃ, acaf dom ḋóiġ af aċra-muil an mac é. Dar go deimin, ar Illann finn ni h-éḋ fin dam féin, an feḋ marr-

feaf

* In this and the like descriptions, it must be recollected that leading youths, of this age, had a powerful retinue of military adherents attached to them as to their lives.

† It is remarkable that the inducement of riches without the adjunct of power was not deemed sufficient

came forth, and slew thrice fifty men* of might abroad, and he put great confusion on the troops. Conor asked who made that great havock of the troops? "I am he, Buini the ruthless red, son "of Fergus," said he. "A bribe, from me to "you," said Conor. "What is that bribe?" said Buini the ruthless red. "A district of land," said Conor. "What else?" said Buini the ruth-"less red. "My privacy and counsel,"† said Conor. "I will accept that," said Buini the ruthless red. That district of the bribe was made a great moor that very night; and it used to be called the moor of the race of Buini, which is called the mountain of Foad at this day. When Deirdri heard this conversation, "by my troth," said she, "Buini the "ruthless red hath forsaken you; and, as I think, "he is a father-like son." "By all that is certain," says Illan the fair, "that is not my own case; "while

ficient inducement to make Buno a traitor to his trust. The hate of treachery is marked with a miracle by the poet. In some copies I find Sliab da bhuine, *the moor of double Buno*, for Sliab dal bhuine, *the moor of the race of Buno*, as in the text.

ɾɛɾ an clodɔeiṁ caeil, dʒneć ɾo ann mo lájṁ, ńj ṫɾéigɣɛaɔ clann Uɣmóg.

Slɣ a h-aiṫle ɾʃn ṫánic Jollan fʃnn amać, acaɾ ṫuc ṫɾí luaṫćuaiɔa ɪ ɔʒmćell na bɾuiġne, gur maiɔ ṫɾí ćéɔ laeć amuiġ*, acaɾ ṫánic aiṫeć muɾ a naiɔ Naiṫe, acaɾ é ag ɪmɪɾṫ na ɾʃéiṫe, acaɾ Slɣnle muɾ aen fɾɣ. Ṫéiɔ Jollann amać an ɔaɾa ɾeć, acaɾ ṫuc ṫɾí luaṫ-ćuaiṫa eile um an mbɾuiġɪn, acaɾ ɲuc Iócɾann aiɾ laɾaɔ leɣ aiɾ an ɾɣaiṫće, acaɾ ɔo ġaɔ ag ɾloɾɔeɔ na ɾlóġ, acaɾ níɾ' láṁɾat ɲa ɾlóġ ṫeć ɔ' ɪmɾaiɔe na bɾuiġne; acaɾ ɾo buɔ maiṫ an mac ɾʃn Jollann fʃnn, óɾ níɾ' éɾ ueć aiɾ ɔɾuim, ɔamuiɾ ɾíaṁ ɣá ńj ṫá

ṁ-beiṫ

* Meaning, while I live and am able to hold it; and well and faithfully did he perform his promise.

† This seeming apathy appears, at first view, extravagant fiction; but we must look a little into the minds of the ancients before we condemn this relation. Chess is a military game, and engages the mental faculties like mathematical science. What amusement, then, fitter for the contemplation of a hero in the midst of danger,

"while liveth* this small, straight sword in my hand,
"I will not forsake the children of Usnach."

After this came Iollan the fair forth, and he made three quick circuits round the mansion, so that he slew three hundred men of might abroad; and he came in where was Naisi playing at the chess,† and Ainli together with him. Iollan goes out the second time, and made three quick circuits round the mansion, and took a lighted torch with him on the lawn, and he began cutting down the troops, and the troops dared not come to attack the mansion. A generous youth was this Illan the fair; for he refused not a person on the ridge of the world for any thing he might possess, and

danger, confident of the capacity and exertion of his friend? He was besides in a fortress, with sufficient force, as he thought, to defend it until day, when the affections of all the great of Ulster, he was sure, would come to his aid. But the deed of the attack was that of darkness, and the deeds of darkness generally best succeed, unfortunately for the world, while those of day and light are often defeated. This is the contemplation of the ancient poet; and he makes his hero appear contemplatively careless, relying on courage, virtue, and affection.

mbeiṫ aiġe, agus nír' ġab tuarastal ó aen duine riam acṫ ó Fheargus.

Ar ann sin a dúbairt Conćúbar, cá háit a fuil mo mac féin, Fiaćra finn? atáim sunna, a áird ghlaiṫ, ar Fiaćra. Dar mo bhriaṫar, ar sé, as an aen aiṫġeṫ fuġaiṫ tú féin agus Iollann, agus ós iad ainm aṫar a tá aiġeṫan, beiriṫ m' ainm-si leat, Goll, an Aicéin, agus an Coṫġnaṫ, agus an Foġ, agus an colg glas, Goll, mo sciaṫ agus mo dá sleig, agus mo ćlaiḋeam mór, agus Dermaiḋ calmaćt agus crúdaćt mór leo.

Do ćóimiḋ Fiaćra a comp ri na h-armaiḃ seunta, sonnaiseća sin Conćubair, agus do innsaiġ Iollan finn, agus do rinnedar cómnac seiġ, sultseć, sormata, neitmur, naimdamuil, tenn, trénbolg, tinne-snaćt re ceile: acṫ

* In ancient times to receive wages made any person pass as a hireling, and the praise here bestowed is that Illan would yield to no man but his father; a high character. "The ridge of the world" is an expression peculiar in our language.

† These are the significant names of Conor's arms: "*The Blue-green Blade*," Mr. M'Pherson retains. Its being an appropriately descriptive name of a sword was sufficient

and he received not wages* from any one man ever but from Fergus.

And then it was that Conor said, "where is "my own son Fiacara the fair?" "I am here, "my sovereign," says Fiacara. "By my troth," says he, "it was on the same night that thou thy- "self and Iollan the fair were born; and as they "are his father's arms he hath, take thou my arms "with you, namely, the Ocean, the Victorious, and "the Cast, and the Blue-green Blade; that is, "my shield and my two javelins, and my broad "sword,† and exert great resolution and valour "with them."

Fiacra arrayed his frame in those prosperous gorgeous arms of Conor, and he attacked Iollan the fair; and they made warlike, bloody, desperate, forceful, inimical, stout, mighty-violent, wreckless fight with each other.‡ But so it is that Illan the fair

sufficient to attract the notice of his taste; the other names, as he thought, would encumber his diction. *Ocean* is a very appropriate name for a shield in the peculiar language in which alone the word OCEAN is derivable.

‡ The reader is left to judge of this description of fighting. The father of poetry has introduced single combat in the presence of contending hosts.

Do ṡmuig Conall as a h-aiṫle, acas do gab a arm acas a briot ime, acas tainic rosiu mur a raib Conćubar a n-Emain Macha, acas fuair an comrac air an sraiṫeo, acas sacra mac Conćubair dia claesiod go mor ag Iollann Finn, acas nir' leanrat Rig Ulad, no aen duine d' Ulltaib an droarsan, act tainic Conall do leiṫ a cul air Iollann Fhinn acas fairis an coiṁg glas tre na gnosde. Cia do gnin me do leiṫ mo cul, ar Iollann Finn, acas ge b' e do rinne, dar mo lasin goile do gebad se comrac do leiṫ m'aiged uaime. Cia tusa sein, ar Conall? mise Iollann Finn mac Sheirgusa, acas an tusa Conall? Is me, ar Conall. Is mor an gnim do rinne, ar Iollann, acas mic Uisnig air mo cumairce. An sin sin, ar Conall? Is sin go deimin, ar Iollann. Dar mo lasin goile, ar Conall, ni beurad Conćubar a mac sein 'n a beta uaime a n-digal

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tigating the mental wandering of poetic fiction. The historic fact itself is not told without the habiliment of poetry. The ancients never told a story without an endeavour to give it glow enough to warm the reader's mind and imagination.

Conall arose after this, and he took his arms and armour on him, and he came on to where Conor was in Eman of Macha, and he found the fight on the lawn, and Fiachra, the son of Conor, greatly exhausted by Illan the fair; and the king of Ulad, or any of the Ulonians dared not interfere between them; but Conall came behind Illan the fair, and he thrust the blue-green blade through the region of his heart. "Who hath pierced me "at my back?" says Illan the fair, "and whoever did it, by my hand of valour he would "have got battle opposite my face from me, although he hath pierced me at my back." "Who "art thou thyself?" says Conall. "I am Illan "Fin,* son of Fergus; and art thou Conall?" "It is I," says Conall. "Great (*dreadful*) is "the deed thou hast done," says Illan, "and "the sons of Usnach under my protection." "Is "that true?" says Conall. "It is true indeed," says Illan. "By my hand of valour," says Conall, "Conor shall not bear his son alive from me in "vengeance

* How ridiculous it would be to translate this ILLAN FINGAL, instead of Illan the fair; yet an adherent of the *Macphersonian* system would have the hardihood so to render it.

n-oiġaḃ an ġnímha ſin, acaſ nír ſin tuc béim cliaſdm d' fliġeċa, ġur baṁ a ċonn tè. Fáġbaſ Conall mur ſin ſeo. Táṁic tainnéla baſ áṁ Iollann ſíos ann ſin, acaſ do ċeilg a aiṁſin ſin m-breiṫeṁ, acaſ a dúḃaiṁe ne Naeiṁe calmaċt do ḋénaṁ, acaſ éġaſ aſ a haiṫle.

Ailiṁ ann ſin ċánacatar Ulltaḃ i ṫeiṁċill na bruiġne, acaſ do cuiṁdaiſ teiṁte acaſ teinnéala imṁi. Táṁic Airdan mac ann ſin, acaſ ní múċ na teiṁte acaſ do maiḃ trí ċéḋ amuiċ, acaſ ċuaiḋ Ailiṁ le mac an triaṁ aiſle d'a aſdúiṫe, acaſ do maiḃ ſé ċéḋ amuiċ, acaſ tuc ſloiḋeḋ acaſ ár cuiraḋ orra.

Táṁic Naeiſe mac an triaṁ déġnaiṫ don aſdúiṫe acaſ do ċuir na ſlóġ uile ó 'n m-bruiġin, acaſ do maiḃ dá ċéḋ amuiċ. Ailiṁ ann ſin do ġnéſaiḋ Conċúbaiṙ Ulltaiḃ acaſ tucatar caiṫ na maſóne ḋ'á ċéile, acaſ do ſnaeṁaḋ an caiṫ aiṁ Ulltaċaiḃ, acaſ nó go n-aiṁſiṁcaiṙ ġaiṁiṁ maiṫa no duille feḋa, no ḋiúṫ foṁ ſhéiṁ, no neulta ṁine, ní héiḋin ſíṁ no áiṙeṁ a naiḃ do ċennaiḃ cuiraḋ, acaſ miſiḋ, acaſ do meiġḃ

maelḋeiṙġa

"vengeance for that deed:" and with that he gave a blow of a sword to Fiacra, so that he took his head off him. Thus Conall left them. The weak shades of death then came upon Illan the fair, and he threw his arms into the mansion, and said unto Naisi, to exert resolution, and expired at once.

And now the Ultonians came around the mansion, and set fires and faggots to it. Then came forth Ardan and put out the fires, and slew three hundred abroad; and Ainli went forth the other third of the night, and slew six hundred abroad, and cut down and slew their men of might.

Naisi came forth the last third of the night, and he drove all the troops from the mansion, and he slew two hundred abroad. And then Conor set on the Ultonians, and they gave the battle of the morning to each other, and the battle was carried from the Ultonians; and until are counted sand of sea, or foliage of woods, or dew on grass, or stars of Heaven, it is impossible to reckon or enumerate what were of heads of heroes and men of might, and of trunks, red-bare from the hands

of

mac Liomain, ag seilg air an laoch sin. Tainic sé 'n uisge sin. Slig an sin do eirigh Deirdre, agus a dubhairt risin, nach mo bám, ag fuagbhail an tsuaigh sin do sinneadh léi, acht dénadh calmacht agus beodhacht duit dhéis, agus ag olc an cómaile do sinnebair, taobhadh le Concubar go brách, agus is truag náchar gabhadhar mo chomaile sein roime-sin!

Imtusa mac n-Uisnigh do sinneadar daingean maise dá sheasamh, agus do cuiredar corna a seasamh i tteimheal Dheirdre eturra, agus tucadar trí leim co hAtlaim, éanaigh dar múnadh ó Emain amach, agus do marbhadar trí céd fer don fuachar sin.

Nar do cómaing Conchubar sin do chiadh co Cathbadh draoi, agus a dubairt sesse, imdhe a Cathbadh go inis Uisnigh, agus insa draoidheacht onna; ár muna dtiocfaidh sad

milleadh

* The poetic *hyperbole* is left to the reader to determine on it as his own taste and judgment may direct: our business is to give a fair translation of our original.

of Naisi, then on the place of action.* He came into the mansion after this. And now Deirdri arose and said unto them: "By my troth, prosperous "is this movement just made by you; and exert "fortitude and vigor henceforward, and bad is the "resolve you have made, to trust in Conor to "eternity; and sad that you did not take my coun-"sel heretofore."†

As to what regards the sons of Usnach, they made a firm phalanx of their shields, and put the links of their shields around Deirdri between them, and they gave three bounds actively, as birds, over the walls of Eman outwards, and slew three hundred as they went along on this rushing.

As Conor saw this, he went to Cathbad the Druid, and said untō him: "Go Cathbad," says he, "unto the sons of Usnach and play *enchant-*"*ment*‡ upon them; for if they be not restrained "they

† The influence of beauty on gallantry and valour is constantly exhibited throughout this tale.

‡ Literally *druidism*. This was the poetic machinery of our ancient poets; for the reader is not to forget that it is a *tale* poetically embellished, though founded

millyso Ulltaig go brath, mad imigid uatha d'an-aindeoin; acas do beirim-si mo briathar fion-laeich nach egail dáib mise, act go rabadh dom réir. Do aentaig Cathbadh sin dó, ars na fhilidhibh, acas do fuaid a ecem a eólas, acas a fiadhna, do fogh fhoinne Usnigh, gur imin druidecht orra; fóon, muir thétaighthe do fuir 'n a tromfeith, masile re tonnaibh truaimhfeitha, ir nus gur ab amlaidh do bí mic Usnigh ag snám ann súd na talmhan ag imtecht ó Emain dáib; gidheadh nir lámhsat Uladh iad do inn, ajdh no gur thuitsat a n-airm as a lámhaibh; acas iar tteitim na n-arm uatha, do gabadh mic Usnigh, acas a h-aithle a n-gabála, do iarr Conchubar ars fhlannaibh Duisgecht a marbadh. Ni dúbairt clanna Duisgecht nach dénodh sin.

Do

founded on fact. *Cathbad* or *Caffa* was a Druid, and the maternal grandfather of the sons of Usnach. No wonder he should not be willing to practise his art on them without assurance of their safety; but the enraged Conor was not to be restrained from vengeance for the loss of his intended bride, by any plighted promises.

* Perhaps this means intrinsically no more than Caffa's power of persuasion and parental influence over the sons of Usnach to make them submit.

"they will destroy the Ultonians for ever, should "they escape in spight of them; and I pledge "my solemn asseveration of a true hero that I "will be no danger to them, provided they be "of my accord." Cathbad believing him, consented to this; and he had recourse to his intelligence and art to restrain the children of Usnach, so that he laid them under enchantment; that is, by putting around them a viscid sea of whelming waves;* so that the sons of Usnach were as if swimming along the ground as they were departing from Eman; however, the Ultonians dared not approach them until their arms fell from their hands; and after their arms fell from them, the sons of Usnach were taken, and Conor commanded their being put to death; and the Ultonians consented not to do this, for there was not a person among the Ultonians without having wages from Naisi.† And then Conor said to the sons of Duthrecht, to put them to death; and the sons of Duthrecht said they would not do so. Conor had

† All the Ulster troops must then be his acknowledged vassals. The sons of Duthrecht are here said to have refused to execute the sons of Usnach, notwithstanding that in the historic account, Owen, the son of Duthrecht, is stated to be their assassin.

Do bí óglác ag Conćobar dár bud comaisnim Máine Lámgairb, mac Rígh Fionn Loćlan, acas a sé Naoise do marbh a athair acas a dias derbhráthar; Ailiać acas Trisatha a n-anmanna, acas a dúbairt go mustheadh sé séisin misc Uisnigh. Má 'r é'd, ar Ardán, marbćar mise air tús ó is mé is óige dona bráithribh, ćum nać sgaoisinn mo bráithre, dá marbad. Ná marbćar, ácht mise ar Ailinle. Ná déntar amlaidh sin, ar Naoise, óir a tá clostém agam-sa duc Manannán mac Lir dam, acas ní sheabhann suighel buille no béime, acas buailtear sinn ár tri sur de, acas mustheidćar sinn a ccé-dóis.

Ala fir sin, ar cách, acas sintar lib búr ceann, acas búr m-bráighde, ar siad. Do fineadar annsin a m-bráighde saera, seagaine, sitamla, acas duc Máine luaidhéim, ćalma clostóim air an ceap, an aenscéal dóib, acas do baineadh na trí cinn díob d'aen-béim, acas do léigdar sin Ulad trí trom-

* This affecting scene could not pass through the hands of an Irish poet without a mixture of the marvellous.

a fellow whose name was Maini Rough-Hand, son of the king of Norway, and it was Naisi that slew his father and his two brothers, Athach and Triatha were their names; and he said that he himself would kill the sons of Usnach. "If so," says Ardan, "let me be killed first, since I am "the youngest of the brothers, in order that I "may not see my brothers killing." "Let him "not be killed, but me," says Ainli. "Let it "not be done so," says Naisi, "for I have a "sword which Mananan the son of Lear* gave me, "and it leaves not remains of stroke or blow, and "let us three be struck together with it, and we "will be killed at once."

"True it is," says every one, "and stretched "by you be your heads and necks," say they. They then stretched their noble, stately, polished necks on the block at once, and then Maini dealt them a quick, forceful blow of the sword, and took the three heads off them at a stroke. And the men of Ulad then sent forth three heavy

*vellous. A sword of supernatural power only could do the murderous deed.

tromgánta cúmaid acaf caéjnte óf ard umpa ann fin.

Imtuſa Déirdre nó caeſd go truag, tuirſeć acaf no tanſaing a foſt acaf a finnfad, acaf do bí ag tećt air ćloinn Uiſnig, acaf air Albain, acaf do finne an laſd:

Sóraſd foſſ go h-Alban uaim,
Maſt ſadairc a cuan fa glenn;
Mur mbíoſd mic Uiſnig ag feilg,
Aeſdinn* fuigſe óf leing a benn.

Lá dá naſd maſte Alban ag ól,
'S mć Uiſnig dag doſſ cſn,
D'ingin Jarla dúna tſeoſn,
Do ćuć Naeiſe fos gan fiſn.

Do ćuſn cuſce eſſo daće,
Alg allaſd, ſ laeg ſe a doſſ,
Ir do gab ſe cuſce ain cuaiſne
Alg fillad ó ſluag Inber noſ.

Mar

* Deirdri is never tired of praising Alba from the security she, and the sons of Usnach, are stated to have enjoyed there in their flight from Eirin.

heavy shouts of sorrow and lamentation for them.

As to Deirdri, she cried sorrowfully and lamentably, and she tore her loose hair and dishevelled tresses; and she was repeating tales of the children of Usnach and of Alba,* and she raised the strain:

"Farewel east to Alba from me;
"Delightful the sight of her harbours and vales;
"Where the sons of Usnach pursued the chase;
"Delightful to sit o'er the prospects of her
"cliffs."

"On a day that the nobles of Alba were
"feasting,
"And the sons of Usnach, deserving of love;
"To the daughter of the lord of Duntrone,
"Naisi gave a kiss unknown."

"He sent her a frisking doe,
"A hind of the forest, and a fawn at its foot;
"And he passed to her on a visit,
"On his return from the host of Inverness."

"Upon

Mar do ċualaḋ mise sin,
Ljnas mo ċinn lán don éd,
Chuirios mo ċuiṁḋán air tuinn,
'S ba ċuma liom báṫ no éṫ.

Lonadar mise ain a tsuáin,
Ailmle ir Alpdán narṁċum brés;
Do shilleadar me a steaċ,
Dir do ċuingeaḋ eaṫ ain ċéd.

Do ṫuc Naeise briaṫar go fesin;
Ir do luiṫ so ṫri' sheiṁeaḋ arm,
Naċ ccuingeaḋ oṁ-sa gruaim,
Go tteiṫ uaim ain sluaṫ na marḃ.

Uċ! dá ccluinead sibh a noċt,
Naeise beiṫ sas briaṫ a ccrí,
Do ġuilsead sí go beaċt,
'S do ġuilsinn-sa so seċt le.

Ca hinnsinn ein aṫam sein,
Ain cnoċ Alban so neiṫ nód.

Sa

† "By my hand of valour," or "by my arms of "valour," is the usual oath of our ancient heroes.

" Upon my hearing of this,
" My head fills full of jealousy;
" I put my little skiff on the wave,
" And indifferent to me was life or death."

" They pursued me on the float,
" Ainli and Ardan, who uttered not falsehood;
" They turned me inwards,
" Two that would subdue in battle an hundred."

" Naisi gave his word in truth,
" And thrice he swore, in presence of his
" arms,*
" That he would not put on me dissatisfaction,
" Until he would go from me on the host of the
" dead."

" Alas! heard she this night,
" Naisi to be under cover in the earth,
" She would with ready feeling weep;
" And I would weep sevenfold with her."

" What wonder that *I* have fondness
" For the regions of Alba of Smooth way;

" Safe

Ba ſlán mo ċéile na meaſg
Fá liom ceóil a hEiċ ſa hÓg.

Ar bpaiſle na laeċe ſin, nuair ġluaiſ Deirdre aiṁe cáiċ air a ċéile, táinic roiṁpe air an ġaiṫċe, acaſ j air ſoluaiṁneaḋ ſíoſ acaſ ſúaiſ, ó Duṁe, ġo Duṁe acaſ Tá nla Cúċulainn ḋi, acaſ nó naiſc a ċumaiſce ṫaiſ, aṫaiſ do ṁiſ ſcéala ḋo ó ċúiſ ġo Deireaḋ, aṁail nó

* *The English Verſification, from the literal Tranſlation, by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.*

Adieu to Alba's eaſtern ſhore,
And all its beauteous harbours wide,
And vales, where Usnach's ſons purſued
The bounding deer with em'lous pride!

With what delight the eye ſurvey'd,
From the grey cliff, that tow'rs on high,
The flow'ry plains, and meads below!—
The pleaſing thought conſtrains a ſigh!

One day, when Usnach's noble ſons,
And Alba's lords enjoyed the feaſt;
The lips of Duntrone's daughter fair,
To his, in ſecret, Naiſi preſs'd.

We

"Safe was my husband among them;
"Mine own were his steeds and his gold."*

After this lay, as Deirdri found the attention of each to other, she moved on the lawn, running distracted up and down from man to man, and Cuchullan happened to her, and she enjoined protection on him; and she told him tidings, from

 beginning

He sent the dame a stately hind,
That, skipping, pac'd the verdant lawn,
And rang'd the woods, and leafy groves,
Close follow'd by a playful fawn.

But when th' account alarm'd mine ear,
That the brave youth, attentive, paid,
(Leaving the host of Inverness,)
A formal visit to the maid:

Fell jealousy inspir'd my soul,
I launch'd my skiff upon the wave,—
Despising life, I purpos'd then
To make the foamy tide my grave.

Anly and Ardan,—candid souls!
As on the distant shore they stood,
And saw my bark upon the deep,—
Plung'd, instant, in the raging flood:

They

no éiṁiġṫ do Cloinn Uiṁiġi (ba ṫriuaṫ ṁe Cúċulainn ṡin, oṁa naṫ ṫan domain dúṁe dob annṡa leiṡ iṁá Naeiṡe. Acaṡ do ṡhiaṁ-naiġ i Cúċulainn aiṫe mainb, ṫaiṫi ṁaine laiṁṫaiġ, ar Deirdre.

Ar a haiṫle ṡin do luiṫ Deirdre ṫaṗi an uaiġ, acaṡ no ġab aġ ól a ṡṡoiṫa go h-imṁ aṁaċ, acaṡ do claeṡdeaḋ ṡeiṫ doiḃ, aguṡ a duḃaiṁt Deirdre an laeiḋ:

Fada

They quick pursued, and turn'd the float,—
Plough'd back again the liquid field;—
Two dreadful chiefs,—whose might combin'd,
Would make an hundred heroes yield!

Then Naisi pledg'd his sacred word,
And thrice upon his falchion swore,—
That while his bosom glow'd with life,
He'd never cause me sorrow more.

Ah! was the bloody deed proclaim'd,—
And did she hear the mournful tale!—
That, in the dark cold womb of earth,
Now Naisi lies deform'd and pale!—

To

beginning to end, how befel the children of Usnach. Sad was this to Cuchullan,* for there was not in the world a person dearer to him than Naisi. And Cuchullan asked "who slew them?" "Maini "Rough Hand," says Deirdri.

After this, Deirdri lay upon the grave, and she began to drink their blood abundantly,† and a mound was reared for them, and Deirdri raised the strain:

DEIRDRI's

To death ingloriously betray'd!—
This treach'rous act,—Oh!—did she know,—
In anguish would she sadly weep!
And I would drown her with my woe!

No wonder, that I love the land,—
That, for its charming dales I pine!
For there my much-lov'd lord was safe,
And Alba's flowing wealth was mine!

* Cuchullan was the cousin german of the sons of Usnach. His asking who put them to death, is a hint of purposed vengeance, but it is not told afterwards that it was executed.

† This is introduced as a mark of extreme affection, sorrow, and distraction; and however disgusting it may appear, still fidelity to the original obliges us to retain it.

Nuaḋ-ḋuḃaḋ Dheiṁḋe an ḋaṫ Cláiṁe Uḋṁaiġ.

Fada anta gan cland Uḋmaiġ,
Nír cuiṁleaċ beiṫ na ceaḋaċaċ,
Mic riog re n-dilcaiġ deġnaiḋ;
Trí laoċaiḃ cnaiṫe na hUaiṁa.

Trí teannaiṁ do mnaiḃ Breaṫan,
Trí rebuic fléiḋe Cuillinn,
Mic riġ ḋár ġiall an gaḋḃlḋ,
'S dá teuġaḋaiṫ aniuṁ uiṁiṁ.

Na trí beiṫeaċa beoḋa,
Trí leoḋnuiṁ leaṁa commaċ,
Mic riġ ne 'n maiṫ a molaḋ,
Trí mic aṫa na n-Ollaṁ.

Triar laoċ nár maiṫ fá uiṁiuṁ,
Al teuiṫiṁ i cuiṁ truaiġe,
Trí mic miṡe Chaṫḃaiḋ,
Trí gabla caṫa Cuaiṁne.

Trí

* A district in Ulster put here for the whole province.

DEIRDRI's LAMENTATION FOR THE CHILDREN OF USNACH.

"Long is the day without the children of
"Usnach;
"It was not irksome to be in their assemblage;
"Sons of a king, by whom sojourners were
"entertained;
"Three lions of the hill of Huama.

"Three attachments of the fair of Britain;
"Three falcons of the mount of Culan;
"Sons of a king, to whom valour made obedience,
"And to whom heroes yielded homage.

"Three mettlesome bears,
"Three lions of the fort of Conrach;
"Sons of a king, to whom praise was wealth;
"The three sons of the breast of the Ultonians.

"Three men of might, not liberal of homage,
"Their fall is cause of sorrow.
"The three sons of the daughter of Cathbad;
"The three props of the hosts of Cualgni.*

"Three

Nuaḋ-ḃuḋaḋ Dheiṁḋe an ḋaṫ Clainne Uiṁiṫ.

Faḋa anḋa gan clann Uiṁiṫ,
Nír cuiṁṡiḋiḋ beiṫ na ceallaḋaċ,
Mic riṫ re n-oiltaiḃ deḃṁaiḋ;
Triṫ leaṁain Eṁeiḋe na hUaiṁa.

Triṫ teṁaiṁ do maiḃ Breaṫan,
Triṫ ṡeḃuiṫ ṡléiḃe Cuiliṁn,
Mic riṫ ḋár gall an gaiṁḋiḋ,
'S dá tuġaḋaiṫ aṁuiṫ uiṁiṁ.

Na triṫ beiṫeaċa beóḋa,
Triṫ leaṁain leaṡa comuiḋċ,
Mic riġ ne 'r maiṫ a moladḋ,
Triṫ mic uċḋa na n-Ollaṁ.

Triaṁ laoċ náṁ maiṫ ṡá uiṁiuṁ,
Al tuiṫiṁ ḟ cuiṁ truaiġe,
Triṫ mic miġne Chaṫbaiḋ,
Triṫ gabla ċaṫa Cuaiġne.

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Faḋa anṫa gan clann Uiṁiṫ,
Nír cuiṁṡiuḋ beiṫ na ceṫaiṁsiḋe,
Mic riṫ re n-oiltaiṫ teóṁaiṫ;
Triṫ leaṁain Eṁeiṫe na hUaiṁe.

Triṫ teṁain do maiṫ Breṫan,
Triṫ ṡeḃuiṫ ṡléiḃe Cuiliṁn,
Mic riṫ ḋár ġiall an ġaiḋiḋ,
'S dá tuġaḋiṫ aṁuiṫ uiṁiṁ.

Na triṫ beiṫeaċa beóḋa,
Triṫ leóṁain leaṡa comuiḋċ,
Mic riġ ne 'r maiṫ a moladḋ,
Triṫ mic uċta na n-Ollaṁ.

Triaṁ laeċ náṁ maiṫ ṡá uiṁiuṁ,
Al tuiṫiṁ h cuiṁ tuaiġe,
Triṫ mic miġne Chaṫbaiḋ,
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Nuaḋ-ḋubaḋ Dheaṁḋoṁe an ḋaṫ Clainne Uiṁiṫ.

Faḋa anṫa gan clann Uiṁiṫ,
Nír cuiṁneaḃ beiṫ na ceallaiḋe,
Mic riog re n-oiltaiḃ teóraiḋ;
Trí leomain eneiṫe na hEireann.

Trí tennain ḋo mnaiḃ Breṫan,
Trí ṡeḃuiṫ ṡléiḃe Cuillinn,
Mic riġ ḋáṁ ġlaiṫ an ġaiṫḋiḋ,
'S ḋá teaġaiḋ aṁuiṫ uiṁiṁ.

Na trí beiṫeaċa beóḋa,
Trí leóṁain leaṡa comnaiḋ,
Mic riġ ne 'n maiṫ a molaḋ,
Trí mic uċṫa na n-Oiltaiḋ.

Triaṁ laoċ náṁ maiṫ ṡá uiṁiṁ,
Al teuiṫiṁ i cuiṁ truaiġe,
Trí mic miġne Chaṫbaiḋ,
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"Three

O 's truma do 'gellad orra,
Bhad ga dadhuing go tuirseach,
Ar truagh nach raibh me i dtalmain,
Sul do marbad meic Uisneach.

Truagh mo chuid le fergus,
Do 'm aithbhiadh don chraebhruadh,
Ne bhiadhna blaithe bhinne,
Do mheallad shuineadh aenuair.

Do thrèigios aesbhneas Ulad,
Air thiar chuan dubh do threise,
Go faegal mi ba fada,
'N a n-diaigh is aenar meise.

Ar mè Deirdre gan aesbhneas,
Is mè a n-deireadh mo beatha,
Al beic 'n a n-diaigh 'ur mhise,
Ni bhiadh mise go fada.

Ah-aiele

* *The English Versification, from the literal Translation, by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.*

Now weary rolls, to me, each gloomy hour,—
Now dimly shines, to me, earth's genial ray,—
For Usnach's noble sons,—alas!—no more
Appear, to glad the rising beam of day!

Oh!

"Since it was through me they were betrayed,
"I will be in tribulation sadly;
"It is sad I was not in earth
"Before the fell death of the sons of Usnach."

"Sorrowful my journey with Fergus,
"Deceitfully alluring me to the Red Branch;
"With flowery sweet words
"We have been at once beguiled."

"I forsook the delight of Ulad,
"For the three heroes most beloved;
"My life will not be long;
"After them, solitary am I."

"I am Deirdri without joy,
"And I in the end of my life;
"Since to be after them is misfortune,
"I will not be longer."*

After

Oh!—let sorrow every breast inspire!
With them, how sweet was life!—and I how bless'd!
The princely offspring of a royal sire;—
Who made th' unfriended stranger their free guest.

Three

Ard-aicle na laeide sin, do ling Deirdre
ain muin Naesi san sceul, acas cuain bas
gan moill acas do tógbad a liaig ós a lecht,
do

Three brindled lions, whose imperial roar,
Echo'd aloud from Huma's woody height!—
But now the dreadful sound is hear'd no more;
The falcons of the hill have wing'd their flight!

Three youths divine!—whom Britain's fair admir'd!
Who ne'er up-rear'd the beamy shield in vain;—
Receding valour shrunk, with fear inspir'd,—
And trembling heroes fled the crimson plain!

Three mighty leaders, who disdain'd to yield,—
Who ne'er, to mortal, servile homage shew'd,
While their strong hands the brazen spear could wield!
For whom, in love, th' Ultonion bosom glow'd!

Three lordly bears that rang'd the forest wide,
And tore th' opposing oaks with fury down!—
Three rocks unmov'd in battle's furious tide!
Three chiefs, whose greatest riches was renown!

Three that to Caffa's daughter ow'd their source!—
Tears for their treach'rous fall shall ever pour!
Three pow'rful props of Cuahnia's martial force!
Three dragons fierce of Monad's lofty tow'r!

Three

After this lay, Deirdri flung herself upon Naisi in the grave, and died forthwith, and stones were laid over their monumental heap; their Ogham

Three, whom the RED BRANCH honor'd 'bove the rest;
They're gone!—and with them all my joys are fled!
Three, that every bloody fray repress'd!
Three, that in Aifi's warlike school were bred!

Three, whom tributary realms obey'd!
Three adamantine pillars, that sustain'd
The slack'ning arm of war;—who forceful stay'd
The rushing foe,—and the dread fight maintain'd!

Three, that in Dunsky's learned halls were train'd,
Whom Otha taught to break th' embattled line;—
Whose reach of thought, each noble art attain'd!
In death's eternal sleep they now recline!

For Naisi's love I fled my royal lord,—
I fled Ultonia's treasures, throne, and king!
For three for deeds of fame admir'd—ador'd!
Their lamentable dirge I'll plaintive sing!

And let no earthly being vainly deem,
That after Naisi I could here delay!
To follow Anly—Ardan chief supreme!
I'll quickly sink beneath the kindred clay!

Three

Do ſcṙíbaḋ anamana oġaiṁ, aca ſ do ṙéṙaḋ a ccluiccé caeiṁte.

Do

Three that rush'd impetuous o'er the plain!—
He's gone!—he's gone!—My Naisi!—deathless name!
Whose shining blade heap'd high the hills of slain!
O'er his cold corse shall woeful torrents stream!

Oh!—bending o'er the tomb, here let me stay!—
Resume the spade, and make the mansion wide,—
And when I weep my gloomy soul away,—
Then, gen'rous, place me by my Naisi's side!

With them each danger would I gladly share,
And winter's cold, and summer's heat endure;—
Now lamentations pierce the wounded air!
No more upon their shields I lie secure!

No more their radiant spears shall be my bed!
Upraise their steely falchions o'er the grave,
Yet reeking with the blood of hostile dead!—
Around the field, no more they'll deathful wave!

No more the hound, unfetter'd, springs away;
The hawk no more shall guide his deadly aim,
And cautious pounce upon the trembling prey;—
They breathe no more, who lov'd the sportive game!

They

Ogham name was inscribed, and their dirge of lamentation was sung.

S Cathbad

They breathe no more, who gloried in the chase!
Whom Conall rear'd,—whom heav'nly Maia bore;
Of might, the fury of the foe to face;——
The thunder of the battle rolls no more!

When e'er I cast around my wand'ring eye,—
And the three slips of their three hounds I see,—
Forth from my bleeding heart it draws a sigh!
For they,—alas!—were held in care by me!

Naisi!—my life existed but in thine!—
And now thy gen'rous,—mighty soul is flown!
Why should this body long imprison mine?
Why does your Deirdri linger thus alone?

For though full oft from me did Naisi part,
Yet had I then no real cause to mourn:
His bless'd existence fill'd with joy my heart,—
But now he's gone,—ah!—never to return!

Is Naisi, then, in Earth's cold bosom laid?
My sight grows dim,—woe stops my sobbing breath!—
Soon, joyful, will I follow his dear shade,——
My fainting spirit courts th' approach of Death!

None—

Do mallaiġ Caṫbaḋ draí Emain do cinn mic Uisnigh do marbaḋ innte, agus inḋuibh fheargus, acaṡ tar ēis Choncobair do ṫabairt

None—ah! none I leave to mourn my doom!—
Now fate's impending stroke will not be long;—
Betray'd by me, they sunk into the tomb!
There will be none to sing my funeral song!

Ah!—had th' unhappy Deirdri been no more!—
Ah!—did she sleep within her narrow cell!—
Ere with false Fergus she left Alba's shore,
Ere Usna's noble offspring treach'rous fell!

Oh!—how beguil'd!—how woefully deceiv'd!
To the Red Branch, by sweet persuasion brought!
The sacred seeming promise was believ'd!
The sons of Usna harbour'd no base thought!

With three belov'd—and gen'rous chiefs to go,
I fled Ultonia's beauteous scenes,—divine!——
In cheerless gloom, and solitary woe,
While painful life continues, now I pine!

No radiant beam of joy my soul receives!
No friendly tongue can soothe my flowing grief!
No cold revenge my mighty loss retrieves!
No human aid can give me now relief!

Oh!--

Cathbad the Druid maledicted Eman, on account of the slaying of the sons of Usnach therein, against the protection of Fergus, and after Conor had

Oh!—Death at length my sinking form invades!
The vital blood my veins no longer warms;—
Now—now I join the three great martyr'd shades!—
Receive me, Naisi, in thy blood-stain'd arms!

There is a natural and striking beauty in this poem, which, perhaps, it may not be impertinent to observe: As Deirdri begins her lamentation with strong and emphatic emotions of extreme sorrow, which she is incapable of restraining; the strain of the poet is, at first, grand and expressive; and also continues so as long as she is able to exert her lamentable powers with energy;—but when, overcome with the insupportable weight of her afflictions, she grows faint in body, and, consequently, feeble in expression;—the strain becomes less pompous, but more pathetic, and there is, as it were, a mournful calm which admirably depicts her approaching dissolution, in every stage of which, she is pourtrayed in almost inimitable colouring;—in short, the reader is much more affected with the tragic story veiled, as it is, in the beautiful garb of poetry, than if he was really present at the death of Deirdri—so great is the power of the Irish bard. This has been endeavoured at in the English translation.

The Druidical mode of interment in ancient Ireland is described in this tale: A stone was put over the grave and the

ċabaiṙt ġellaḋ do Chaṫbaḋ náċ muiṙṙaḋ ṡaḋ, dá n-imṙeaḋ druiḋeaċt oṙṙa, acaṡ a ttabaiṙt ċuiġe ṡéin. Alcaṡ a dubaiṙt Caṫbaḋ ṡóṡ ná bíaḋ Éiṁain aġ Conċubaiṙ, na aġ aenduine d' á ṡlíaṫ, ó'n ṡhinnġail ṡin amaċ, go bruiṁne an bráṫa, acaṡ do b' ṡhíṙ ṡin, óṙ ní naḃ Éiṁain aġ Conċúbaiṙ, na

the name of the person interred was inscribed in the *hieroglyphic* virgular characters used by the Druids; of which kind of inscriptions numerous instances are daily discovered in Erin, but none, I believe, upon any of Mr. M'Pherson's "*grey stone*," in ALBA, or modern SCOTLAND. When we colonized *Alba*, which has got the name of *Scotland* from us, that is in the sixth century, Christianity, not Druidism, was established. This particular passage is sufficient to shew the *fictitious* scheme of Mr. M'Pherson, who always puts down for our OGHAM INSCRIPTION his "*grey stone*," because they are always on granite. He affects the establishment of an *utter* impossibility, that is, that an *utter ignorance of literature* could produce a *stupendous work* of GREAT *literary magnitude*. Let not the literary world be any longer in error. From those who wrote the originals which he perverted, it was that he learnt to be singular and extravagant, and this is what made him "*a lasting reputation and a name*;" but they were neither ignorant nor illiterate; they were the oldest literary people in Europe, our poets and historians. Ours is a fine original tongue, of which the dialect of Alba is a debased corruption.

At

had given his promise to Cathbad that he would not slay them, if he would practise enchantment upon them, and bring them to himself. And Cathbad said moreover, that neither Conor nor any one of his descent should possess Eman from this paracide forth, to the bosom of eternity; and that has been verified, for neither Conor nor any of his race

At the conclusion of this tale, told in the assembly, there is a traditional relation always added. It is said that king Conor was so incensed that Naisi and Deirdri should, even in death, inhabit the mansion of the grave together, ordered them to be far separated in the ground of burial. It is also said, that on every morning, for some days, the graves would be found open, and Naisi and Deirdri found together in one. It is asserted, that Conor then ordered that stakes of yew should be driven severally through their bodies, in order to keep them for ever asunder. The marvelous fiction is then extended to an extravagant length, by telling that two yew trees grew from these stakes, which, as yew is considered the longest living tree, were stated to have grown to such a height as to embrace each other over the cathedral of Armagh, in ages after the tragical circumstance occurred. All generous minds are gratefully affected with poetic fiction. The gentlemen of the Highland Society have not been ignorant of the tradition respecting the yew trees, as it is mentioned in their publication of 1805. Romantic stories were the substitutes with our ancestors for dramatic composition.

na ag aenoujne o' á ṡlíċt ó ṡin ɹlé. Alg ṡin oṫe ċloɹnne Uíḟniġ go nuiġe ṡeo.

* We have already observed, that the breach of Fergus's guaranty occasioned him to fly the court of his nephew Conor. He resorted that of Cruachan, in Conaght, where reigned MEVIA, (or MEY, as neatly expressed by the Albano-scotic Highland Society,) then queen of Conaght, and long in enmity with Conor of Ulster. With the influence of Fergus, she was able to excite all the rest of Ireland to a war against Ulster, which did not terminate until the destruction of Eman, which forms a grand epoch in ancient Irish history. The poetically embellished details of this desperate war will constitute a principal part of our next publication. A vast deal of poetic fiction is mixed by our old poets with their details of absolute historic facts. "*Sed omnia "antiquitus fabulosa*,"—"*all antiquity is fabulous.*" From ancient documents of this nature, however, it is limited, if not ignorant fastidiousness to scorn all endeavour at enucleating truth.

† This is a manner of terminating our stories in old manuscripts. The obvious cause is to prevent mistake, as well as to call attention back to the poetic or historic detail. The old manuscripts are so closely written, that it is not easy to distinguish their several tracts without such marks; and next, it is suggested, that one reading is not sufficient to appreciate the value of a composition.

race possessed Eman from that time to this.* Such is the sorrowful tale of the children of Usnach.†

We have gone through this poetico-dramatic tale, founded on fact, of which the reader is left at liberty to form his own judgment, and which he will form, whether we will or not. But now we come to compare it directly with Mr. M'Pherson's Darthula, and here the argument is of brief decision. Falshood cannot stand against truth, no more than anachronism can against the range of circumstantial history.

Our story is very different from Mr. M'Pherson's. Ours has been written at least since the sixth century; but I can confidently assert, that his was never written, or "handed down by tradition," in the form in which he gives it, before he indited his argument. Usnoth was not lord of Eta, but Usnach was an Ulster noble, and his sons, Naisi, Ainli, and Ardan, after their flight, settled on the borders of the lake of Eitche, which, I allow, is his, Loch-Eta, an arm of the sea in Loarn. These young heroes were not the "nephews of the celebrated Cuchullan, by his sister Slessama;" nor do we find he had any such fanciful sister: but they

they were the sons of Ailbhi, one of the daughters of (Cathbad) Caffa the Druid; while Cuchullan was the son of Deitchin, another daughter, by Subaltam (not Semo) his father, lord of Dudalgan, (now Dundalk,) and so he and the sons of Usnach were cousin-germans. They were not sent from Alba then to be educated by the famed Cuchullan in arms; but, as may be gathered from Deirdri's lamentation, they are said to be reared with Aifi in the military school of Sky, where Cuchullan himself, and their other cousin-german, the famous Conall Carnach, the son of Fincaemh, another daughter of Caffa, is said also to have been educated. As for the Cairbar, here mentioned, he did not exist for near three centuries after the sons of Usnach, Cuchullan and Conall Carnach; nor was he then an usurper of the throne of Cormac, but the son and lawful successor of that monarch, who, after a long and prosperous reign, choosing to enjoy tranquillity and retirement, resigned his sovereignty to Cairbar his son, who in the year of Christ, 295, engaged the Finnian heroes in the memorable battle of Gabhra, where he and the renowned Oscar, son of Oisin, son of Finn, son of Cumhal, (the Fingal of Mr. M'Pherson,) encountering each other, fell by mutual wounds.

The

The occasion of Cairbar's engaging in this battle was to avenge Finn's desertion of his grand-father Art, in the battle of the plain of Moycrovy, wherein he was deprived of his life and crown by Luigh Mac Con, another Irish prince, who was supported by some British auxiliaries, as will be detailed more at large in its proper place.

Deirdri (not Darthula) was not, as we have seen, the daughter of Colla, as Mr. M'Pherson says, but of Feilim, son of Dal or Dela; nor is the ideal tower or castle of Selama (how like the other airy tower of Selma) at all mentioned. These pretty names may be useful in a work of fancy, such as Mr. M'Pherson's Darthula, whose drift was suggested by the story which we have faithfully translated, and of which the Highland Society of Scotland have a very fine old copy on vellum, acknowledged to have been written so long ago as the twelfth century. The publication of which would confirm the truth of what is here insisted upon. There is no mention in Irish history of any other renowned personages of the name of Colla, but of three brothers, sovereign princes, who lived in the beginning of the fourth century; Colla Uais, Colla-da-Chrioch, and Colla.

Menn, none of whom could have been contemporary with Conor Mac Nessa, or the sons of Usnach. But as Colla is a soft poetic name, it answered Mr. M'Pherson's purpose, and saved him the trouble of invention, to which he was obliged to resort upon numerous other occasions, and which, in this case, seems to have given him trouble, and to have run him quite closely, as in the instances of *Selma* and *Selama*. But it is no wonder that a man, who was so very deeply engaged in a more extensive field of invention, should spare himself trouble on such less material occasions, at least in his opinion. He had to invent imaginary circumstances, as well as to bring together men, and their deeds, who lived at far distant periods, and a few fictitious names of men and places, were trifling links in his chain of fabrication. Had he nothing more than unsteady tradition to encounter, as he would fain impress, any inadvertency of this kind would have been indeed immaterial: but as, in fact, he stands opposed by the indubitable ancient written records of the most cultivated and accurate language upon earth, these careless inadvertencies are fatal. For names are in history as landmarks, which cannot be removed or falsified without sacrilegious violence, destroying the founded

principles

principles of established truth, and substituting in their room the fanciful pillars of imposing fabrication. Such spurious imposition, however, is easily detected by the eye of intelligent investigation, and original right is restored to the contemplation of unprejudiced judgment.

Mr. M'Pherson, although forming a new system, treading in the footsteps of his predecessors, Buchanan, Fordun, M'Kenzie, &c. thought proper to blend the genuine truth with imaginary fiction, wherefore he relates that "the three brothers, after "defending themselves for some time, with great "bravery, were overpowered and slain." This is the fact according to our poetic tale, but it is not equally true that "the unfortunate Deirdri (not Darthula) killed herself on the body of her beloved "Naisi," (not Nathos.) The tale tells that she threw herself on his body, and instantly expired, as she predicted in her lamentation. In the true history she is said to have thrown herself out of Conor's chariot, and to have broken her skull against a rock; and even this must be considered accidental death, rather than suicide. It is true that suicide was unknown in those early times; but it must be observed, that what is here fastidiously called

called "common tradition," is the irrefragable authority of Irish history, which is every where mauled, mangled, mutilated, perverted, destroyed, and confounded in all possible instances by the subtle and dexterous ingenuity of this ingenuous gentleman, while it must be insisted upon, that he and his countrymen, if this be discarded, have no history or literature of more than three hundred years standing; and even this latter not their own, but a paltry loan from the modern English funds.

Now let us investigate the poem itself, as given by Mr. M'Pherson.

Whatever merit the address to the moon may possess, must wholly be attributed to Mr. M'Pherson. It savours much more of modern than of ancient poetry. The Greek and Roman poets make several fine allusions to the moon and other heavenly bodies; they derive elegantly impressive similitudes from them;—so do our ancient poets, of whom none addresses them at this rhapsodical circumstantial length. The sacred captain-general, Joshua himself, when his mind was divinely elevated, addressed the sun and moon only with

with limitation to certain places, when he said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon, "in the valley of Ajalon." Josh. x. v. 12.

This address, indeed, might have been suggested by Deirdri's notice of the boding cloud, but it is much and finely enlarged upon. The picture is great, sublime, and impressive; but it is all Mr. M'Pherson's, who never fails to borrow a tint from any author, ancient or modern, who may furnish an idea of embellishment. Who does not meet the shade of Shakespeare twinkling in the following sentiment?—"But thou thyself shalt fail one night; "and leave thy blue path in heaven:"

"The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
"The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
"Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
"Leave not a wreck behind."

SHAKESPEARE.

We always had, notwithstanding the respectable Dr. Shaw's idea to the contrary, a conception of the audacious imposture of a publication of the pretended originals of Mr. M'Pherson's poems of Ossian. I call them Mr. M'Pherson's poems of Ossian particularly, as such never existed in the shape

shape and form in which he has given them, previously to his management, and before this new-fangled post-original translation, in ignorant, unmetrical, corrupt Erse, to the eternal disgrace, though undoubtedly intended for the lasting honour—of Scotland! It is true, some specimens of this kind of nauseously irregular rhapsody were, from time, since the publication of Mr. M'Pherson's Lucubrations, obtruded on the public as part of his feigned original, for the purpose of trying the pulse of the Irish; and when it was found that they passed in unnoticed contempt, it was confidently believed that Irish literature had expired without a solitary vindicator of its rights. Nothing else could have induced the ushering forth of this monstrous fabrication. Indeed we know that a similar conception of the decline of Irish learning, suggested to Mr. M'Pherson himself, the feasible success of that contrivance, which has *deservedly* and *undeservedly* gained him "a lasting reputation and a name." He deserves the highest *worldly* applause for that *genuine* scheme which has captivated the generous taste of all literary people; but he truly merits, and has surely incurred the *reprobation* of dignified, pure, historic truth, while he remains a lasting monument of clumsily contrived, of designed and systematic falsehood.

Many

Many of my countrymen, far more able than myself, have attacked this many-headed wily monster of Scottish generation; but they hurled the weapons of abstract reasoning only, which were eluded by the shield of sophistical deception. But I come in the simple, defensive armour of comparative fact, while my offensive weapons are historic truth, a professed acquaintance with my native language; with all that the destructive wrecks of time and war have left in it for contemplation; and with a critically accurate knowledge of its most abstruse, difficult, sublime and elegant poetry.

The profound conjecture of the deep contemplative mind of Dr. Johnson, that, "if any thing *like* "originals, for Mr. M'Pherson's poems of Ossian "existed, it must be found in Ireland," is like Sir Isaac Newton's supposition of the highly inflamable quality of diamond. Both opinions stand now on incontestable ground; the former, on fact, now to be acknowledged, and the latter proved by unquestionable experiment.

We will now depart from Mr. M'Pherson until after giving the old historic tale of Deirdri. We shall then compare the late *monstrous fabrication* which bears

bears his sanction, as the original of his Ossian, with some native fragments of that wildly-sublime Irish Bard, whoever he was, who wrote those pieces of which we have abundance to produce. Then will Mr. M'Pherson be exhibited in his own colours.

Here follows the historic tale of the children of Usnach, which from the language must be of the earliest age of Irish literature: it is given without comment, except in a very few instances where italics are introduced, in order to leave the reader to his own judgment, as to the antiquity, &c. &c.

THE ANCIENT HISTORIC

TALE

OF THE

DEATH OF THE

CHILDREN OF USNACH.

LONGES MAC n-UISNIG.

CID dia mbui longeas mac n-Uisnig? Ni anfam. Bhadar hUlad ac ól a tig Fedlimid mic Daill fcelaigi Conćubair. Bui dan bean imd fhedlimid fin ac aithecc don tfluag os a cind acas fi torać. Tainic ćeill ćoin acas ćuibrenn, acas no lasatt gain meifcco.

Al mbatar do leptugad. Luid in ben di au h'imdai. Alc dul di dar lár in tige no greć in lenur in a bruinn co clos fo'n les uli. Alttraig ceć fer di alailu fi in tig las an greic co mpatar cinn ar ćinn. Is ann hidruruinit Alćtćo mac Alilillu, ná cuinid cor dib a óccu. Tuctar ćucuinn in ben ol fe co fiarmais cid dia

tá

HISTORIC TALE

OF THE

DEATH OF THE CHILDREN OF USNACH.

WHENCE the banishment of the sons of Usnach? Not difficult. The Ulster nobles were feasting in the mansion of Felim, son of Dall, Conor's story-teller. Then was the wife of this Felim, at attendance upon the multitude (*of guests*) over them, and she *heavily* pregnant. Goblets and coviviality go about, and they uttered noise of exhilaration.

They were about going to bed. The lady was moving towards her bed. As she passed through the midst of the house, the child screamed in her womb, so as to be heard entirely throughout the fort. Every man ran from his quarters in the house till they were *all together*. Here Atchy, son to Allil, exclaimed, " Stir not youths, let the woman

" be

tá in deilm sl. Tuccud ćucu japum in ben. Is ann ispert fedlimid a celiu, Cia deilm dremon derpnećar, aben, ar se, dremnuis sot bruinn, buiśnećar bruidiu, cluasaid cluśnećar, glonn do dećuip tren taimaiśiu, mon nuaċ ata na aigćar, no cruad cru creċtnaigćar. Is ann no laadsi co Caṫbad ar ba shid-side. Is ann ispert Caṫbad, cluinid Ćaṫbad ćaemonech, cain, mal min, mon, moćtaige, brogtar tria druidećto druad; sis imbert fedlimid, or nat lem: sein sinn shoccla surgunnod sis, ar nad sidi bannscalu cid so bruinniu bid sod cnoc bruinn beccustar. Is ann is bert Caṫbad sot cnoc bruinn becuśtar bee shuilti buidiu buidećas, segaid suiliud, seall gluasaid sian, a gnuasd gormcoscra, sis dat sneċta, samluimsi sed a deidgin dia-nim niamdo a beoil partuingderg, be diambed slaintbe etir Ulltaid; egnadaid geisi, sot bru buiśneċar; bee shinn shoto soiltleṫar, imat cumid coisneat, imat

aisdrig

" be brought to us," says he, " that we may know " whence is this *noise* of alarm." The woman was then brought to them. Then said Felim, her husband, what violent noise is it that spreads alarm through the house, woman, saith he; it sounds from thy womb; roars from thy comprehension; ears hear it; a gleam of strong light is its similitude. Many an individual within its compaſs. My hardy blood it wounds. Then she resorted to Cathbad, for he was a man of intelligence. Then Cathbad said, " Listen unto Cathbad of mild generosity, civil, a great mild chief, magnified, exalted through science of Druidism." Then Felim said, " Since mine are not the fair words of explaining knowledge, as women I understand not; what in concealment within thy womb screamed *so loud*." Then Cathbad said, " under the girdle round thy " womb hath screamed a female infant of shin- " ing yellow hair, of poignant eyes, of ears " sensitive to sound; her cheek of purple red, " with the colour of snow; I compare her teeth to " pearls; I identify her lips to strawberries; a " virgin from whom shall arise many misfortunes to " the Ultonians: Within she fatalizes; in your womb " loud speaks a virgin fair, comely and limber- " haired: Many heroes shall contend, many a

" sovereign

aṁorṡ̇ ṡaṅṡaiġṡeat, ḃiaṫ ṡaṁtuṁ truṁtor.
ċaiḃ ṡoċḷ ċoiccṫ Choṅċuḃaiṁ, ḃiat a beoiḷ
paṁtuiṁġdeiṁ im a ḋetaiṫ neṁunto ṡriṁ
muṡoṁmoiṁ aiṁt-riġo ṡrua a ċruit noiġṁaiṁ
noiaṁṁ.

Doṁat ṡaṅṡuiṫoiu im Caṫḃaḋ a laṁ ṡoṁ bṁu
na mna, ġuṁ ro ḋeiṁtiuṡtaṁ im leiḃ
ṡo a laiṁ. Ṡiṁ, oṁ ṡe, imġin ṡil ann, acaṡ
biṫ Deiṫe a haiṁm, acaṡ biaṫ olcc umpi.
Acaṡ do ġenuiṁ imo imġiun iaṁaiṁ, acaṡ
ẋḃeiṁt Caṫḃaḋ laiḋ:

Al Dheiṁṫe ma noéṁa máṁ,
Diamṡa coéṁaiṁeċ cloṫḃán;
Ceṡṡaiṫiṫ Ulaḋ reḋ' ṁe,
Al imġiun ṡhinn ṡheḋiṁeḋ.

Biaṫ éteċ caḋ iaṁtaiṁ,
Doḋ daiġ a bé ṡriṁ laṡáiṁ;
Is ṫ aiṁṡiṁ cluinte ṡe,
Luiṁġiuṡ triṁ mac n-Uiṡliṁne.

Is at aiṁṡiṁ, ġniṁ ḋremuin,
Ġentaiṁ iaṁuiṁ imḋeṁuiṁ;

biḋ

" sovereign shall seek; she shall be reared on the " wealth of the heavy produce of Conor's province. " Her lips will be strawberry red over her splendid " teeth. Sovereign princes will be violently cap- " tivated by her beauteous bright form."

After this Cathbad laid his hand on the womb of the woman, in such manner, that the infant sprung beneath his hand. " True," says he, " a " daughter it is, and let Deirdri be her name, and " evil will come of her." And the female child was born forthwith, and Cathbad spoke this lay:

O! Deirdri, on whose account there shall be
great weeping,
Whom groupes of women will envy;
The Ultonians will be afflicted in thy time,
O daughter fair of Feilim!—

Many will be jealous, hereafter,
Of thy face, O virgin, of flaming beauty;
It is in your time heard shall be
The banishment of the three sons of Usnach.

It is in your time a deed of wrath
Will be hereafter perpetrated in Eman;

There

Bíd at dreć coll, cid saitan,
Do foetsat mac rís rogmar.

Is truit, a bé combal,
Luingius fergusa o Ulltaib,
Acas gním ar coémsat tall,
Gun fíada, mac Conćubair.

Is at écn, a bé combal,
Gun erge mac Madain,
Acas gním nat luga smaćt,
Orgain eogain mac Duncaćt.

Do dena gním ngranna ngart,
Ar fesdom rí n'Ulad nad ard;
Biad do lećtán mać dú,
Bid scél nardacc a Dhemdiu.

Narbćar and ingen, ol and occ. Nícó, ol Conćubar, berdar ḃumso and ingen imbuaruć, acas ailisćer dom dom reir fein, acas bid fí ben biad im thamnud. Acas ní ro lamsat Ulad acoicceat: Do gnid on amlaid sarum, co mbo fí ingen ⁊ mórḃaillim

ro

There is objection in thy visage, tho' it be hereafter,
That shall destroy a prince's mighty sons.

'Tis in thy destiny, O! virgin of beauty,
The banishment of Fergus from Ulster,
And the deed that hath contracted disgrace,
The *mortal* wound of Fiacra, son of Conor.

'Tis in thy fate, O! virgin of beauty,
The wound of Ergi, son of Illadan,
And a deed of no less punishment,
The destruction of Eogan, son of Duthrecht.

There shall be wrought a deed, foul and fierce,
Under the influence of the king of Ulster, of high accomplishments;
Your little heap shall be not in its due place,
Thou shalt be, a tale wondrous, O! Deirdri.

Let the female child be killed, say the young men. Not so, saith Conor, the female child shall be taken by me to-morrow, and she shall be reared at my own accord, and shall be the woman (wife) who will be with me, (my companion.) And Ulster dared not counsel him to the contrary: The thing was done so consequently, and she became

buj jnd Éṙju, a lēṡ ṡo leċ ṙio naiṫ co náċ ṡajccjd neć d'Ulltajḃ gus jn tan no ṡoad la Conċubar, acaṡ nj búj neć no lecṫj ḣ jnd ḣ aċt a h'ojce, acáṡ a mujmju na h'jngenu don, acaṡ Lebarċam ár na h'ēta-gabajl dḣjdj, ar ba banċājnte.

Feċtuṡ djn buj a h'ajṫḣ ag ṡennud loiġ ṡoċlaj ṡor ṡin ṡneċta amoiġ ḣ jn ngam-njuċ dja ṡhujnj dḣj co nṡhacoṡ nj jn ṡjaċ hjcc ól jna ṡolú ṡor ṡin ṡneċta. Ḣ ann hṙeṙt ṡj ṡnja Lebarċajm ṙo bad jnmajn em ṡer ṡoṙṡ' mbeṫḣ na teoṙu daṫo ucċut, jodon, jn ṡolt aṁajl jn ṡjaċ, acaṡ jn gruajd amajl jn ṡhujl, acaṡ jn coṙṙ amajl jn ṡneċta. Oṙdan acaṡ toccad duṡt, ar Lebárċajm, nj cjan uaṡt, atá ḣḣ toiġ hjt ṡaṙṙud, jodon Noḣj mac Ulṡneċ. Njmbam ṡlan ṡlaj am, ol ṡj, con ṡacaṙ.

Feċt nand djn búj ṡjm jn tj Noḣj a aen ṡor dōe jn aṙadajjna, h'Émno hjc an doṙd——ba bjnn jmoṙṙo jn doṙd mac n-Ulṡneċ. Ceċ bō aċaṡ ceċ mjol át clujnjuċ no mbljġṫḣ dā tṙjan mbleċtaj d'ṡoṙcṙajd, ceċ dujne no clujnjuċ balōṙ ṡṡċujnjd acaṡ

oṙṡjdiġ

the most beautiful young woman in Ireland. It was in a lone fort she was nursed, so that she saw not one of the Ultonians until she was betrothed to Conor; and there was not let into the fort but the young lady's tutor and nurse particularly, and Levarcam, who acted as an intervening messenger, for she was a conversation woman, (a poetess.)

On a time then her tutor was slaying a veal calf in the snow, outside in the winter, to prepare food for her, she saw a raven drinking the blood in the snow: Then she says to Levarcam—Lovely truly would the man be who were marked with those three colours; that is, the hair like the raven, and the cheek like the blood, and the body like the snow. Designation and choice are yours, says Levarcam, not far from you; he is in the house with you, namely, Naisi, son of Usnach. I cannot be well a day then, says she, till I see him.

On a time, then, this very Naisi was quite alone on the plains of Eman, playing on a musical instrument—sweet truly was the music of the sons of Usnach. Every cow or other animal that heard it, used to milk two-thirds more than usual; every human being who heard it, was overcome with the delight

oiṁṡiṫiġ doṁḃ.—ba maṫ eiṁ a n-gaṡcṫa don. Cia no beṫ coiceṫ Conċubaiṙ h'iṁd aen baṡl iṁpo aċt coṙ no ċuiṁiḋ caċ diḃ a ndṙuim ṙiṁa naṡl ní beṙdaṙ buaiḋ diḃ aṙ ṙebuṙ an uṁlaiḋi acaṙ an h'iṁdiṫiṁ; ba comluṫ diṁ ṙiṁa comuḃ oc toṫhunt, no maṁbdaṙ na ṙiaḋo aṙ luaṙ.

Alm buiṡiuṁ don a aēnaṙ in tí Noíṡi amuiġ nuṙ ētlann Deiṁdi ċucui amaṡ biḋ do dul ṙeoċa acaṙ niṁaiṫ ġeoin. Is caein ol ṙeiṡiuṁ, in iṁġen tetꝛ ṙeoċund. Dlegaṙ, ol ṡiṡ, iṁġena ṙēime baṡle na biṫ oiġṫhin; a tá ṙeṙ in coiccḋ latha, olṙeiṡiuṁ. No toġuiṁniṁ etiuḃ, aṙ ndíṡ, aṙ ṡiṡ, acaṙ no ġeduinn ṙeṙ ḋaġ amaiṫha. Ní ċo, ol ṙeiṡiuṁ, cid ṙo biṫin ṙaiṫṡiṁe. Is dom ṙēmeḋo a deiṁdi ṡin, ol ṡiṡ. Biḋ do imoṁo, ol ṙeiṡiuṁ. Laṙoduin ṙo ceṙd ṡi beḋg ċuiċe co nuġaiṙ adaṁo ṙoṙ a ċinn. Dano mele, acaṙ cuiḋbiuċo imiṙo, ol ṡi; man o mbeṙuṙa. Alaiċc uaim, a ḃen, ol ṙe; noċ mbia ōn, uaṙ ṡiṡ, do mbeṙ laṙoduin aṙ a ndoṙdaṙ acaṙ ṡin. Almaṡ aṫ ċualaṫaṙ Ulaḋ anoṁa andoṙd, a triaṡ gaċ

ṙeṙ

delight of its harmony.—Their valour too was transcendent. Though Conor's province should be about them in one place, when each set his back to the other, they would not overcome them, so superior was their action and defence. They were as fleet as hounds at chase; they slew deer with their speed.

As Naisi, in particular, was alone abroad, Deirdri threw herself in his way, and as she passed by, uttered not a word. "Mild is the dame who passeth "by," says he. "It is natural for damsels to be "mild where there are no youths," says she. "The "man of the province is with you," says he. "I "would make a choice between you both," says she, "and would prefer a young man such as you." "Not so," says he, "though it is in consequence "of apprehension." "It is for avoidance of me "thou sayest that," says she. "Be it so then," says he. With this she flung a ball at him, which struck his head. "A stroke of disgrace through "life's extent is this," says she, "if you take me "not." "Depart from me, woman," says he. "Thou wilt be in disgrace," says she. With this she took his instrument and played. When Ulster heard the music in that quarter, every man of them

separated

fer dób dia 'l aile. Lotar mic Uillinn himaċ do tainmeic a mbratar. "Cid na "dotad, ol iat, nāċ not gonuto Ulad at ċimuid." Is ann at ċuaid dóib a ndon-ónud frib. "biaid olcc de" ol in oicc. "Cia bet, noċu biaid fo mebail cēin bemm "i mbeċtaid. Ragmaim lea hi tir n-ailliu. Ní fil inn ernim ní na tibri fáilte dúinn." batar eat a comuirle. Do imċētar inn oidċi tri ċaeco laeċ doib, acas trí ċaeco ban, acas trí ċaeco con, acas trí ċoeco ngilla, acas Deirdre cuma cāiċ co mbui etorro. batar for foesamaib mor timċell n-Ernenn, co ro trialta a ndicennad co menicc tria intledaib Choncubair, o tā Ernuaid timċell n-Ernend slaindes acas co bemn Etair fosi-ċuaid arís. Alail tra con to ro airmitar Ulad tairis hi crich n-Alban, co ngabsit i ndiċrub nann: ón duar ro scaid doib fiadoċ in t-slēibe, do rellat ar ċetriaib fher n-Alban. Do ċotar sidi dia ndilgium inn oen lō; co ndeoċatar do cum rig Alban, con do ro gaib i n-a muinterus, acas ro gaib amsaim ecca.

Fecht

separated from the other. The sons of Usliin rushed forth to remonstrate with their brother. "What are you about," say they, "is not there "the fated destruction of Ulster?" Then he told them what had passed with him. "Evil will "come of it," say the youths. "Although "there should, I will be in disgrace while I live. We "will go with her to another country. There is not "in Erin a king who will not give us welcome." They then held a council, and departed that night with three times fifty men of might; and three times fifty women, and three times fifty greyhounds, and three times fifty attendants, and Deirdri like another among them. They were at shiftings all around Erin, and in danger of being cut off frequently by the devices of Conor, from Esro (*Ballyshanon*) round Erin, south-west, and to Binedar, (*Howth*,) north-east again. However, at length they sailed by Ulster into the region of Alba, (*modern Scotland*,) and settled in a wild therein. When the chase of the mountain failed them, they fell upon the cattle of the men of Alba. These assembled to extirpate them in one day. They resorted to the king of Alba, who took them in his friendship, and admitted them into military service.

On

Feċtuſ nann, oſn, luſoſu reċtaſnſu ſnd
ſſġ matan moċ gu ro lá cor ſmo teċ-ſoſn
co n-ghacco ſnd lanamuſn ſnn a cotluċ;
do ċuaſd ſaſum gu ro duſſġ ſnd ſſġ. Nſ
ſuaſamaſnn do dſngbalaſo do mnaſ guſ
a n-ſum; aſ ſé. Sl tá a ſaſl Noſſn mſe
Uſſlſnn dſngbalá ſſġ ſaſċaſ doman do mnaſ.
Maſbtaſ ſo ċétoſſ ſn tſ Noſſ, acaſ ſoaċ
ſnd ſnġſn lat-ſa, ol ſn reċtaſne. Slcc, ol
ſnd ſſġ, aċt ecneeſſ dſa guſoſ ſo ċlſe.
Do ġnſtaſ on; an at beſſuċ ſmoſro ſnd
reċtaſne ſſſa-ſſ ċaſdeſ. Slt ſétad-ſſum
dſa ceſſ an oſdeſ ſo ċét-oſn. Slſ na ro
hétad nſ doſ. No heſſrċa ſondaſb macuſb
Uſſlſnn, dola ſ ngaſbtſb acaſ hſ caċaſb,
acaſ dnoſbéluſſ, oſ dáſġ gu ro maſbtaſſ,
aſaſoſ bátaſ ſon aſſ tſſſum ſaſum co naſ
hetad nſ dóſb ſſ na caċaſb ſſn. No ċſnóltſ
ſſſu Sllban dſa maſbad ſaſ n-a ċomuſſle
ſſſaſſ. Sltſét ſſ do Noſſ. Smtſdſġ aſ,
oſ ſſ-ſe; ma nſ ċſſtaſ aſ hſ noċt not maſb-
taſ ſ máſaċ. Lotaſ aſ ſn aſdée ſſn co
mbotaſ hſnd ſnſſ maſo. Slt ſſaſaſ do
Ulltaſb óm.

Sſ tnoġ, a Chonċobaſſ, ol Ulſſd, tuſtſm
do macaſb Uſſlſnn hſ tſſſb naṁat ſm daſgſn
dnoċ.

On a particular time, then, the king's steward went on a morning early, and made a circuit round this mansion, and saw the couple asleep. He after went and awoke the king. "We have not "found a wife meet for you until this day. There "is in the bed of Naisi, son of Usnach, a woman "meet for the sovereign of the west of the world. "Let Naisi himself be at once killed, and espouse "the damsel thyself," says the steward. "No," says the king, "but go thou to solicit her pri-"vately." It is done so. The steward communicates with her towards night. She informs her husband of it that night upon the first opportunity; so that the thing was not accomplished. It was then given in command to the sons of Usnach to go into dangers and battles and difficulties, in expectation that they might be slain in such engagements. The men of Alba were assembled to slay them by his orders besides. She informed Naisi: "Hence "away," says she, "if you go not off to-night, "you will be slain to-morrow." They departed thence that night, and went into a sea-girt isle. This was made known to the Ultonians.

"It is a pity, O! Conor," said Ulster, "that "the sons of Usnach should fall in an enemy's

droċ-ṁna. ba ḟerr a comuṡceċt acaṡ a mbiaṫaḋ, acaṡ hi n-imġuin, acaṡ toiḋeċt dóib dia tiġ, oldáṡ a tuiṡim lia a naimṫiu. Tecuit don, ol Conċubar, acaṡ taġat gor b'amṡaruċ. berar ċuco imd-ṡin. Is ro ċen lim, ol eat, acaṡ naġṫaiṁ acaṡ taet Ferġuṡ ṡruin a comuiṁci, acaṡ Dubṫaċ, acaṡ Cormac mac Conċubair. Tiagat-ṡiḋe, co ngabṡat a liaiṁ di muir. Bui iarum himcoṁnum im Ferġuṡ dia cuired do commandaib, a comuiṁle Conċobair, aruṡ mberṫatar mac Uiṡlinn nad comuṡ niṫaiṡ biaḋ n-erenn ria mbiaḋ Chonċobair. Luiḋ iarum ṡiaċaḋ mac Conċobair go Ferġuṡ leo, acaṡ anuiḋ Ferġuṡ acaṡ Dubṫaċ, acaṡ lotar mic Uiṡlinn co mbatar ar ṡaiṫċe n-emne.

Is ann tánic Eogan mac Deṫaċt, ri Fernmoiġe, co cúra ṡri Conċubar, ar ro búi inn ésiḋ ṡriṁ ṡri ciáno. Is heiṡiden ro herbaḋ dia marbaḋ acaṡ amṡaċ Chonċobair ime co na tiṡtaiṡ ċuġ-ṡum. batar, imorro, mic Uiṡlinn i n-a ṡeṡum, acaṡ ind amṡaċ i n-a ṡuiḋi ṡor tua hinna hemne.

Luiḋe

" region, on account of a blameable woman. It " were better to confine, and support them, and " to slay them on coming to their own country, " than that they should fall by their foes." Let " them come then," says Conor, " and let it be " to obedience. Let this fact be made known to " them." " We delight in this," said they, and " will send to them, and let Fergus enter into " guaranty with us, and Dubthach, and Cormac, " son of Conor. Let them come till we take them " into hand from beyond sea." It was afterwards enjoined on Fergus, by design of Conor, to go to a feast, and that the sons of Usnach should give solemn asseveration that they would not partake of Erin's food before the food of Conor. Then Fiach, son of Conor, went with Fergus along with them; and Fergus and Dubthach tarried; and the sons of Usnach hastened until they were on the plain of Eman.

Then came Eogan, son of Duthrect, king of Fermanagh, to submit to Conor; for he had been at enmity with him for a great while. It was he who was sent to slay them, at the head of Conor's soldiery, that they should not come unto himself. The sons of Usnach were then standing on the green of Eman, and the soldiery sitting.

Luiḋe don Eoġen cucco inaṫuiṁ iar sin Fiaċċ. Do luiḋ imorro mac Fergusso co m-buí for leṫ Laiġin Noisiu. Feruid friu la béim Fergamo do gaí mor in Noisiu cu ro imiḋ a druim triḋ. Fo certa laiḋḋuin mac Fergusa, co tuc a ḋí láim tar Naisi, co tucc foa acaí taiṁiḋ a n-uaí, acaí isinne ro bíċe tre mac Fergusa hi n-uaí, acaí ro marbṫa iarum ferann na Fiaċċe co na terno aí acṫ a noeċaiḋ do sinn gaí acaí do giun claiḋiṁ, acaí tucaḋ Deirdriu hi imond do Conċobair co mbui for a láim. Ro ċuimniġeṫ a láṁo iar na cul. Alt cuaí do Fergus iarum hin ri sin, acaí do Dubṫaċ acaí Conmac. Taetut sside con do ronsat giniṁo móro fo ċéṫ-uair, idon, Dubṫaċ do marbaḋ Naine mac Conċobair, acaí Fiaċna mac Feidlimiḋ mac Ingine Chonċobair do giun don oen fongom, acaí Fergus do marbaḋ Traig treoin mac Traigleṫain, acaí sarugaḋ Chonċubair impaiḃ, acaí caṫ do ṫaubairt etaraiḃ iarum is in oen lou, co ndernatar trí ċéṫ do Ulltaiḃ etarru, acaí Emain di luiccaḋ do Fergus. Iraḋ lotar iarum co hAilill acaí co Medoḃ; ar nus fhetatar ba rí lamuiṁ do foilsat, acaí don nirra ċul

Feirci

sitting. Eogan then hastily approached solely on the lawn. Fergus's son moved up and took one hand of Naisi. He salutes them with a furious blow of a large javelin, piercing Naisi therewith, so that it came out at his back. At this the son of Fergus threw both his arms around Naisi, so as to put them around him above and below; and so was Naisi slain down through the son of Fergus; and after this were the troops slain all over the lawn, so that none escaped, except only such as made their way by the point of javelin, or the wound of sword; and Deirdri was handed over to Conor. Her hands were bound behind her back. All this was directly conveyed to Fergus, as well as to Cormac and Dubthach. They move on at once to do desperate deeds. Dubthach slew Maini, son of Conor; and Fiachna, son of Feilim, Conor's daughter's son, was wounded at the same time; and Fergus slew Tragatren, son of Tragletan; and Conor was put to flight by them; and a battle was fought between them on the same day, in which three hundred of the Ultonians were slain between them; and Eman was burnt by Fergus. Where they went after was to Allil and Mey; for they knew that they were a couple that would kindly receive them; and that they were not affectionately

disposed

feirc oi hUlltaib; trica cēo bafad aill
in a luingiu. Go cenn fē mbiadain deec
ní fuil an gol, na grit leu inn Ulltaib, act
gol acaf grit leu gac n-aidci.

Imtuga Dheirdri, biidain difi tra hi fail
Chonćobair, acaf in bliadain ni ćib gen no
gairriu, acaf ní dóig hi fail do biud na
lungud na ćodlud, acaf ní tuarcaib a
a cenn dia glun. In tan dot mberidi na
hoirrisid hi a teć hi ann hi mberiud fi in
recni fi fíi:

Cid cain lib into loećniud luind,
Cengta into Emain iar tocuim!
Aigdiu do ćinoi dia tig,
Trí mic adlaećda Uisnig.

Noi coimid comlan cain,
folccud liumid dó gonein;
Aidan co n-aidm na mucc maf,
Aifcclaig Ainnli diar fheirdaf.

Cid milid lib in mid maf,
Inill macc Neil nitmaf,

ba

disposed towards Ulster; thirty hundred was the amount of their adherents into exile. To the end of sixteen years, wailing and hot anguish ceased not in Ulster, but there were wailing and hot anguish every night.

Deirdri was for a year indeed in the bed of Conor, and during that year she neither smiled nor laughed, nor took sufficiency of food, drink, or sleep, nor raised her head from her knee. When musicians would attend at her mansion, then would she utter this rhapsody:

Lament ye the mighty warriors,
Assassinated in Eman on coming!
Stately would they arrive at home,
The three mighty sons of Usnach.

Naisi, companion accomplished, mild,
Lament him at once with me;
Ardan, subduer of the luxurious boar,
Bewail Andli of mighty vigour.

Tho' sweet to you the mellow mead
Drank by the son of Nessa voluptuous,

Ever

Ba haṗṁm ṛiam reim ṡoṛ bṫu;
bíaḋ macc ṛo baḋ mílíḟu.

O ṛo ṡeṁaḋ Noḟḟ náṛ;
fuluéc ṡoṛ ṡeḋuiḃ ṡíanclán;
ba mílíḟum ġaċ bṫuḋ ṡo mí
Alṛ aṁalaḋ mic Uíḟliṁ.

Cío bíṁim iṡḃ an caíne;
Cuṡlíṁṁuḋ íṛ comaiṛe;
Íṛ í mu cuibṛ do 'n ṛíġ.
No cualo ceol buḋ bínoṡ.

Bíṁ la Conċoḃaṛ in ṛí,
Cuṡlíṁṁuḋ íṛ comaiṛí;
ba bíṁim lem-ṡa ciot néll,
Sían no ġeiḃčíṛ miċe Uíṡleṁ.

Foġaṛ cuíṁṁ tṛom Noḟḟ,
ba ceol bíṁ a béccoḟḟ;
Cobla Alṁáin ṛo buḋ maiṫ,
Foṁuḋ Alíṁṁ d'a uṁboṫ.

Noḟḟ do ṛoṁuḋ a ṡheṛt,
ba díḟíṁ in comuiṫeċt;

Do

Ever more delightful to me thro' life,
The fare of the sons was sweeter.

Whenever mighty Naisi would set out
To hunt the woods, the fair wide plains,
Every food was more delicious than honey
Caught by the sons of Usnach.

Tho' sweeter to you is the dirge
Of pipes and horn trumpets;
It is my assurance to the king,
I heard more melodious music.

Delightful to Conor, the king,
Are pipes and trumpets;
More delightful to me the airy strain,
The melody sung by the sons of Usnach.

Deep sound of surge *was* Naisi,
Sweet music was its constant hearing;
Ardan's voice was truly excellent,
And Ainli's sounding song towards his green booth.

Naisi's grave has been made,
Sorrowful indeed was its consequence;

Do rodalus drong tria ait,
Do 'n dig tonnaig dia n-erbait.

Inmuin bertan aille blai,
Tuctad duinne cid dimblai;
ba dirrin na tresco i n-iurn!—
Mac Uirnig doid naidiu!—

Inmuin cobrusd éain,
Inmain oglan ard imnain;
Iar n-imtect fiud moig fáil,
Inmuin custad hi tuginain.

Inmuin fúil glas éanóis mna,
ba h-amnas fri h-ectra;
Iar cuart coilli comull foer,
Inmuin a rodud tria dubraen.

Ni colla tra,
Alcas ni corcra mi n-gne;
Foilte ni toet im aine,
Or na taidet micc Uisle.

Ni collad
Let na haitee im luigiu;

He supplied numbers, by might,
Of waving beverage, in their slaughter.

Delightful their birth of most beauteous bloom,
Whose manhood rose to highest vigour;
How sad the consequence to-day!—
The sons of Usnach have been immolated!—

Dear their sweet converse,
Dear their youthful vigour of high might;
In their passage thro' the plain of Fál, (*Erin,*)
Welcome was the approach of their valorous prowess.

Dear their blue eyes, that fair ones loved,
They were admired in their peregrinations;
On searching round the forest in liberal sport,
Delightful their movement o'er the dusky moor.

I sleep not at any time,
And my complexion is not blooming;
Sounds of exultation affect me not,
Since the sons of Usnach come not.

I sleep not
Half the night as I lie;

My

Fo ceiṙd mo ćeill im dṙungo,
Seć ni lungo nitbiu.

Failtj hi n-iuṁ ni dom uaiṙ,
I ndail lenno eṙccaṙ faiṙ;
Na fíd na fubo na fáṁ,
Na teć maṙ na cumtać níg.

Ain tan don bui Conćubaṙ aca haiłgnudad fi, h' anmain at beṙt fi an necniṁ fíh:

Ai Conćubaiṙ, cid nod taí.
Da ruṁmaiṙ dam biod fo ćoí,
h' hed im ceiṙ ceiṙ no maiṙ,
Do fcel lim ní bamaiṙ.

Ní ṙeb aiłi lem fo uiṁ,
Aicaṙ ní ṙob iṁmaiṁb,
Rucuiṙ uaiṁ,—moṙ im bed,—
conać aicubfa cam ég.

Ain ingniuṙ h' doṙṙ lium,
Tećt im amaṙ micc n-Uiṙliunn;
Cuṙṙan cindub daṙ coṙṙ n-gel;
ba fuaićnid ṙeć liu.

Da

My senses are scattered away,
Nor do I relish food or drink.

Welcome to me are not to-day,
The cordial liquors quaffed by nobles;
Nor ease, nor comfort, nor delight,
Nor splendid mansion, nor palace of a king.

When Conor was endeavouring to sooth her, it was then she uttered the following dirge:

O! Conor, tho' thou be
Soliciting me from my sorrow and weeping,
It is my fate while I live,
The tale to me is not acceptable.

What was most beauteous to me beneath the sky,
And what was most lovely to me,
Thou hast taken from me,—great the anguish,—
I shall not get healed of it to my death.

The affliction that is sadness to me,
The coming of the slaughter of Usnach's sons through me;
Black corses made of their fair frames,
That were splendid above numbers.

Da ngnuaḋ coṁccna caṁe gnaṫ,
Bél deng, abna go daeil daṫ;
Déogin nemonnta go dí,
Almaiḋ géd daṫ gnéćtaiḋi.

Ba guaćnaḋ a ennaḋ glan,
Itin ghiann gen n-Alban;
Fuan caṁ coṁcna, cumtaċ cóin,
Ćona timtaćmuing dengóin.

Inan gnóidio,—géd co mbnígg,
I mbuḋ céṫṫ ngem ṁlaiṁin;
Fon a ṁdemuin ig gle,
Caeco uinge d' gninḃnuine.

Claiḋém oṁḋuinn in a láṁ,
Dá gaḋ glaiġ co ngoṫgnáin;
Finden co n-daṫ óin buiḋe,
Alcaiġ tuḋ aṁcuiṫ gunn.

Fon guiṡ ninn fengus gin,
Al. taḃuinṫ dan gin moḋin;
No nin a oineċ an cuinn,
Do nocnatan a mongluinn.

Cian

Two ruddy cheeks of softest lineament, (Naisi's)
Ruby lips, brows of the chafer's hue;
Two rows of splendid teeth,
Like pearls of snowy white.

Splendid was his vesture fair,
Among the mighty of Alba's host;
A cassock of bright purple, rightly shaped,
With its fringe of brilliant gold.

A garb of satin,—precious ornament,
Wherein were an hundred polished gems;
For whose fair fitting, brightly shone,
Fifty hooks of silver.

A sword of golden hilt graced his hand,
Two blue-green javelins of brightful point;
A dirk with osprey's of golden gleam,
And a hilt of silver on it.

Sent to us was Fergus fair,
To bring us o'er the wide main;
He gratified his dignity at a feast,
His redoubtable might, (*the sons of Usnach*) were slain.

However

Cian o beth for sin muig,
Ulad imgnúis Conćubuir;
Dos mberuinn ar gać leć
Ar gnúis Noisi nic Uisneć.

Na bris himiu mo ćraidiu,
Nus niccaib mu moćligiu;
Is treisi comaind a main,
Mo dae o la, Chonćobair!

Cid so mo mídćuis lat at chi? ar Conćubar. Tusa eim orsi, acas Eogan mac Durtaćt. Biasi bliadain hi fasi Euccuin don, ar Conćubar. Dus mbeit euram Conćubar for laum Euccuin. Lotar iar na maruć do Emuć Nuisteimniu. Bui si ar cul Eugain hi carpait. Do rainnsit si, na h'aiccsiuć a dā ceilu, hi talmain. Naiṫ, a Dheirdri, ol Conćubar, súsi coemuć etir da leth gnúsi etrumsi acas Eugan. Nō bui osi cloiṫeu ar na cinn; no lecci a ceann im mon cloiṫ, co ndernd bruiseć dia cinn conaḋ no marb.

Luingius mac n-Uisliun ann-sin, acas soćunn luingius Fergusa, acas agaiḋ Deirdre.—sint.——

However long they would be on the plain,
Ulad's (*nobles*) at the beck of Conor;
I would in every quarter catch
The visage of Naisi, son of Usnach.

Break not the strings of heart,
Tho' you seized on my early dawn;
The affection is stronger that lives,
Tho' my darling be dead, O! Conor!

"What is it you hate most that you see?" says Conor. "Thou thyself, and Eogan, son of Du-"threcht," says she. "Thou shalt be a year in "Eogan's bed then," says Conor. Conor then gave her over to Eogan. They drove the next day to the assembly of Murthemny. She was behind Eogan in a chariot. She looked, that she might not see both her gallants, towards the earth. "Well, Deirdri," says Conor, "it is the glance "of a ewe between two rams, you cast between me "and Eogan." There was a large rock near; she hurled her head at the stone, so that she broke her skull, and killed herself.

This is the exile of the sons of Usnach, and the cause of the exile of Fergus, and of the death of Deirdri.

Such is the tale, from which the flowery Keating took his account of the origin of the war of Cuailgne. The language is extremely difficult, and can be undertsood but by a *few* in Ireland at the present day; the orthography is obsolete and provincial. Here, and with Keating, the catastrophe is the same. The story is not of Alba, (*Scotland*,) but of Eiri, (*Ireland*,) and therefore the point of the originality of Mr. M'Pherson's DARTHULA is here completely lost, and the imposture utterly refuted.

Now we will give one or two of those wild rhapsodies attributed to Oisin. He never wrote them, but the assumption of his name was a device of the Irish poets of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, to inspirit their countrymen against the Danes, by describing the valour of their ancestors against them and all other foreign invaders. But first let us exhibit Colum Kill's farewel to Aran, an island off the western coast of Ireland, by no means that, or those, off the coast of modern Scotland.—This is introduced for the sake of comparison with Deirdri's LAMENTATION, as to the stile and metre. When we come to compare the *Fenian* poems with the monstrous modern imposture, we will be more minute

minute as to the accurate and intricate prosody of the language, which the Scotch have forgotten, and which they must recover before they attempt again to impose on the literary world.

COLUM KILL's FAREWEL TO ARAN,

LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

On this farewel we will make no other comment, but that it proves the creed of Colum Kill, as a Christian Divine, beyond possibility of doubt; and next direct the Scottish antiquity to compare it with Deirdri's Lamentation, to endeavour an ascertainment of its date. The farewel is undoubtedly Colum Kill's composition; and it is universally admitted as historic fact, that he flourished in the sixth century. It is in the identical stile and metre of Deirdri's Lamentation.

COLUIM CILLE NO CHRIN.

Ceileabhradh uaimh d' Aruinn,
Ceileabhradh truagh, mar thaitim;
Mise com chur foin co hi,
Is i fodlaidh on dilinn!

Ceileabhradh uaimh d'Aruinn;
Is e cráidhe mo chroidhe,
Gan beith thiar ar a tondaibh,
Eidir dhonghaibh naem nime!

Ceileabhradh uaimh d'Aruinn;
Do chraidh mo chroidhe creidhail,
Is é in ceileabhradh ta dheidh;—
Uch! ni dom dheoin an degail!

Ceileabhradh uaimh d'Aruinn;—
Is é an ceileabhradh dubhach;
Isi lán d'aingiubh fhada;—
Misi gan ghlia um chuach!

Ar Modan,

COLUM KILL SUNG.

Farewel from me to Aran,
A sad farewel to my feeling;
I am sent eastward to Hy,
And it separated since the flood!

Farewel from me to Aran;—
It is it anguishes my heart,
Not to be westward at her waves,
Amidst groupes of the Saints of Heaven!

Farewel from me to Aran;
It has anguished my heart of faith,
It is the farewel lasting;—
Oh! not of my will is the separation!

Farewel from me to Aran;—
It is the farewel sad;
And she filled of angels fair;—
I without an attendant in my cot!

O! Modan,

A Mhodain mór, mic Meirgeirg,
So-agh dubh in ní rádhim,
Nís dom cur an aistir;—
Tuga d-ghartadh an Aruinn!

Uch! is cian, on uch is cian!
Rom cuireadh o Aruinn thiar,
Go ria sloigh Manaigh amach,
Ar inchuibh na n-Albanach.

Mac Dé bí, ón mac Dé bí;
Is é rom cuirfi co hí;
Se thug dennac mór in nach,
Ara róimh na n-aslighthach!

Ara ghian, on Ara ghian,
Mo cen loighes imthi thiar;
Inann beith go na h-úir ghloin,
Is go úir Póil acas Phedair!

Ará ghian; on Ara ghian,
Mo cen loighes imthi thiar,

Inann

* From this forward to the end, the metre is changed from *alternate* to *direct*.

† The Poet here compares Aran to the *setting sun*, from its western situation; or, because, from being the most

O! Modan great, son of Merseng,
Fair prosperity to thee what I say,
I being sent a-far;—
You established in Aran!

Alas! its far;—Alas! its far,*
I have been sent from Aran west,
Towards the population of Mona east,
To visit the Albanachs! (*men of Alba.*)

Son of the living God,—O! Son of the
living God;
It is He sent me to Hy;
It was He gave, great the benefit,
Ara as the habitation of PENITENTS!

Aran, thou Sun,—Oh! Aran, thou sun,†
My affection is buried in her westward;
Alike to be under her earth pure,
As under earth of Peter and Paul!

Aran, thou Sun,—O! Aran, thou Sun,
My love lies in it west,

If

most frequented by Penitents, and from the eminent sanctity of its Monks, it shone as a luminary among the other islands sacred to heavenly contemplation.

Inann beiṫ ra ḟuṫ a cluiḟ;
Do neṫ ḟ beiṫ a roṫruiccc!

Sula ḟuan, on Sula ḟuan!
Mo ṫen loiḟeṁ innṫi ṫiar;
Saṫ aen ṫeiṫo ro na húin ḟloin,
Noca n-raiṫinn rúiṁ diabuil!

Sula naiṁ, on Sula naiṁ,
Naiṁ ḟ briṫbuiṫ di mar aiṁ;
Do tuḟar do tar a ṫenn,
Saiṁdi raeḟuil ḟ iṁiṁn!

Sula naiṁ, on Sula naiṁ,
Naiṁ ḟ briṫbuiṫ di mar aiṁ;
Teṫo aṁ a clann ḟ a croṫ,
beṫ reiṁ ṫall ar droṫ ṫuma!

Sula naiṁ, on Sula naiṁ,
Naiṁ ḟ briṫbuiṫ di mar aen;
Ḟ go tigid ainḟil do niṁ,
Da ḟḟ ḟaṫ-aen lá ḟ treṫtmain!

Tiḟ Sabaiṫal ḟaṫ domnaṫ,
Uair ḟ é Criṫt ro órdaiḟ;

Caeca

If within the sound of its bell,
Alike is it for any one as to be in happiness.

Aran, thou Sun, O! Aran, thou Sun,
My love is buried in it west;
Each who goes under her earth pure,
Him sees not eye of Devil.

O! Aran blessed, O! Aran blessed,
Woe to him who is inimical to it also;
For to him is given for it,
Shortness of life and Hell.

O! Aran blessed, O! Aran blessed,
Woe to those who are inimical to it also;
Their children and their cattle waste,
They themselves at *the otherside** will be in bad condition.

O! Aran blessed, O! Aran blessed,
Woe to him at once who is her enemy;
And that Angels come from on high
To visit it every day in the week.

Gabriel on every Sunday comes,
For it is Christ so ordered;

* Meaning *the other side* of the grave.

Caeca aingel, nj fáċ fann,
Ag bennaċaḋ a h'aiċfreann.

Gaċa luain, ón! gaċa luain,
Tig Micel, mór an buaiḋ,
Triċa Aingel, maiċ a m-béṡ,
Do bennaċaḋ a niġléṡ.

Gaċa máirt, ón! gaċa máirt,
Tig Rapael arġa naiċ,
Do bennacaḋ a tiġe ċall,
Ne freſtal aiġe Aiṁann.

Cedain ċruaiḋ, on! cedain ċruaiḋ,
Tig Uriel, mor an buaiḋ;
Go mbennaċann fó ċrí
A noiġi árda aingli.

Gaċa diardain, ón! gaċa diardain,
Tig Sariel, mor an maiṁ,
Go ſgailiṁ nać Dé do mṁ
For leccaḋ loma an lá ſin.

Dia haine, ón! dia haine,
Tig Rumeul ſa líne,

Gúrab

Fifty angels, (not weak the cause,)
Sanctifying her masses.

On every Monday, Oh! on every Monday,
Cometh Michael, great the advantage,
Thirty Angels, propitious their practice,
To bless her churches.

On every Tuesday, Oh! on every Tuesday,
Cometh Raphael, of mysterious power,
To bless her mansion there,
To maintain the piety of Aran.

Wednesday hard, Oh! Wednesday hard,
Cometh Uriel, great the advantage;
Thrice to bless
Her churches high, angelic.

Every Thursday, Oh! every Thursday,
Cometh Sariel, great the treasure,
Dispersing God's benefits from Heaven
On bare stones that day.

On Friday, Oh! on Friday,
Cometh Ramael and his host,

So

Sunab lomnán sac súsl de,
D'aingliu sinna sin áille.

O čuan in Shamain ille,
So h-áiċ Laiġen Leċlinde,
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

Tig Muire, maċain mic dē,
Cona muinnaiḋ mar eu rē.
Isu Aingil anna ġnathuin,
bennaċaiḋ i dia faċainn.

Sin co beiḋ do beċaiḋ ann,
Aéc ecteċt Aingel Arann,
Fenn na saé beċaiḋ so nim,
Ecteċt ne na ceeleḃraiḋ.

So that every eye is satiated by him,
Of Angels fair, truly bright.

From Garman's *(Wexford)* coast hither,
To Leinster's stream of Leighlin,
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

Cometh Mary, Mother of the Son of God, 7
And her charge along with her.
Angels are in the groupe,
They bless it on Saturday.

Tho' there should be no existing life,
But hearing of the Angels of Aran,
Better than any life under Heaven,
To hear their Hymns of praise.

We now return to the consideration of the imposture of the late pompous publication, purporting to be the originals of Mr. M'Pherson's pretended translation. One or two specimens of detached little rhapsodies of the poetry ascribed to Oisin, which are of exactly accurate diction and prosody, will be sufficient to shew that the work alluded to, is a *post original* translation of Mr. M'Pherson's original

original lucubrations, in corrupt unmetrical Erse; for his poems of Oisin, it must be repeated, never existed in the form in which he has given them, before they appeared from the framing of his plastic powers.—Specimens of this nauseously irregular bombast have been frequently, from time to time, ushered into public since the first coming forth of these pieces, pretended to be translations of Gaelic poems, in order to try the pulse of the Irish. The merited contempt, however, with which they passed unnoticed, encouraged the uttering of this monstrous imposition on the literary world.

Mr. M'Pherson, himself, lived to give his sanction to the imposture; a conduct equally ingenuous with his having an advertisement inserted in a Dublin newspaper, affecting to be from some native Irishman, desiring the public to withhold judgment upon his poem of Fingal, as the true one would shortly make its appearance. This had a double object. It gave publicity to his intended publication, and by a dark insinuation, it was intended to be inferred, that as no such publication was thought of then in Ireland, and of course would not appear, it was to be directly concluded, that no works of Oisin, or any attributed to him, could be had in this island; and,

and, therefore, that Alba, or *modern Scotland*, alone must glory in the nativity and genius of the heroic Bard, as well as in the valiant deeds of the heroes he celebrated. This, it must be owned, is very disingenuous craft, which, coupled with his affected disdain of the Irish History and Language, is little short of an utter disregard of principle. A preconceived conviction in him and his adherents, that the knowledge of the Irish language had perished in its native land, without a solitary vindicator of its rights, could alone give confidence to such presumption. They indeed have been, and are enviably situated compared with us. They are supported by all the wealth, dignity, talent, power, and influence of their favoured clime; while it has been considered here an unprofitable, if not a detrimental, vulgar and ridiculous acquirement for ages back, to know, or shew a disposition to know, the finest medium of communication ever spoken in Europe, the Irish Language.—Yet here its forceful, exprssive, living vigour is known, in all its elegant accuracy and correctness, but hitherto fastidiously neglected; there a fine, but debased and corrupt, dialect of it is endeavoured, might and main, to be imposed on the world as the mother tongue.—But it is in vain for the perverse of *Alba* any longer to maintain

maintain the field of imposture; these small specimens of comparative fact will put the effrontery of fabrication and presumption to disgrace and rejection for ever.

We have abundance of those wild romantic rhapsodies of poems attributed to Oisin, the son of Finn, the son of Cumhal. Some are also attributed to Fergus, *of romantic lips*, (fʃn-bėoʃl,) the brother of Oisin, who was emphatically stiled (fʃle na fėjne,) "the Bard of the Fenii," that is, of the ancient Irish militia;—Mr. M'Pherson's heroes of Fingal. We have many too, attributed to Cailti, son of Ronan, another of the chieftains of the Fenii, who was Finn's nephew and confidential friend. Oisin and Cailti are traditionally mentioned as having lived until the arrival of St. Patrick on the Christian mission in Ireland. All the poems attributed to these heroes are in the form of details to him of all the great transactions that happened in their days, and particularly of the great deeds and wondrous exploits of Finn, Gaul, Oscar, son of Oisin, and the other Fenian heroes.

The first of the two following specimens, is a short wild story on the song of a Blackbird, said to be delivered

delivered by Oisin to St. Patrick. The main object seems a description of romantic scenery; the mention of Finn's expedition to Lochlin; and his delight in rural scenes. The next is to introduce the reader to the extreme youthful prowess and valour of the renowned Oscar, who subdues and kills, after a desperate contest, a redoubtable foreign hero. These are here introduced as being less common and better preserved than many others, perhaps of greater import in point of subject, and which may hereafter make their appearance in equal correctness. Here the alliterations, unions, correspondences, auricular harmonies, and other particulars requisite to the accuracy and elegance of Irish poetry, are most scrupulously and chastely preserved; and upon this account are they particularly exhibited; as by direct comparison, the gross irregularity and incorrectness of the unmetrical bombast in which the modern fabrication is conceived, will be completely exposed.

LON-DUBH DHOIRE AN CHAIRN;—
OISIN NO CHAN.

Binn sin, a lom daire an Chairn!
Ni cualas, an ard 'sa an m-bit,
Ceol bud binne na do gud,
Acas tu sa bun do nio.

Acn ceol is binne sa'n m-bit,
Mairg nach eisdeann ris go soil,
Ar imc Aiphiuin na colocc m-binn,
'S go m-beidh ansin an do nom.

Agat, mar ta agam sein,
Da m-beic deimin sgeil an eoin,
Do dentá dera go dian,
'S ni biad t'aire air dia go soil.

Ar ccnic Loclan, na sreb n-gorm,
Fuair Mac Cúbail, na ccorn ndeirg,
An t-én do éitig anos,
Ais sin a sgél duit go derb.

Doire

Dorne an ċaṁn an ċoill úd ċiar,
Nar a n-déntoṡ an ṡhiann ṡoṡ;
Ar áille 'ṡar ċaeṁe a cṁaṁ,
'S é'd do cuṁeḋ ann an lon.

Sgolġaṁe lom dorne an Chaṁn,
Búiġe an daṁ ó ṡhaill na ccaer,
Ceol le ccodlaḋ ſinn go moċ,
Laċaṁ ó loċ na trí ccael.

Ceṁca ṡnaeiġ um ċhruaċaiṁ ċuinn,
Fedġaiṁ dobrón druim dá loċ,
Goċa ṡliaṁ ġlinn na ṡṡuaċ,
Longoṁe cuaċ ċnuic na ṡcoṫ.

Goċa gadar gleṁna caeṁ,
Is gáṁ ṡhliaṁ ċaeiġ na ṡelg;
Taṁm na ccon ag triall go moċ,
Arteċ ó ċnáiġ na ccloċ n-deirg.

An trát do ṁaiṁ ſinn 'ṡ an ṡhian,
Dob annṡa leo ṡliab na cill,
Fá bin leoṡan ṡuiġle lon,
Goċa na ccloc leo, niṁ binn.

Finis.

THE

THE BLACKBIRD
OF THE GROVE OF CARNA,
FROM OISIN.

The Versification from a literal Translation,
by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.

HAIL tuneful bird of sable wing,
Thou warbler sweet of Carna's grove!*
Not lays more charming will I hear
Tho' round th' expansive earth I rove.

No melody's more soft than thine,
While perch'd thy mossy nest beneath:
How sad to miss thy soothing song!
When harmony divine you breathe.

O son of Alphron cease thy bells,
Cease thy hollow-sounding strain:
To Carna's grove thine ear incline,—
Thou wilt o'ertake thy psalms again.

O didst

* Derrycarn in the county of Meath.

O didst thou hear its mournful tale!
Didst thou, as I, its story know!
Thou wouldst forget thy God awhile,
And down thy cheeks would torrents flow.

Found was the bird on Lochlin's plains,
(Where purling flows the azure stream)
By Comhal's son, for goblets fam'd,
Which bright with golden splendor beam.

Yon lofty wood is Carna's grove,
Which bends to west its awful shade,
Where pleas'd with Nature's wild display,
The Fian's—noble race! delay'd.

In that retir'd and dusky wood,
The bird of sable wing was lay'd:
Where the majestic oak extends
His stately boughs in leafy shade.

The sable bird's harmonious note,
The lowing hind of Cora's steep,
Were wont, at morning's early dawn,
To lull the mighty Finn asleep.

Nʃan-Nuaḋ-Chroċaċ ʃí é m'ainm,
Inġen do Ghaṙḃ mac Dolaiṙ déiṁ,
Aiṙḋriġ Gréig, mo mallaċt air,
Do naiṙc me re Taiḷc mac Tréiṁ.

Cred do beiṙ da ṡeċna tu,
Ná ceiḷ do rún oṁ anoiṡ,
Aiṙ mo Chumaiṙce go briáṫ
Gaḃaim tu láiṁ tar a ċroiṡ.

Ir eḋ ṡáiṫ ṡá ttugaṡ ṡuaiṫ,
'S tug daiṫ an ġuaiḷ ar mo ġné,
Cluaṡa, erball ir ceann caiṫ,
Tá air an bṡer náċ maiṫ ṡgéiṁ.

Do ṡiubaiḷ me an domhan ro tríṡ,
'S níṙ ṁaguṡ Ríġ ann no ṡlaiṫ,
Nár ṡíṙaṡ acṫ ṡḃge an ṁhuinn,
'S níṙ ġeill triaṫ m'anacal air.

Aiṫneoċaḋ tú a inġen óg,
Air mac Cubaiḷ, náṙ clóḋ réiṁ;
No go ttuiṫiḋ air do ṡgáiṫ,
Na ṡeċt ccaṫa tá ṡan ṡcéiṁ.

Dar

Dan an lám sin ort-sa a Fhinn,
Is guais linn go ndeirnais brég,
Sin fer ó tteiçim-se a sfad,
Thuitfid leis cath acas céd.

Ná déin-si iomarbád as,
Sí sholt éas ar dais an ósin;
Ní sfuil an laéć-san sán n-gréin
Nać sfuig san sféin fer a élód.

Ferr go sfaçamair ag tećt,
Sin Rígh-shen caiteśnn cruaid lám;
Nísor bennaig 's nísor úmlaig d'shinn,
Slét d'air çaig tar énn a mná.

Cuirfemaid deić ccéd na dáil
Do b'shenn lám an aimsir gleoid;
'Snísor shill aen neć díb tar ais,
Nár cuir le Taisc mać Treoin.

Deić ccéd taisséć deić ccéd laéć
Taeb re taeb dár muintir séin;
Sí fádruig an énetoim énuaid,
Sis éd ceśda uainn don shéinn.

Jarag Oisgar ced ar shinn,
(Sé'r doilig lem é d'á luad.)
Dul do chomrac an laoi
Mar do chonairc dí an t-sluag.

Do beirim ced duit, ar sinn,
'S ag egal lem do chuitim thíd,
Eirgid, 's beir mo bennacht let,
Cuimnedh do ghol is do gnim.

Fedh cúig n-oidhche, fedh cúig lá,
Bhí an dís nár chlái ag gleic,
Ar dí bídh, 'sar bezán suain,
Gur chuir tailc le buaidh mo meic.

Léigemair trí gairda ós ard,
Déis an chomraic gairid gleic;
Gáir caointe shá' n-dechaidh don shéim,
'S dá gáir maice shár ég Tailc.

Niam-Nuadh-Chrotach, mór an béd,
Mar do chonairc méd an áir
Gabas náire an gruadh-derg
'S tuitess maidh a meisg cháidh.

bás

Bás na Ríghna, d'éis gach uile
'S é is mó do chuir ar cáis,
Ailm an ceann-sa d'éis na n-gliadh
Do bhaist an fhian cnoc an áir.

Finis.

THE

THE POEM OF

TALC,

*SON OF TRONE.**

The Versification from a literal Translation,
by Mr. WILLIAM LEAHY.

BEHOLD yon hill of slaughter rise,
(For ever will it hold the name,)
That bends its dreadful brow to west:
Dire is the cause, but great the fame.

One day brave Finn, and all his train,
No strangers to the toil of fight,
With all their great and mighty hosts
Assembled on its airy height.

O'er steed-renown'd Ierne's plain
As pac'd a maid with mournful air,—
The chiefs beheld, and saw the dame,
Than sun's refulgent beam more fair.

She

* Talc mac Treon, signifies, "*The Firm, Son of the Mighty.*"

She came, in purple robe array'd,
And first great Comhal's son address'd,
Whose graceful and majestic mien
Transcendent shone above the rest.

O speak! again, exclaim'd the chief,
And all reserve, fair maid, resign,
For more harmonious is thy voice
Than sweetest melody divine!—

O speak! and who thou art, declare;—
She answer'd—Nivra* is my name:
Where my fierce sire, great Garba, reigns
With sway supreme,—from Greece I came.

Why hast thou fled thy father's halls?
To me th' uncertain cause unfold:
My arm shall ever be thy guard,—
Then be thy sorrow's secret told.

Hear then, great chief, my woeful tale,
And in my faithful word confide:—

The

* Nıam-ruaḋ-ċroċaċ, signifies, "*Splendid youthful form.*"

The monarch pledg'd his sacred oath,
That I should be the royal bride

Of Talc, the dreadful son of Trone;
A monster of such horrid mien,
As fills my trembling soul with fear,
And chills the blood within my vein!

Between his brawny shoulders wide,
* A Cat's terrific form he rears,
With winding tail, uplifted paw,
And fiery eyes, and frightful ears.

Thrice

* This expressive description of so familiar an animal may probably be censured, as being too pompous for so insignificant, and too terrific for so harmless a subject; but, however, so it may appear at first sight, the consideration must entirely vanish, when we reflect that the nature of the Cat is in some degree similar to that of the Tiger or the Lion, and that the Wild, not the House-Cat, is implied:--It must have been of a very unusual size, as we find the armour of the head entirely covered with the skin, which made the knight appear as if he had a Cat's head,—for which reason, he is called in the poem, "The Cat-headed chief." The warriors, in ancient times, were accustomed to wear on their armour the skins of the wild beasts they had slain:—thus the celebrated casque of Ulysses,

Thrice round the earth I sought the aid
Of ev'ry king,—but sought in vain,
None dar'd to vindicate my cause,—
I now implore the Finian train.

Sweet maid, I'll be thy sure defence,
Comhal's conquering son replied:—
Nor shalt thou go,—before the strength
Of all the Finian host be try'd.

Full

Ulysses, as he and Diomed prepare to go as spies to the Trojan camp, is described by Homer as covered with the skin of a wild boar.

———————ἵκλοσθε δὲ λευκοὶ ὀδόντες
Ἀρτιόδοντος υὸς θαμέες ἔχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
Εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως.

Hom. L. X. lin. 263.

———————*without, in order spread,*
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.

POPE.

The skin of the Lion-Cat in Persia, described by Dr. Goldsmith, as larger and more fierce than even the wild one, may have covered the helm of this eastern warrior, as he very probably was a Persian prince.

Full seven legions in thy cause
Expert the brazen spear to wield,
Shall conquer,—or expire, and leave
Their breathless bodies on the field.

Ah!—by thy val'rous hand, O! Finn,
I tremble, lest thy might be vain,—
Beneath his stroke, from whom I fly,
An hundred hosts would press the plain.

Resplendent maid, of heav'nly mien,
Whose yellow tresses curling fold,
And play around thy lily neck,
More beaming bright than purest gold,

No region of th' expansive earth
Could e'er a mighty champion boast,
Whose conqueror would not be found
Amid the Finian's fearless host.

Then distant, landing on the shore,
Appear'd a chief of stately mien,—
Upon whose dire and hideous crest
A Cat's fierce front was dreadful seen.

To where th' assembl'd legions stood,
He sternly turn'd with conscious might,
And proudly frowning on their chief,
Demanded or the maid, or fight.

Three hundred leaders brave, who rush'd
Where'er the fire of battle burn'd,
Advanc'd to meet the stranger's rage,—
But from his steel—ah! ne'er return'd.

O! Patrick, of the creed severe,—
Full ten hundred heroes slain,
We lost that day in dreadful fight,
Which sad depress'd our weaken'd train.

When Osgar view'd the slaughter'd pile,
Fierce fury fir'd his rolling eye,
Finn's leave he ask'd,—while I intent,
Reluctant heard the chief's reply:

Go, noble youth, I give thee leave,
Though much thy gloomy fate I dread,—
Forget not now thy deeds of fame;
May glory beam around thy head.

For five long days, and tedious nights,
Both heroes contest dire maintain'd,—
Their weary limbs not eas'd by rest,
Or fainting frames by food sustain'd.

Great Talc at length sinks pale to earth,—
In death his swimming eye-balls roll;
Yielding to Osgar's force supreme,
He, gasping, breathes his mighty soul.

Three shouts resound aloud in air,
And dreadful echo o'er the plain,—
One to deplore our slaughter'd host,
And two of joy, that Talc was slain.

But Nivra fair, appall'd to see,
Such direful carnage all around;—
Her crimson cheek grew silver pale,—
She lifeless sunk upon the ground!

And when the royal maid expir'd,
Whose wrongs so bravely were redress'd,
More than the hosts of heroes slain,
It fill'd with sorrow ev'ry breast.

O! Patrick

O! Patrick of the crosier fair,—
This dreadful tale will e'er be told;
Yon mount's the hill of slaughter dire,
Which now thy wond'ring eyes behold.

Both these specimens are the genuine effusion of the genius that produced the poems attributed to Oisin, all of which have such an uniformity of easy stile, diction, and metre, as pronounces them the work of one man, over whose name is spread the veil of eternal obliyion, from the assumption of the name of the son of Finn, in conversation with St. Patrick. Vast numbers of these poems are still preserved in Ireland, written and by rote.—They are even still the great source of long nights' entertainment in the *Irish* parts of Ireland; together with the old romances, or Finian stories, (ſgéla or ſgéla ꝼianaiḋeácta) all upon the exploits of the Finian Heroes, or ancient Irish militia. With every one of these, and all other stories in the Irish language, Mr. M'Pherson appears to have been perfectly conversant; nor has he omitted one of their beautiful expressions or interesting episodes. In the execution of his scheme, however, he has been totally regardless of epochs, and, with fastidious insolence, he rejects the very sources of his reputation,

tion, Irish history. He seized upon all its romantic splendour, and *jumbled* together the majesty of several ages into an uniform mass of his own contrivance. This will appear evidently enough from the present publication, but will be further manifested from the succeeding transactions of the Gaelic Society. Mr. M'Pherson lived some years in the quarter of Ireland where he could best get acquainted with our written sources of amusement, the county of Limerick, where a name-sake and cousin-german of his kept a little school, and well did he profit of the opportunity.

As these two specimens of the poetry attributed to Oisin, are produced for the purpose of proving that the modern gorgeous publication, as it were, of the original of the Oisin of Scotland, (i. e. of Mr. M'Pherson) is a *post-original*, we must descant a little on the nature of ancient Irish poetry.—This is a most peculiar and difficult task. The ancient language of Ireland underwent the cultivation of several successive ages, and was brought to an *Acmè*, surpassing much even the elegant rotundity of Greek phraseology. This would be known to enlightened Europe, were it not for the casualty of the *school of the west* having been suppressed before

before the invention of printing, and that every attempt to profit of that invention since has been fatally interrupted by some public calamity. The publication of every thing valuable in this language, by the Fathers of Donegal, was unfortunately prevented by the troubles in the time of the first Charles, by Cromwell's usurpation. They had procured a fount of type for this purpose, which, when forced to fly, they took with them to Louvain, where some fragment of it yet remains; and when Anne thought to establish professorships of this language, in all her universities, she was baffled by the interested art of the Duke of Ormond, who framed a nonsensical jumble of words, (ᴅ'ɟc ᴅaṁ ᴅuḃ oḃ aṁ, i. e. *a black ox eat a raw egg,*) to impress the Queen with the notion that the most elegant, expressive, and original language of Europe, was a barbarous dialect, like the barking of a dog. There is no language in which an assemblage of harsh and barking sounds may not be framed. In the language in which I write, though now brought by effort of eminent genius, to a very high degree of perfection,—though well cultivated for above three centuries,—it is easy to frame *barking nonsense*;—for instance, *of, which, what, why*; and so of any other language.

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In Irish poetry there are several principal circumstances to be observed: The first is, that it must consist of Stanzas of four lines, (or Quartans,) including a determinate sense;—each line, or quartan, must consist of seven syllables—and no irregular ellipsis is admitted, that is, no *poetic license*, as it is so *abusively* called, is admissible: Mr. Clerke has decided *this* in his comments on Homer:—There must be alliteration between *principal parts of speech, nouns, pronouns, and verbs*, which the Irish poets name CONCORD: There must be an agreement of words and syllables, which they call *correspondence*;—there must be *union*, or *auricular harmony*, which is to have the vowels and dipthongs correspond in sound and rhythmical termination, not at all dependant on unity, like English rhyme, but similarity of letters. These are the prominent features of Irish poetry, to all of which annexes many a critical adjunct. In no one principal, or secondary instance, has the author of the *Post-original* shewn himself aware of this necessary accuracy; nor, indeed, could he; for, the elegant accuracy of the language is now utterly forgotten by the modern Scots. Their corrupt and debased dialect bears the same comparison to ours, that the contemptible modern Greek does to ancient Attic purity. All the requisites of

Irish

Irish poetry are faithfully maintained in the two preceding instances.—Take another, the description of Finn's Greyhound.

Comhmharthuighe con Fhinn mhic Cumhail.

THE MARKS OF FINN MAG COMHAL's GREYHOUND.

Cosa buidhe bí air bhran,
Is dá chaeb dubh 'sa tár gel;
Druim fuachuighe ós cenn selg,
Is dá éluais corcra cóm-derg.

" Yellow legs had Bran,
" Both her sides black and her belly white;
" A speckled back over her loins,
" And two crimson ears, very red."

This instance is in (dán direach) direct metre, but the former is in a species of it, denominated óglácas, a word well expressed by the Italian *recitavo*, whence the French *recitative*, and means with us *conversation*; it is our "*pesnatus rebus agendis*," and is an alternate measure. The fabricator has aimed

aimed at writing his *solecism* in this metre, but his gross ignorance has baffled him completely. He has sometimes *six*, sometimes *seven*, sometimes *eight*, and often *nine* syllables in a line, but this irregularity is even surpassed by his scandalous disregard of correctness of language, and ignorance of poetic concord. In the late decline of the Gaelic language, he thought he could impose; but he should study more, if he would expect to succeed in imposition upon the REVIVING knowledge of genuine Gaelic. I would not dishonour my native language with quotations from this jargon, but I refer the Gaelic reader to any passage of the awkward fabrication, but particularly to p. 4; beginning of Fingal, p. 8, id. Temora, p. 268, 292, 308. Mr. M'Farlan seems to have been an excellent Latin scholar, but he was a very incorrect Gaelic PRETENDER. In p. 292, of Temora, he has a line describing the agitation of Finn on the death of Oscar, at the battle of Gabhra, in base, modern, corrupt Erse,

"*Tha cridhe na h'aoise fo spairn;*"

The original Irish of which he knew not, but Mr. M'Pherson knew it well, and gave it very pathetic expression

expression in English. The line is attributed to Finn, and is

Mo croidhe ag leimneach mar lon,

" *My heart leaping as a Black Bird,*"

Which Mr. M'Pherson expresses by the words, " The heart of the aged beats over thee," which words Mr. M'Farlan aped to translate in his corrupt irregular dialect.—Mr. M'Pherson himself, throughout, affects to translate quartans of Gaelic poetry, as his whole work exhibits a train of short sentences, involving each a determinate meaning. This undoubtedly he considered as subservient to his purpose, as the use of Irish names of historic celebrity, which he considered paramount to imposing on all Gaelic readers, as well Iernian as Albanian. The fact is, that the profound conjecture of Johnson, is the real fact. Mr. M'Pherson's " poems of Oisin" never appeared in his original form, before his own framing and formation, for which he must be allowed the credit of genius, but must be denied the principle of candour. To rescue his reputation, however, from the charge of unqualified obloquy, it must be recorded that he acknowledged to an elegant oppo-

nent, the late Bishop of Limerick, the Rt. Rev. Doctor Barnard, Dr. Goldsmith's Dean of Derry, in his retaliation, that "Fingal was an original, but "that the characters were Irish." This burst of candour was in remuneration of Dr. Barnard's delicately polite manner of treating him in the developement of the imposture. He spent three weeks on a visit with Dr. Barnard in London. I had the honour of his Lordship's intimacy, and, I am confident, nothing short of truth and liberality ever stained his virtuous lips.

No wonder the modern Scots should be utterly ignorant of Gaelic prosody, since Messrs. Campbell, Mac Muir, and Mac Gilleoin, the worthies who addressed Mr. Lhuyd, a century ago, upon the publication of his Archæologia, prove by their awkward efforts at versification, that they had nearly forgotten the prosody of the language; indeed they forgot its accuracy altogether, as well as that of the language. But, in either, they shine far above the modern Fabricators, and they merge them, indeed, into utter darkness by their truth and sincerity. They acknowledge and pride in the fact of their descent from the Scots of Ireland, as do all the candid of Alba (or *modern Scotland)* to this day;

day; while the perverse and crafty upholders of imposture disdain the truth, and appear to feel it a galling wound to their silly pride, to admit, and therefore they reject the truth of history. But were they to publish as much gorgeous falsehood in *elaborate jargon* as would fill the Atlantic or Pacific ocean, supported even by *illusive* depositions, (for such do they produce,) it would not be capable of obliterating the venerable record of veracity, sanctioned by the concurrent testimony of all sincere investigation, through the various mazes of revolving ages. I have, in my time, met and conversed freely with many Highland Gentlemen, and not one of them ever denied the historic fact, of the Albanian Scots being descendants of the Irish; nay, they would appear indignant at mention of those men of *mighty name* who have written to the contrary. As to the refutation of Mr. M'Pherson's system, they considered, as indeed they should, that the Rev. and venerable Doctor Shaw, Messrs. Laing and Pinkerton, had done enough to vindicate "their country from the charge of not having such "sturdy moralists, as would love truth better than "Scotland." As to Ireland, O'Conor, O'Halloran, and Dr. Barnard are sufficient authority to convict the forgery. It is remarkable of the Irish language,

that

that where it is spoken at all throughout Ireland, it is spoken without being subject to the anomaly which designates the *patois* of France, or the *shire-dialect* of England. Indeed, to such a pitch of accurate perfection was it brought of old, that its correctness lives to this day in the *Irish parts* of Ireland. A common labourer in the field will expose his companion to ridicule, if he, by any inadvertency, happen to break a concord, or commit any other error of diction or accentuation, to the hearty amusement of those around him. This, it is submitted, must be an irrefragable proof of the ancient general correctness and cultivation of this language. It is also spoken, with considerable accuracy, in many parts of the Highlands of *modern* Scotland. This, I conclude, from having conversed with several Gentlemen of that country with the greatest ease and familiarity; and, I must add, that none of them refused an immediate and unequivocal acknowledgment that the Gaelic of Scotland was a dialect of the *mother tongue* of Ireland; as well as that the Highland Scots were the descendants of a colony from this, the mother country. They ever plainly declared, they were perfectly aware of the disingenuousness of modern fabrications; and that they knew, from undisputed tradition,

tradition, that Finn, Oisin, Goll, Osgar, and all the other Finnian heroes were *Irish*, not *Albans*. What avails it, then, to produce the *attested declarations* of *illiterate*, and the *laboured essays* of *literary* men, in opposition to an *historical fact*, otherwise generally acknowledged? The similarity of a few names, and the likeness of some circumstances in the modern figments, to those in the ancient poems, have imposed on the ignorance of the one, while the ability displayed in the execution of imposture, has fascinated and deluded the other. The following anecdotes confirm the position here laid down; That eminently ingenious, and profoundly erudite prelate, the Rev. Dr. Young, the late amiable and benevolent bishop of Clonfert, but previously a most respectable and respected senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, (in which University I had the happiness of spending nearly twelve years under his kind and generous tutelage,) was warmly affected towards the cultivation of Irish literature. In the summer of 1784, he traversed the Highlands in search of Gaelic poetry. He was directed to a bookseller in Perth, with whom, it was asserted, that the original of Mr. M'Pherson's poems were deposited. On inspection, however, it proved to be an ancient Irish manuscript, on vellum, containing

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the compilation of the foregoing sheets, some inadvertencies have escaped, which it is deemed necessary here to rectify. In page 10, of "The "Death of the Children of Usnach," the Latin quotation in the note is, by mistake of memory, attributed to *Silius Italicus*, instead of *Claudian*. But to compensate the Reader for this error, let him accept another proof from the same Author of the position there laid down. Britain is made to boast of Stilicho's protection:

> Illius effectum curis ne bella timerem
> *Scotica*, ne *Pictum* tremerem, ne littore toto
> Prospicerem dubiis venturum *Saxona* ventis.

By his effectual care I need not fear
The *Scotic* wars, nor tremble at the *Pict*,
Nor all along the shore, with dread, look out
The *Saxon* coming with the dubious winds.

In the third Stanza of the Irish, p. 13, which was also quoted from memory, the third line should be, instead of,

Nach 'ſ Aine 'ſ Aiſdin,

the old Quartan, as follows:

Glaſt a ccaideb, gel a cchef.

"Delightful their association, fair their complexion."

And then the versification would run thus:—

Three are the causes dire of woe;—
How mournful is the tale to tell!
My son, with sorrow wilt thou know
How Touran's mighty offspring fell!

Lear's noble line,—that wing'd the air,
Chang'd to the swan's high-soaring form;—
Conn, Aida, and Finola fair,
And Fey who brav'd each gloomy storm!—

Be ever curs'd, the tongue profane,
That bid the magic pinions grow;—
O! wou'd the hellish spells were vain;
The second source whence tears must flow!

Usna's

Usna's brave sons, Ierne's shield,
By circling hosts ignobly slain;
Pale, breathless on th' ensanguin'd field;
More sadly tunes the tearful strain!

Improv'd by Aify's watchful care,—
Unmatch'd in Friendship's sacred course;
Of mien majestically fair:—
Threefold is now pale Sorrow's source.

W. L.

So Mr. Leahy, upon mature deliberation, and a thorough acquaintance with the story, would have the versification rectified; and therefore thus is it given.

The inadvertencies here noticed could not certainly be observed, (from his utter ignorance of the Irish language) by the *redoubted* reviler of Irish Literature; the *Anti-Antiquary* of Ireland, the Rev. EDWARD LEDWICH, to whom the care and inspection of all Irish Productions are consigned, as we are informed, by the *tremendous* Reviewers, Monthly, Critical, &c. &c. The meritedly fastidious and contemptuous silence of Irish literary men, with respect to his deliberately designed and barefaced

barefaced falshoods, may have imposed on the learned of England, as they have called forth the animadversion of that learned and amiable Catholic Prelate, the profound Dr. Milner, in his liberal and manly observations, during his late transit through this island. To exhibit to the amiable Rev. Doctor and all the literary world, our estimation of Mr. Ledwich, we will only apply to him the first Essay of one of our latest Poets, Thaddy O'Higgin, in the reign of Elizabeth. It was an Epigram on some flimsy pretender of his day, and is as follows:—

Fear dána an Gilla so ghlan;
Gointeas fada don mbreac mbeg;
Deintean neid le nid gach eoin;
Ned an ghingin gheom sa ned.

This, in versification not very elegant, but very literal, let Mr. Ledwich accept as his character with us.

This *little man's* for *learning fam'd*;
The *speckl'd sprat* is call'd *a fish*;
Each bird's nest a nest *is nam'd*;
And so's the *grass-moth's*, if you wish.

Grass-moth

Grass-moth is the literal English of the Irish name of the little bird, commonly called the *tom-tit*.

Having just met a few STANZAS of dense advice, written by the profound Mac Brodin, addressed to Donagh or Dunchad O'Brien, fourth Earl of Thomond, as was the long Ode before; I thought it not amiss to insert them here, with a literal translation. To versify them in English may amuse some genius whom they may please.

Mo ċeiċre rainn duit, a Dhonċaiḋ,
Is dein mur deṁaiḋ ſiad;
Dia rainn ní ſáiġear orċa,
Cṙainn go tṫoraḋ uaiſle iad.

Braiṫ h-éġnaiṁ, abair béġán;
Bí go ṁéiḋ ſá naċaiḋ toiṁ;
Ná beiṁ breiṫ re Gael dá ġoiṁe,
Go breiṫ don taeb eile oṁ.

Bí go mín aċeṁíċaiḃ caṁad;
I ceṁíċ bíḋbaḋ na bí taiſ;
Déin go h-áḋ re deoraiḋ, Dhonchaiḋ,
A leoġain do ſíl ceonċain CCaiſ.

Ná

Ná h-abair a ttuigfuigeas duit;
  Beag an dígbáil do ní an tréad;
Fíor ne cómrád n-dainn n-glic;
  Tuig acaf léig mórán dorn.

Ná h-ob fíor, na feácain cogaid;
  Ná h-ainig ceall an fhaid béin beo;
Ná bí do gnímh óo teingaid;
  Ná cum fell, if ná gell gleo.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

My four verses to you, O! Donchad,
  And do as they shall say; (*i. e.* desire);
A culled verse is not found of them,
  Trees with noble fruit are they.

Suspect your wisdom—say little;
  Be quiet for what has past you;
Pronounce not judgment with nearest relation,
  Until the other side approach thee.*

Be mild in country of friends;
  In enemies' country be not soft;
Fierce till success with strangers, Dunchad,
  Thou lion of the mighty race of Cas.

Express

* *Audi alteram partem.*

Express not all that shall be understood by you:
Little the evil done by silence:
Listen to the conversation of wise men:
Understand and let much pass thee.

Refuse not peace; avoid not war;
Ransack not church while you're alive;
Let not your action be from your tongue;
Plot not treachery, and meditate not violence.

Even this little Epitome of advice would much surpass Sir William Jones's PERSIC "Advice to a Prince;" and the learned world is left to its own judgment to determine on the mental character of the ancient literary Irish.—The trivial *typographical errors* in this publication, are humbly submitted to the liberal reader. If the compiler had either SALARY, ESTABLISHMENT, or PATRONAGE, perhaps they would not have escaped; but *neither* of *these* is he blessed with; and without ONE or ALL of them, the INVESTIGATION and REVIVAL of IRISH LITERATURE cannot be easily effected. There are many who approach him in knowledge of the Language, ancient History and elegant Poetry of his nation; but none, except an old gentleman,

in

in an obscure and remote corner of the island, (Mr. Peter O'Connell, of Kilrush), has studied it so long. The assertor of this is eight and forty years old; and at the age of twelve, he could read and enjoy the beauties of all the poems attributed to Oisin: all the TALES of the Finnian heroes; Clann Touran; Clann Lir; and Clann Usnigh; and could, with puerile indignation, ridicule the wily attempts of the Scots of Alba, to make the reputed poems of Oisin their own.—COMPARATIVE FACT is his MOTTO; and if he have life and means THE FINNIAN TALES, THE FINNIAN POEMS, and *every thing* relative to the subject, shall appear in their genuine form. Then, it is to be hoped, the question will be finally decided and put beyond all possible equivocation and dispute.—Indeed we consider it to be so already.—That Irish scholars may not be at a loss where to find the POST-ORIGINAL of Mr. M'Pherson's Poems of Ossian—it is for sale at Mr. Richard Coyne's, No. 154, Capel-street, Dublin.

It must not escape observation, that in Ireland, PUBLIC OBJECT, which would be honourable to the nation, is shamefully lost in PRIVATE VIEW, never to be accomplished: while in England and Scotland

Scotland, *public objects* attract the attention and promote the exertion of dignity, wealth, power, and consequence, to the actual enriching of those who act under such propitious direction. Here envy blithes the fruit of industry; and a man of capacity to elucidate the long rejected lore of his nation, must *starve* in *neglect*, and *die* before he is esteemed or regretted.

Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas, extinctus amabitur idem.

HOR. Lib. 2. Epist. 1. *v.* 13.

All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.—
The great ALCIDES, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray,
Each star of meaner merit fades away.
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

POPE.

The amiable, venerable, and Rev. Dr. SHAW, of Chelvy Parsonage, near Bristol; "the sturdy "moralist who loves truth better than Scotland," however strongly attached to his nativity, can prove, from personal knowledge, that the *post-original* of

Mr. M'Pherson's Poems of Ossian, is a modern fabrication; as well as that the list of Gaelic Manuscripts given at the end of that gorgeous publication, are *Irish* not *Albanian*.

The "shattered fragments of our Literature, "majestic even in ruin," dispersed and scattered as they exist, are still capable of attracting the attention of the learned world, if properly investigated. There is a vast mass of Irish Literature preserved in the Manuscript room of the Library of Trinity College, Dublin; and to the great honour of the learned and liberal body of its Fellows, with a most respectable, generous, and enlightened English Gentleman at their head, they have benevolently determined to have their contents investigated. The Bodleian Library, in the University of Oxford, the British Museum, and the Most Noble the Marquis of Buckingham's Library, at Stowe, teem with most valuable Irish manuscripts; rare monuments of ancient Literature. It is to be hoped that the Rev. Mr. O'Conor's "*Scriptores rerum Hibernicarum*," which is by this time in print, will excite the literary curiosity of Europe to the earnest investigation of Irish learning. I translated the "Annals of Innisfallen," and some tracts of the old Brehom Laws,

Laws, into English, four and twenty years ago; but for want of *private means* or *public patronage*, I have not been able to exhibit either to the curious Public. Two or three of my friends, Mr. M'Namara, of Anderson's Court, Mr. O'Reilly, of New-street, Dublin, and a very ingenious youth, who has studied Irish as a dead language, have made most valuable collections of Irish manuscripts.—The Highland Societies of London and Edinburgh, have precious remnants, which it is hoped they will publish. The neglected O'Connell, has a vast treasure; and the venerable and dignified Vallancey's Cabinet, is not empty. The Chevalier O'Gorman, now living in the County of Clare, has a rare collection of annals, and other inestimable monuments. The books of Lecan and Ballimote, and the Leabar Breac, or "Speckled Book" of M'Egan are in the Archives of the Royal Irish Academy; and there are besides, several valuable tracts in private hands throughout the island, of which those in the possession of the learned M'Elligott, of Limerick, are not the least worthy of estimation. There is strong probability too of the recovery of that invaluable record, "THE PSALTER OF CASHEL."

ERRATA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Page 5, *line* 15, After "but," read, "it."

Proeme to the "Advice to a Prince."

Page 11, *line* 14, For "have already observed," read "know."

15, — 16, For "crown," read "crown'd."

27, — 3, For "ab ut," read "about."

ib. — 5, For "B RD," read "BARD."

Advice to a Prince,

Page 42, *line* 8, should be,

"My sov'reign's wardship as my honour'd meed."

44, — To the last note should be added, a quotation from Dryden's Hind and Panther from the similarity of thought. It is as follows:

"Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light!
"A blaze of glory that forbids our sight!—
"O! teach me to adore thee thus conceal'd,
"And seek no farther than thou hast reveal'd!"

48, — The parenthesis in the note should close at the word "him,"

The

The Death of the Children of Usnach.

Page 15, *line* 1, Of last stanza, dele, "and."

23, — 13, after, "as I purpose not," read "says he," and dele "Conall." The next word, line 14, is to begin with a capital; "It," &c.

67, — At the end of line 2, in the marginal note, read "usage."

73, — In the last line of the note is mentioned, "this is the moral of the story." It must be added, that there is another moral to be collected, which is the danger of yielding to precipitate passion; against the dire effects of which nor worth, nor valour, of the highest description, can afford protection.

77, — It should be observed that this line,

Thógsam gat grémne le crann.

is to be met in Irish Poetry, and is claimed by the *Albanian* Scots also. The meaning is truly,

"We raised the *sun-beam* to the staff."

This is descriptive of Finn Mac Cumhail's standard.

Page 127, *line* 8, After "three," read "chiefs."

Ib. — 18, The line should be,

"Three for their deeds of fame admir'd—ador'd."

80 — First line of the Poetry at the bottom should begin with, "Ah!"

Page 161,

Page 161 — 3, For "this" read "their."

173 — 12, For "the," read "thy,"

175 — 14, For "brightful," which is not language, read "frightful."

Ib. — 15, dele, *s*.

177 — 5, After "of," read "my."

179 — 11, For "antiquity," read "antiquary."

196 — In the note for "Meath," read "Mayo;" which is the scene of both the Poems ascribed to Oissin, in this compilation; and the lake and mountains bear the same appellations to this day.—"The lake of the three Straights," mentioned in "The Black-bird of Carna's Grove," is in the form of a triangle of half a square, cut off by the diameter or hypothenuse.

220, — 2, First word should be, "is."

A'